00020233

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-400 023.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016

THE

LIFE

OF

SIR DAVID WILKIE;

WITH

HIS JOURNALS, TOURS, AND CRITICAL REMARKS

ON

WORKS OF ART;

AND

A SELECTION FROM HIS CORRESPONDENCE.

BY

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

262

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LO
JOHN MURRAY

00020233

1.1 20235

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Page

Receives the Freedom of Cupar.—Paints "Duncan Gray," "The Death of Sir Philip Sidney," "The China Menders," and "The Penny Wedding."—Extract from Journal.—Commences "The Chelsea Pensioners" for the Duke of Wellington.—Paints "The Reading of the Will" for the King of Bavaria.—Extracts from Journal.—Letters to and from Sir Thomas Lawrence - - - - - 1

CHAPTER II.

Exhibits "The Reading of the Will."—Owen the Painter.—Letter to Sir George Beaumont.—"The Chelsea Pensioners."—"Guess my Name."—Mrs. Thomson's Recollections of Wilkie.—Wilkie's Opinion of Martin's "Belshazzar's Feast."—Extracts from Journal.—Paints the Sketch of "The School."—Letters to Mr. Dobree and Mr. Geddes.—"The Chelsea Pensioners" exhibited at Somerset House.—Extracts from Journal - - - 43

CHAPTER III.

Paints "The Parish Beadle" and the Portrait of the Duke of York.—Commences "John Knox."—The Picture liked, and commissioned by Lord Liverpool.—George IV.'s Visit to Scotland.—Wilkie and Collins at Holyrood.—

Page

Commences his Picture of "George IV. entering Holyrood."—Acquires the Friendship of Mr. Peel.—Death of Sir Henry Raeburn.—Wilkie appointed Limner to the King, for Scotland.—Paints the Portrait of Lord Kellie.—Academy Elections.—Etty and Allan - - - 79

CHAPTER IV.

Death of Mrs. Wilkie.—Death of James Wilkie.—Visit to Cheltenham.—Severe Ill Health.—Finishes his Picture of The Highland Family.—Generosity of Sir George Beaumont.—Resolves to travel for the Benefit of his Health.—Mr. Lister accompanies him.—Extracts from Mr. Lister's Journal.—Wilkie at Paris.—Pictures at Milan, and at Genoa.—The Campo Santo.—Florence.—The Florence Gallery - - - - - - - - 138

CHAPTER V.

Rome.—Works of Art there.—Letters to William Collins, R.A., Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Sir James M'Grigor, Mr. Raimbach, and others.—Letter from Mr. Lister.—Wilkie still a great Sufferer.—Canova and Thorwaldsen.—Failure of Hurst and Robinson.—Wilkie a Loser - - - 189

CHAPTER VI.

Rome.—Memoranda made there.—Naples.—Memoranda made there.—Letters to Chantrey and Geddes.—Bologna.—Memoranda made there.—Parma and Correggio - 245

CHAPTER VII.

Padua, Parma, and Venice.—Letter from Sir George Beaumont.—Memoranda made at Venice.—Letters to Mr. Phillips, R.A., Mr. and Miss Wilkie.—Munich.—Extracts from Journal.—Dresden.—Extracts from Journal.—Letter to Mr. Phillips, R.A. - - - 292

CHAPTER VIII.

Wilkie tries the Waters at Töplitz.—The Dresden Gallery.—Recommended to try another Year on the Continent.—

Page

Carlsbad. — Prague. — Vienna. — Florence. — Letters to Mr. Phillips, R. A., Dr. Gillespie, Mr. Tait, and Mr. Wilkie. — Rome - - - - - - 341

CHAPTER IX.

Public Dinner given by the Scottish Artists to Mr. Wilkie at Rome. — Death of Sir George Beaumont. — Letter to Lady Beaumont. — Wilkie still an Invalid. — Letter to Mr. Bigge. — Genoa. — Geneva - - - - - 384

CHAPTER X.

Geneva. — Letters to Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Andrew Wilson, Mr. Allan, A. R. A., Mr. Collins, R. A., and Miss Wilkie. — Florence. — Extracts from Journal. — Lyons. — Montpelier - - - - - - - 426

CHAPTER XI.

Wilkie in Spain. — Letters to Mr. and Miss Wilkie. — Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Robert Peel. — Letters from Sir Thomas Lawrence. — Extracts from Journal - - 459

CHAPTER XII.

Madrid and Seville. — Letters to Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr. Phillips, R. A., Mr. Wilson, Sir Robert Peel, Prince Dolgorouki, Mr. Nasmyth, Mr. Collins, R. A. — Extracts from Journal, Paris - - - - - 498

927.5
wil/con,l.it
26233

LIFE

OF

SIR DAVID WILKIE.

CHAPTER I.

RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF CUPAR.—PAINTS "DUNCAN GRAY," "THE DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY," "THE CHINA MENDERS," AND "THE PENNY WEDDING."—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.—COMMENCES "THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS" FOR THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—PAINTS "THE READING OF THE WILL" FOR THE KING OF BAVARIA.—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.—LETTERS TO AND FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

So sudden had been the march of Wilkie through the north, or so little had his intention of visiting his native land been spread abroad, that he was gone before it was known he was come; nay, Cupar, which may be called his birthplace, seems to have been ignorant that her most distinguished son was in the land till he had repassed the Forth, and was actually on the banks of the Tweed, and beyond the reach of all personal gratulation. To repair this undesigned neglect, the civic authorities of Cupar hurried the freedom of the little burgh after him to London. He welcomed this first notice of the kind, this dilatory mark of regard—for he had already been a dozen

years eminent—as warmly as if it had been bestowed in the day-break of his fame.

TO THE PROVOST AND TOWN COUNCIL OF CUPAR.

Gentlemen,

On returning to London a few days ago, I had the pleasure to receive an official letter from you, making known that you had done me the honour to confer upon me the freedom of your royal burgh. The instrument of the franchise did not, however, arrive till this morning; but I lose no time in making my acknowledgments for it, with full promise of future allegiance to the laws of the corporation. I beg to return to you, gentlemen, my most hearty thanks for the immunities and privileges you have conferred.

As you are pleased, gentlemen, to show me this mark of consideration, as well from my being an artist as from personal friendship, I beg to observe that an important encouragement to the arts in all countries has been the notice that has been shown to artists by public bodies and constituted authorities. The want of this has been frequently regretted in those kingdoms, and may have retarded the progress of art.

But the present instance of your obliging kindness to me, gentlemen, is an exception; and I am happy to consider it as an indication of your countenance and favour both to myself and to the art which I profess.

I have only to add, gentlemen, that, valuing highly as I do the esteem and goodwill of my countrymen, I

feel no small gratification, that this, the first privilege of the sort I have been admitted to, should have proceeded in so handsome a manner from the head burgh of my native county. I have the honour to subscribe myself, with great consideration and respect, your very obedient and devoted Servant,

DAVID WILKIE.

Kensington, London, 7th November, 1817.

His first thoughts were on his native land; his next were on the works which had made him an object of its regard. In the year 1814, Wilkie painted a small picture from Burns's fine song of "Duncan Gray:" to make this into a work more worthy of himself, and of the subject, was a labour to which he now turned his attention; and he wrought with even more than his usual success and finish.* For what the poet called the light-horse gallop of the strain, and which art could not well imitate, the artist supplies equivalents as Burns himself would have done had he been a painter. Duncan, the hero of the song, a lad of grace as well as spirit, comes, as to the poet, in the merry times of Christmas, when the maids had on their best apparel, and joy abounded, to pay his addresses to Meg, the sole daughter of her parents. Now

* The writer was not aware, when this was written, of the true history of Duncan Gray. It appears that in 1814 Wilkie painted and exhibited Duncan Gray, under the name of The Refusal. Dr. Baillie became purchaser; but in less than a year exchanged it with Wilkie for Ward's Peddler. To lend fresh interest to an old exhibited picture, Wilkie engraved anew at the Duncan Gray, gave it some of its most minute and finishing finish, and sent it to the British Institution for sale. Lord Townshend was the purchaser.

fair Margaret, it seems, did not like his outward show and ceremonious observance; but tossed her curls,

"Look'd asklent and unco' skeigh,"

and seemed to say to the presumptuous Duncan, "There are better ways to catch a bird than to cast your bonnet at her." The wooer, thus rebuked, retired a step or two to give room to the waving of her gown: he wept, or feigned to weep; followed her out, and followed her in; and, seeing that all this failed to soften her heart, muttered something about

"Loupin oure a lin:"

but despair fared no better than affection ha

"Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,"

till Duncan, at last, mortified with manifol
said to himself, "Shall I die for this pretty
haughtiness? she may go to ——;" and he
to name a warm place, when, looking at her
ceiving the dawn of returning tenderness,
"France," as a lesser place of punishm
far the painter has followed the poet, w
affection to work its own will with the
heart; but as this growing change was
express, so the artist makes her father int
delicately laying a remonstrating hand
shoulder, while her mother with equal affe
tact sits down by Margaret's side, and looks her sc
away. The old woman's look of gentle intercessi
for it is plain that she opens not her lips, is one
the finest things in modern art; and no wonder th
it triumphs over her daughter's momentary nay-say

we all but see the wedding in the distance, and hear the bridal minstrelsy. The colouring of this admirable picture is as bright as it is harmonious; nor has it lost much of its splendour by the graver of Engleheart.

On the picture of The Abbotsford Family Wilkie bestowed much study; but his very anxiety deprived his hand of.

—— "that sprightly ease
Which marks security to please;"

and though he made a fine characteristic group, such as we may see on a summer eve nigh a pastoral farmer's, at milking time, it was reckoned that he had not wholly succeeded in stamping upon it the peculiar likeness and feature of that distinguished family. It may be urged that exact portraiture was not Wilkie's object; that all he desired to do was to show what Scott and his children

"In a cottage would have been;"

nor can it be denied, that by putting people of rank and station into costume such as they never appeared in, and giving them rustic work to which their hands were unaccustomed, portraiture is put to a severer trial than when costume proper to their condition is observed, and employment true to station given. Had he painted Sir Walter listening to his daughter's singing to the harp the old ballad of "Otterburn" in his own hall at Abbotsford, can any one say that he would not have succeeded in making memorable likenesses ?.*

* The Abbotsford Family is still at Huntly Burn.

While these pictures were in hand, he communicated some particulars of his journey, and a few matters concerning art, to one who always heard what Wilkie had to say with pleasure.

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Dear Sir George, Phillimore Place, Kensington, 19th Jan. 1818.

I believe you have not been in Scotland for many years. A journey to that quarter some summer, would interest you much. Besides the romantic scenes with which it abounds, it has subjects of interest that do not in the same degree, I think, belong to any part of England. Every district presents some memorial of the past; the scene of some remarkable event of history or of fiction. The people have also a disposition to preserve these traditions, which does not, I think, exist in any thing like the same degree among the common people of England, and of which the multitude of these traditions is the proof and the consequence. In visiting Stirling, I was particularly impressed with this. The ancient Palace and Parliament House in the Castle, with the old-fashioned town and the many fields of battle in its neighbourhood, had all the interest of a volume of history.

Since returning to London I have not seen much of what is doing. Mr. West's picture is open, and I believe very successful; though the subject, one would think, was rather forbidding. Sir Thomas Lawrence has about completed his equestrian portrait of the Duke of Wellington. This I have seen, and think it

a happy effort. He is dressed in a plain blue coat, and a large cloak of the same colour over it. It is the dress he wore at Waterloo, and, not being a regimental dress, has a very uncommon though inherently military look about it. It is one of those images of the Duke that is likely to supplant every other; and I should not be surprised if it were to become as common throughout the country as Sir Joshua's Marquis of Granby. It is rather a dark picture, and I could wish that it had something of a quality which has almost gone out of fashion in the present day—I mean *tone* in the colouring.

The pictures have been sent into the gallery. I have sent two, but have not heard what sort of exhibition it is likely to turn out. A good number of the younger members of the Academy are exhibitors.

Mr. Wordsworth, who did me the kindness to call a few weeks ago, was, he said, to stop at Coleorton, on his way to the North. He has most likely reached you before this; and I envy you all in the possession of his society.

D. W.

Meanwhile, his friend, Mr. Dobree, pleased with the fame of The Letter of Introduction, and confiding in Wilkie's command of human character, requested his assistance in a work which he had for some time contemplated, recording the dying scenes of distinguished men. Subjects of this nature, which the painter justly regarded as tasks not coming spontaneously from the artist's heart, he was slow and reluctant to undertake. What he felt he could not

perform with hope of success, he seldom took in hand; and though this application led finally to his picture of The Death of Sir Philip Sidney, he for the present refused, and recommended Stothard, whose genius he held in high esteem.

TO SAMUEL DOBREE, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 8th Jan. 1818.

It gives me pleasure at all times to hear from you; and I should be most happy to have it in my power to contribute to the work you are now engaged in*, which seems new, and I have no doubt will be interesting. My hands are, however, at present so full, that I have to regret it will not be in my power. Being out of the way I have been accustomed to, it is a doubt whether I should be able to do it with effect, as a particular line of study is necessary to paint historical and biographical incidents.

If I may be allowed to suggest to you an artist whose studies have led him the most into this line, I would recommend to your attention Mr. Stothard, of Newman Street, whose reading, and whose elegance and taste of design, would fit him better than any artist I know for illustrating the incidents you may wish to record in the lives of the great characters gone by. I am, &c.

D. W.

Having placed his group of the Scott Family along with a little picture called the Errand Boy† in the

* The title of Mr. Dobree's little volume is "The Book of Death."

† Painted for Sir John Swinburne, Bart.

Royal Academy Exhibition of this year (1818), Wilkie turned his thoughts on the national picture of The Penny Wedding, commissioned by the Prince Regent. The original name of this work was The Scotch Wedding, and this is retained in the first six impressions of Stewart's engraving; but in the seventh print it was changed for the present title, by which it is now generally known. But by whatever name it is distinguished, the manners and customs and character of old Scotland reign and triumph in it: the demure looks of the people, till music and liquor kindle them up; the mirth accompanied by decorum; the grave humour of the old, and the modest, nay, bashful manners of the young, are stamped on every individual face and group, not in tartan, as painters of the South erroneously limn Scottish character, for none knew better than Wilkie that Highland tartan no more represents Scotland than the Welsh leek represents England, but in the costume of lasting manners and undying character. The fun and drollery and drinking of a Penny Wedding have been painted in the imperishable words of King James and Allan Ramsay, and on canvas too by David Allan, who touched it with a feebler hand, indeed, but a deep intimacy with the rustic manners and moods of the North. All the glee and modest joy of the elder poets of Scotland are in the picture of Wilkie with none of their lasciviousness, for the absence of which it is whispered that the Prince hardly forgave him, for he loved a joke which touched on the delicate line of decorum, nor disliked the Muse, when, like Maggie, whose charms she sang, she went a little high-kilted.

To the composition of this picture the painter called all his knowledge of character and all his skill in expressing it; and it cannot be denied that it breathes with life throughout its length and breadth. It is true that memories which retain clear impressions of the Penny Bridals of the north may have treasured up scenes of a noisier and more bustling kind; and I have heard men affirm that they have seen bridals where gray heads wagged merrier, and young feet moved lighter, where old dames were more joyous, and maidens warmed up by music and love look more rosy and enchanting. Against pictures of the memory, aided as they always are by the imagination, no works of any artist can stand.

Wilkie resumed during this summer the Journal which the state of his health had caused him for a long while to discontinue: his first entries are respecting The Penny Wedding.

"*Oct.* 26, 1818. Wrote to Mr. Charles Long to state for the information of the Prince Regent that the picture of The Wedding was nearly finished and ready for His Royal Highness's inspection.

"28. Had a call from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Long to see the picture; Mr. Long brought a request from the Prince that I should meet His Royal Highness at Kensington Palace, to-morrow morning at 12 o'clock, with the picture.

"29. Went to Kensington Palace with the picture, where it was shown to the Prince, who seemed perfectly satisfied with it.

"*Nov.* 14. Wrote to Mr. Charles Long to inform

him that the picture is now finished and ready for delivery at Carlton House, and begging him to let me know His Royal Highness's pleasure respecting it, and also to request his permission to exhibit it next spring at the Royal Academy.

" 24. Dined to-day at Holland House. The party were, besides Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Alvanley, Lord John Russell, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Gally Knight, and Mr. Allen. Spent a most pleasant evening."

The Penny Wedding I have heard Sir Charles Long say gave all the satisfaction—and more—to the Prince which the painter has here recorded;—his humble request to exhibit it was also graciously complied with, and the artist turned his thoughts to his friend Dobree, who still continued to press for a dying scene impressed with a moral example, such as would suit the work he was about to publish. This Wilkie found in the heroic death of Sir Philip Sidney, who, falling in the field of battle, ordered the water which his friends offered to his own parching lips to be given to a dying soldier, saying, " his necessity is greater than mine." The painter pressed Mr. Dobree to receive this as his contribution to a work which he could not help regarding of a public rather than a private nature: but the merchant was also a gentleman; and, after refusing it with much courtesy as a contribution, prevailed upon him to accept a present of thirty guineas for the picture—a circumstance which has been faithfully recorded in the artist's Journal. Something more may be added.

TO SAMUEL DOBREE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, Kensington, 14th October, 1818.

I have ordered a frame for the little picture of Sir Philip Sidney, and have also directed a sort of mounting to be put round it of wood, to prevent the panel from warping, which happens to be a very thin one.

Mr. Raimbach called upon me last night. I certainly did not expect that he could have undertaken it, knowing what his other engagements are; but he seemed so much struck with the thing, that he is most desirous of engraving it. He will write to you himself and mention particulars. Should you be disposed to engage him in it, I have no doubt of his making it a *very fine* book-plate; and one thing you will also find in him that is of consequence—a most scrupulous exactness in fulfilling his engagements.

I am, &c.

D. W.

Nor is the following without interest:—

TO SAMUEL DOBREE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, Kensington, 2d Dec. 1818.

The frame for the Sir Philip Sidney is now making, and what you have suggested respecting it shall be done. Mr. Raimbach has made the outline of the picture, which I have seen. He will send you an etching, that you may see it in progress.

I beg to thank you most heartily for the compliment you made me for the picture, which I assure you I feel as exceedingly handsome.

The brace of woodcocks came safe by the coach. With best respects and acknowledgments,

I am, &c.

D. W.

When it was known that Wilkie was engaged on a picture for the Duke of Wellington of a military nature, great was the stir in the ranks of the army, and likewise in society: the current of a heady fight was in the fancy of some, while others believed he would choose the field after the battle was fought, and show the mangled relics of war—

"With many a sweet babe fatherless,
And many a widow mourning."

But no one guessed that out of the wooden legs, mutilated arms, and the pension lists of old Chelsea, he was about to evoke a picture which the heart of the nation would accept as a remembrance of Waterloo, a battle which had filled the eyes of Britain with mingled gladness and tears. Amongst those who were touched by the subject, was Sir Willoughby Gordon, a soldier of the old Scottish stamp, whose name appears early in the list of the painter's admirers, of whom the following entries in the painter's Journal speak:

"*Nov.* 28th. Sir Willoughby Gordon called, and expressed a strong wish to possess my sketch of The Chelsea Pensioners. I mentioned the price of sixty guineas, to which he agreed.

"*Dec.* 1st. Had a letter yesterday from Sir Willoughby Gordon, requesting to know whether I would paint a portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of York, in small, for him, provided he could prevail on his Royal Highness to sit.

"23d. Left a note at Apsley House, to inform his Grace the Duke of Wellington that I had prepared a sketch of The Chelsea Pensioners, and would be proud to submit it to his Grace's consideration either at Apsley House or at Kensington."

The year 1818 closed on Wilkie in amended health, and the year 1819 opened upon him with improving prospects: he sent his little picture of The China Menders to the British Gallery, with 130 guineas marked upon it as the price, and sold it in a few days to Mr. (now Sir George) Phillips, for 100: he was not so fortunate with a little picture of Nymphs gathering Grapes, which was exhibited in the same place: but the original spirit with which he sketched in The Reading of the Waterloo Gazette rendered all minor matters unworthy of remembrance; nor was the picture of The Whiskey Still, a subject the dawn of which appears in his letters from the Highlands, a work to be neglected even in the presence of the other. The painter had penetrated into the northern valleys, less with the intention of seeking out picturesque rocks and wild caves, than with the hope of finding sketches of manners and customs for his art to embody, and where he could display his command over character and colour. It was ever his aim to employ his pencil on permanent things:

in his picture of The Scotts of Abbotsford, he knew his subject was dear to all northern hearts, and had no chance to die; and he felt that The Whiskey Still had an almost equal chance of living. The rough and romantic scene where it is localized, the rustic abundance visible in the half-cavern half-cottage where the "dearest of distillations, last and best," is dribbled out drop by drop, and, above all, the calm yet knowing look of the mountaineer, who comes to prove the strength of the liquor he purposes to purchase, form a picture which cannot soon pass from the mind, and which has been pronounced by natives perfect.

The following passages, from the artist's Journal, exhibit him busied with his works, forwarding the old and imagining the new: like the equestrian hero in Homer, who could leap from the back of one horse at full speed to the back of another, and still keep up the race and maintain his balance, so the great painter in these entries moves from subject to subject, and has the mastery in all.

"*Jan.* 16. Sent the picture of The China Menders to the British Gallery, for exhibition and sale. Fixed the price of 130 guineas upon it.

"23. Sir Willoughby Gordon wrote to me to-day to say, that the Duke of York had consented to sit for the portrait, and would come to my house, when necessary, for the purpose. Wrote to Sir Willoughby in answer, and agreed to meet him at York House, on Tuesday next, to look at the apartment that is to be the scene of the picture. The price not less than 100 guineas, nor more than 150.

"24. Went to dine with Haydon, and when absent was so unfortunate as to miss the Duke of Wellington, who did me the honour to call about 3 o'clock. His Grace looked at the sketch, but made scarcely any remark upon it; but both the Duke and the friend that was with him seemed to look with attention at The Wedding, and at Duncan Gray. His Grace said, when going, that he would call again.

"25. Sent a note to the Duke, to express my regret and to say, that after Tuesday, when my picture was to be delivered at Carlton House, I should be at home constantly.

"Went by coach to Ditton, to make a sketch of the Duke of Buccleuch for Geddes. Saw Captain A. Ferguson, whom I was glad to see again. Made a drawing of the Duke in black, red, and white chalk; and also of his mother, the Dowager Duchess, a very fine old lady.

"26. Delivered The Wedding at Carlton House.

"*Feb.* 10. Received 100 guineas from Mr. Phillips, M. P., for the picture of The China Menders.

"18. The Marquis of Stafford called, and looked at my sketches of The Opening of the Will, which he thought a good subject for the picture of the King of Bavaria, and requested that I might go on to make the sketch in oil.

"22. Went to Mr. Angerstein's. Varnished and touched upon his picture of The Village Holiday.

"26. Called at Apsley House. The Duke sent me out word that he had to attend a committee, and begged that I would call some other day.

"27. Went to Apsley House again, and took my

sketch with me. The Duke still could not see me, but requested that I would leave my sketch.

"*March* 6. Sir Willoughby Gordon agreed to take my picture of The Whiskey Still at the price of 120 guineas, exclusive of the frame.

"7. Called at Apsley House. Had an interview with the Duke, who told me he wished to have in the picture more of the soldiers of the present day, instead of those I had put of half a century ago. He wished me to make a slight sketch of the alteration, and would call on me in a week or ten days to look at it.

"9. To Ditton Park, where I made a sketch in chalk of the Duchess of Buccleuch.

"*June* 18. Dined to-day with Mr. Haydon. On coming home in the evening found that the Duke of Wellington had called about 5 o'clock with two ladies, one of whom seemed to be the Duchess. My sister saw them, and showed them the pictures and sketches. His Grace mentioned what he liked and disliked in the last sketch I made, and left word that he would be at home if I called any morning before 12 o'clock.

"22. Mr. Townsend of Nottingham agreed to purchase the study of The Opening of the Will for forty guineas, including a frame.

"24. Had a call from the Earl of Egremont, who looked at what I was doing, and repeated a wish he had formerly expressed of having a picture of mine, and he proposed that I should fix upon a subject.

"25. Called at Apsley House with the two sketches of The Chelsea Pensioners. The Duke sent me word that he was engaged, but requested the sketches to be left, and he would call upon me in a few days.

"*July* 9. Mr. Ridley Colborne called, and proposed that I should paint for him Savoyards taken up by the Beadle as Vagrants.

"11. The Duke of Wellington called, and requested that I would call at Apsley House to-morrow morning at half past 10, to meet Mr. Long, and to consider about the picture.

"12. Called at Apsley House. Mr. Long there, and after waiting a considerable time, the Duke of Wellington came from a review in the park. He showed Mr. Long the two sketches of The Chelsea Pensioners, stating what he liked and disliked, and observing that out of the two a picture might be made that would do. He preferred the one with the young figures; but as Mr. Long remonstrated against the old fellows being taken out, the Duke agreed that the man reading should be a pensioner, besides some others in the picture. He wished that the piper might be put in, also the old man with the wooden leg; but he objected to the man with the ophthalmia. Mr. Long preferred the composition of the first sketch in the grouping on the right hand.

"I then asked the Duke if I might now begin the picture; and he said *immediately* if I pleased. I brought the sketches home with me.

"*October* 9. Made a considerable alteration in the picture of The Will, by changing the figures in the centre to correspond with an alteration made at the right-hand side.

"*November* 27. Delivered the picture of The Whiskey Still of Loch Gilp Head to Sir W. Gordon, for

which I received, as payment for the picture, 126*l.*, and for the frame 11*l.* 11*s.*

"28. Wrote out a bill for the picture of The Wedding to the following effect:—

"His Royal Highness the Prince Regent
Dr. to David Wilkie, R. A.

For a Picture, entitled The Penny Wedding	£525
For an ornamental Frame for do. - -	20
	£545

"*December* 1. Called on Mr. Soane, R. A., who requested that I would paint a picture for him, of a small size, leaving the conditions in the mean time to myself.

"14. Mr. Raimbach sent me to-day a proof etching of Blind Man's Buff. It appears to me very successful, and contains what I wish might be preserved entirely in the engraving, a lightness and freedom that seems to suit admirably with the subject."

No prime architect carries the stone and mortar, or puts up the scaffolds of either his palaces or temples; no true sculptor beats up the clay of his models, nor rough-hews his statues out of the blocks of marble: in like manner, a painter of genius, and in full employment, will use other hands than his own to delineate on canvas the mechanical portions of his picture, and work on the lesser details, reserving to himself the master-strokes which infuse feeling, and character, and sentiment. Wilkie, perhaps too seldom for his own health, called in the help of assistants: the earliest

aid of this kind seems to have been afforded by the younger Watson of Edinburgh, and on a congenial subject—the Penny Wedding.

TO WILLIAM S. WATSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir,

I have since I saw you considered that, as I must be at the delivery of the picture of The Wedding myself, I must therefore detain it till my return on Tuesday. This I am the more disposed to do, as some friends wish to see it, and, for the sake of their opinions, desire to delay sending the picture home as long as possible. You will therefore come on Wednesday, if you feel disposed, and go on with the picture as usual. D. W.

That the same hand helped with other pictures of this period, may be gathered from the following letter to young Watson from Wilkie, dated June 12. 1819, and written from Kensington.

My dear Sir,

My reason for wishing to see you this evening was, that I might make you some compensation for the assistance you have, at various times, given me in my labours. I now enclose for you a ten pound note, which, inadequate as it is to the assistance I have received from you, I beg you to accept of, and I have only to wish that it were more worthy of your acceptance, by being more in proportion than it is to the obligation I have received from you.

If I should not see you before you go to Scotland, I beg to be most kindly remembered to your father. Your copy of the De Hooge, should you not want it, I shall be glad if you can leave with me while you are gone.

D. W.

This gratified the young artist, who was proud to work under the guiding eye and directing hand of such a master as Wilkie.

On the 18th of February, it will be remembered that the Marquis of Stafford called on the painter, looked at the sketch of the Reading of the Will, thought it a good subject for the picture promised to the King of Bavaria, and desired him to make the sketch in oil.

The following letter from Lord Burghersh to the noble Marquis contains the first intimation which the artist had of his royal commission:—

"The King of Bavaria has requested me to order a picture for him by Wilkie, and in undertaking the commission I told him I would commit the charge to your judgment; he was much pleased with this suggestion, as he had known you at Paris, and hoped, for the sake of an old acquaintance, you would not consider the request as an intrusion. The King leaves the subject, the size, and the price of this picture entirely at the painter's discretion; subject always to your orders, if you are kind enough to accept the commission. He is desirous of possessing in his gallery a work of one of our best artists; and I hope, from the

hand of Wilkie, it may compete with many of the fine works which adorn his collection.

"The King will desire his minister Pfeffil to pay for the picture when finished, and to undertake its transport to Munich: I leave Munich to-morrow for Florence, from whence I will let the King know whatever you are kind enough to do in this business."

But even with kings there is a limit: the price, though left to the artist, as well as the size and subject, alarmed, it is said, a monarch whose wealth never equalled his taste; and he said he wished, indeed, for a picture from the hand of Wilkie, but should prefer one of a smaller size than The Reading of the Will, the price of which should not exceed three hundred Louis d'or. The artist, however, who preferred fame to money, still adhered to The Will for his subject, and made the price to suit the monarch's wishes.

Before The Reading of a Will was finally selected for the King of Bavaria's picture, Wilkie had thought of several subjects admirably adapted for art, and still available.

TO THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD.

My Lord, Kensington, 10th Aug.

For the proposed picture for his Majesty the King of Bavaria, I have thought of various subjects, but have only made a sketch of one, which I enclose for your Lordship. It is a Family Party at Dinner; it would be similar in the style of painting to The Breakfast, and possesses, I think, a great deal of the

same material. The subject of The Fair I have not yet tried; the incidents of which are so much more numerous, that a good deal more time will be necessary to put them into the form of a sketch; but this I shall try.

The Bavarian Envoy, who has called upon me, mentioned, as a subject he thought peculiarly English, The Meeting of the Tenantry on the Heir to an Estate's coming of Age: an Election has also been mentioned to me as an English subject; but then I have seen so little of that, I cannot judge what could be made of them. It has occurred to me, since making the enclosed sketch, that The Opening of a Will, a subject that presents a good deal of incident, might be tried nearly upon the same plan of composition with The Dinner Party, and perhaps might be considered as a more important subject.

I take the liberty of mentioning these to your Lordship, and shall feel honoured by any advice that your Lordship may be pleased to favour me with, either respecting the above subjects, or any new suggestions that may occur.

D. W.

The Will was, as we have seen, the subject selected. On this fine picture, suggested by Bannister the comedian, the artist studied and wrought with uncommon diligence during the autumn of 1819, and the winter and spring of the succeeding year. It had from the first dawn of his fame been his desire to paint pictures for the best collections: he looked upon the Bavarian commission rather as a matter of honour

than of profit, and wrought with the spirit of one who was fully aware that the fruit of his pencil was an offering to one of the high places. He took the descriptive motto of his picture from Sir Walter Scott, and believed that he was embodying the bright dramatic scene which took place at the funeral of the Lady Singleside in Guy Mannering. But the words of the mighty novelist afforded but a text for this great moral admonisher to preach from; he forsook almost from the first the path of Scott, and treated it in the way Sir Walter would probably have done had he wrought in colours and not in words.

The body of the deceased has been moved to the dark and narrow house; and the family, the relatives, and the man of law, have all assembled after the ceremony to hear how he has disposed of his effects. An atmosphere of expectation hangs over the assembly; and all are aware of what is going on, save a startled and half-blubbering boy in black, whose pockets are filled to overflowing with marbles, and who seems not yet aware that he has lost his father. His mother is fully aware, however, that she has lost a husband; and as she is a bouncing dame, full of flesh and blood, is resolved, if we may judge by the gracefully studied air which she assumes, and the calm manner in which she receives the attentions of a brawny officer, to have the void in her heart already filled up. All this is not unobserved by an expectant dame, whose anger, first moved by these indecent advances, is thoroughly kindled up by the will, which leaves all at the disposal of the widow; and who is represented leaving the room, indignantly rustling her silks in not

inaudible wrath as she retires. Nothing can be finer than the cold, tranquil, business-like air of the attorney, the resigned coquetry of the young widow, and the indignation and flutter of the offended dame.

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Dear Sir George, Kensington, 25th Nov. 1819.

My regret at missing you and Lady Beaumont, when you did me the honour to call, was extreme. It would have delighted me much to have heard your account of what had interested you the most in your tour through Switzerland. I hope you have made many sketches of that stupendous region, which may serve as materials for future works. Haydon told me you had returned by Antwerp, and that you were much struck with the pictures by Rubens in that place. They would probably not be new to you, but they produce a new impression every time one sees them.

The Will I find a laborious subject, but I wish to get through with it before I commence on the picture for the Duke of Wellington. My mother told me every thing, as nearly as she could, that you observed upon the sketches for the Duke's picture. The sketch which you prefer was the second, and not the first. It was made for the purpose of trying some alterations, which, as they consisted chiefly in having younger men in the picture, made me put in a prominent place that figure which you are pleased to call a "Son of Glee." This required a considerable change in all the figures at that corner; and although, to my mind, the composition in that part is in itself

improved, it has been thought not to make so neat an arrangement, when considered in respect to the rest of the picture. The Duke gave various directions about what he liked and disliked in both, but did not give a preference. Mr. Charles Long, who was at Apsley House at the time, gave his opinion in favour of the first, though I do think I could have satisfied him, had there been an opportunity, that the second was an improvement.

I am, from all this, most heartily glad that you prefer the second one; and as I am at full liberty, so far as his Grace is concerned, I shall now have no hesitation in adopting it when I proceed with the picture.

I beg to thank you for your very obliging invitation, in case I should need a little country air or relief from labour. I have only to regret that Coleorton is not as near as Dunmow.

D. W.

From the Journal of the artist I shall now transcribe such accounts as he has rendered of his studies while The Reading the Will and The Waterloo Gazette were on the easel; nor shall I hesitate to include memoranda of such other matters as tend to throw light on his studies or on his character. The name of Chantrey appears in his notes for the first time. The sculptor had been gradually on the ascent since 1809, when he exhibited the Bust of Horne Tooke, and his fame was fixed by his beautiful and affecting group of the Two Children in Lichfield Cathedral: there was between them this bond of union, that

neither of them had studied abroad, and both drew their inspiration from island influences, and both excelled in the workmanship of their productions. Here the resemblance ceases: Wilkie perceived the benefit which painting receives from the study of the great foreign masters, and loved to dwell on the propriety of infusing as much as he could obtain of their spirit into British art; Chantrey had too much sense to scorn the sculpture of Greece and Rome, but he did not feel all the divinity breathed from their statues; and he saw, or fancied he saw, that their rude beauties were unsuitable to the climate as well as taste of England. They took warmly to each other at first, but academic bickerings contributed to cool their growing friendship.

JOURNAL.

1820. *Jan.* 1. Called on Mr. West, and sat with him for a considerable time. He complained much of his stomach, but in other respects seemed not unwell; was in good spirits, and in possession of all his faculties.

5. Went to Cleveland House, and made a drawing of a French inlaid strong-box for my picture of The Will.

8. Mr. Warren called upon me with a further proof of The Broken Jar. Various parts of it are extremely beautiful.

14. Sent this morning *A Veteran Highlander* and a fancy subject of *Bacchanalians gathering Grapes* to the British Institution. The price I put upon The Highlander is thirty-five guineas, and the price of The

Bacchanalians 100 guineas, in both cases including the frames.

21. The Highlander bought by Richard Payne Knight, Esq. for 35 guineas.

30. Mr. Zachary called — told me he would have bought my picture of The Veteran Highlander, had it not been sold; that he would be glad if I would paint one in that way for him, or if I chose he would like a group; would not be particular in the price, and would not stand upon a difference of ten or fifteen pounds. He would only wish that it might be a light picture in its effect.

Feb. 10. Received a letter from Sir Willoughby Gordon, in answer to my request for permission to engrave The Whiskey Still, in which he wished to delay giving leave till the time should come when I might want it.

16. Mr. Zachary called, and told me he would choose the subject of The Unexpected Visiter* for his picture. The picture to be a duplicate of that I am to paint for the Count Shoenburn, of Frankfort.

March 24. Mr. Watson Taylor requested that I would paint a picture for him, somewhat similar to The Whiskey Still.

29. Mr. Chantrey introduced me to one of his friends, Mr. Watts Russell, who is desirous that I should paint him a picture.

April 1. Mr. Watts Russell called with Mr. Chantrey, and repeated his commission, and wished to see various sketches. The sketch he liked best was *The*

* This picture was afterwards called "Guess my Name."

School. I told him that it was engaged by the Marquis of Lansdowne.

3. Called upon Chantrey to meet Sir Walter Scott, who came home with me to see my picture, with which he seemed pleased.

4. Dined with Miss Dumergue of Piccadilly, and had a very pleasant evening. Sir Walter Scott there, who told me a number of stories after tea, chiefly of the marvellous kind, connected with popular superstitions. Came home with Mr. Chantrey.

14. Began to line in the perspective of the picture for the Duke of Wellington.

20. Brought home the Bacchanalians unsold to my own house.

22. To the Royal Academy to varnish and retouch. Found that the committee had given my picture of The Reading of a Will the centre on the fireplace side, where it was hung in a very favourable position. Various of the members assured me that they thought it my best picture.

25. Sir Thomas Lawrence told me that the King had a few days ago shown him *The Wedding*, which his Majesty seemed to be much pleased with. Sir Thomas asked me if The Will was bespoke; and on being told that it was painted on commission for the King of Bavaria, he expressed his belief that this would occasion a disappointment in a certain quarter.

29. To Apsley House. Dr. Hume presented me to the Duchess of Wellington, who told me she liked my picture of The Will much. Her Grace showed me her pictures, among which were the Correggio and the Jan Stein. She asked me whether the sub-

ject I was to paint for the Duke was one I liked, or not; when I told her that I was very ambitious to paint it.

Spoke to the Marquis of Lansdowne at the Royal Academy dinner, and reminded his Lordship of my showing him a sketch some years ago of a School, which he then wished I would paint for him. I told his Lordship that I should be glad to know if he was still desirous of possessing such a picture of mine. He said he would call upon me, and reconsider it.

May 15. Called upon Mr. Lister Parker, who went with me to call on Lord Grantham, who told me the Countess de Grey wished to have a picture of mine; that the subject, size, and treatment should be left to myself, and that the price should be 300 guineas.

25. Called by appointment upon Sir Thomas Lawrence to breakfast. Had much pleasure in seeing his portraits of The Emperor Francis, The Cardinal Gonsalvi, and The Pope, also a drawing of young Napoleon. They are all in his finest manner, and The Emperor and The Pope decidedly beyond himself.

26. Sir Thomas told me he had a request to make on behalf of his Majesty, respecting my picture now in the Exhibition, which is, whether he might have the picture, and whether a duplicate might not be sent of it to Bavaria.

I told Sir Thomas that my first desire was to comply with his Majesty's request, in as far as my time and labour were concerned; but that the difficulty would be with my first employer; but before giving an answer, I said I must consult with the Marquis of Stafford.

I accordingly went to the Marquis, and told him; but he said he did not wish to interfere, and that the Baron Pfeffil was the most proper person to speak to. I then went to the Baron; and, with great acuteness, he put the case in this way—that either the picture was mine, or that it belongs to the King of Bavaria. If mine, I may dispose of it as I please; but if it was the King of Bavaria's, then the matter could only be arranged by an application from the King of Great Britain to the King of Bavaria. I told him that if the picture was approved of by the King of Bavaria, and the money paid I had engaged to paint it for, that it was certainly the King of Bavaria's picture. The Baron recommended, if any application was to be made about it, that Sir Thomas Lawrence should write to Mr. Brook Taylor at his Court, who would settle it in a friendly way. Left the Baron, and went to a coffee-house, and wrote the substance of what the Baron had told me to Sir T. Lawrence.

27. Upon further consideration, wrote again to Sir T. Lawrence, to state that, if it could be so arranged that the present picture could be sent to Munich, I should feel more satisfied, considering the circumstances under which it was painted; and that if his Majesty would be satisfied with a duplicate, I should be ready to begin it immediately after the Exhibition.

29. Received an answer from Sir Thomas Lawrence, stating that he had had the honour of an audience previous to the receipt of my last letter, and that he had received the royal commands to write to Mr. Brook Taylor at Munich, agreeable to the recommendation of Baron Pfeffil, and that he had stated

to his Majesty that he had my concurrence in all this.

In answer, I wrote to Sir Thomas Lawrence that I had no wish to delay the communication he had been commanded to make to the King of Bavaria; this footing, upon which the request was to be made, as explained in his note, being, so far as regarded myself, perfectly satisfactory.

June 22. Mr. Muskett, of Norfolk, introduced to me by Mr. Frank Whiting. They looked at a variety of subjects, and Mr. Muskett said that he would prefer a rural subject, and that such a one as a Fortune-teller would please him as much as any. As to the price, he would wish it not to exceed 200 guineas.

July 11. *Mem.* My bill for Duncan Gray, with gilt frame, 262*l.* 10*s.*

20. Mr. Burnet agreed to engrave the picture of The Rabbit on the Wall for 300 guineas.

23. Had a call from the Baron Pfeffil, who told me he had received a letter from Baden, and that the King of Bavaria was most desirous to possess my picture, and desired that it might be sent immediately to Munich, and that the banker of the Bavarian Court in London should be ordered to pay to me the sum of 425*l.*, that is, 100*l.* in addition to the sum I engaged to paint the picture for, and 25*l.* for the frame.

August 22. Waited upon Sir Thomas Lawrence, who showed me a letter he had from Sir Brook Taylor, which stated that he had received Sir Thomas's communication from the King respecting my picture; but as the King of Bavaria had not been at Munich, he had not had any opportunity of mentioning it to

his Majesty, as he thought it a very *delicate subject:* he could not trust it to be mentioned by any one else, consequently it might still be some days before he could have any opportunity, as his Majesty had not yet returned to Munich, &c.

Sept. 4. Received a letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence, enclosing one from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, stating that the King did not wish Mr. Taylor to urge the relinquishment of the picture, unless the King of Bavaria should, upon an inspection of it, not see so much merit in the work as the description gave him reason to expect. After writing to Sir Thomas in answer, sent to the Baron Pfeffil to tell him that I now felt at full liberty to make over the picture to his Excellency, and would order a packing-case for it immediately.

Sept. 8. Received from the Bavarian Minister the sum of 447*l.* 10*s.*, the price of the picture of The Reading of the Will.

It will neither be unpleasing nor uninstructive to see the exchange of courtesies between two kings, when each desired to possess a picture which, in public estimation, had already taken its place among the best national works: these courtesies passed, it is true, between artists and ministers, yet it was monarchs who commanded.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Hyde Park Coffee House, Oxford Street, 26th May, 1820.

I have waited upon the Marquis of Stafford, and have mentioned to him what you told me; but his Lordship has referred me to the Bavarian minister as the most proper person to advise with before an answer can be returned upon the subject.

I have, accordingly, seen his Excellency Baron Pfeffil, and he puts the case in this way: the picture (of the Will) either belongs to the King of Bavaria or to me. If to me, then I may dispose of it as I choose; but if to the King of Bavaria, it can only be disposed of by that sovereign himself.

This being the case, I told his Excellency that if his sovereign approved of the picture, and should pay me the money which I agreed to paint it for, that the picture *was certainly his*, and I not at liberty to dispose of it. The Baron then said he thought it could only be arranged by an application from his Majesty the King of England to the Court of Bavaria; and he recommended (should this be desired by his Majesty) that Sir Thomas Lawrence should write upon the subject to Mr. Brook Taylor, his Majesty's minister plenipotentiary at the Court of Munich, who, he has no doubt, will settle it in the most friendly manner.

What should be done in regard to the sovereign of Bavaria, you are a much better judge of than I can be supposed to be. I have only to repeat to you, in answer to the very flattering communication with which I have been honoured, that if the wishes which his

Majesty the King has been pleased to express can be accomplished by any exertions of mine, that both my time and industry shall be immediately devoted to his commands.

I hope you will excuse haste; and if there is any thing farther which I may not have satisfactorily explained, I shall be most happy to wait upon you at any time you may wish.

D. W.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, 24. Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington, 27th May, 1820.

Having considered the subject you mentioned to me yesterday a little more than I had time to do when I wrote you, you will, I hope, excuse me writing you again.

It will be unnecessary for me to state to you the feelings of duty and respect which I entertain towards a sovereign to whom I owe so much as to our present King; indeed my first desire, when you mentioned the wish which his Majesty had expressed, was that it should be complied with, if the consent of my first employer could be obtained. Whether this could be easily obtained I do not know; but there are some circumstances that make me rather wish that my engagements with the King of Bavaria should take their course, and if a duplicate should be desired (which I would begin to immediately after the Exhibition) that the first picture should of the two be the one that is to go to Munich.

This is my own private feeling upon the matter;

and I have only to beg that, in what you may think advisable to be done, you will be guided by that judgment and discretion which so eminently belong to you.

D. W.

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Russell Square, 28th May, 1820.

I received the favour of your second letter; but I had previously been honoured with an audience of the King, and received his Majesty's commands to write to Mr. Taylor at Munich, as recommended by Baron Pfeffil.

I fear that, as I stated to his Majesty that the measure had your concurrence, I cannot, without your immediate direction to the contrary, avoid obeying the command. Yet if it is your wish, I will defer it till the King's return from Ascot, and take the chance of any change in his Majesty's pleasure.

It appears to me that a direct communication from his Majesty (however unusual the channel), by showing in itself the necessity for such an application, secures you from any charge of disregard to your engagements with the King of Bavaria; and as I have received his Majesty's directions to mention it as his particular wish, I shall be careful in the wording of the letter to preserve that distinction, leaving your part in the measure entirely passive, and governed only by such feelings of attachment and duty to your own sovereign as are consistent with integrity of conduct to the King of Bavaria.

To have monarchs contending for your works is but a just tribute to their unequalled excellence; but it is a new distinction for the arts in our time, and in that view of it must compensate for any inquietude you may have felt before his Majesty's present determination.

I beg you to accept yourself, and to offer to Mr. Raimbach, my best thanks for his fine etching from your picture; I shall carefully preserve it as an evidence of his talents and kindness, and of the honour of your regard towards

THOMAS LAWRENCE.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, 24. Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington. 30th May, 1820.

I have no wish to delay the communication which you have received his Majesty's commands to make to the King of Bavaria through Mr. Brook Taylor. Such scruples as I may have had are entirely done away by the note I had last night the honour to receive from you; from which I learn that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to give his directions to you to mention it as "*his particular wish and desire* to his Bavarian Majesty." This, with the intention you have so considerately formed, "to preserve in the wording of the letter *that* distinction, leaving my part in the measure entirely passive," is, with your reasoning upon the matter, to my mind perfectly satisfactory; and I therefore leave it to you entirely, and expect the most happy result from your

judgment and delicacy in the conduct of the negotiation.

That a work of mine should be noticed by his Majesty, is a flattering circumstance to me, unworthy as I feel the work to be of a distinction which you are pleased to observe is so new for the art in our time. One thing that adds to the gratification more than I can express, is the share that has devolved upon *you* in the discussion, which, though the subject of it be unimportant, is symptomatic of a revival of one of the best times of the art, when the most distinguished painter of his age was the personal friend and the negotiator between princes.

D. W.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Kensington, 24th July, 1820.

Baron Pfeffil called upon me yesterday, and showed me a letter he had received from Baden, which intimated that his Majesty the King of Bavaria, having understood that my picture was finished, was eager to possess it, and desired that the Baron should give me an order for the payment, and directed that it should be sent to Munich with as little delay as possible.

As it appeared that the pleasure of his Bavarian Majesty to the above effect had been intimated to the writer previous to any knowledge of the application which you have been empowered to make respecting the picture from his Majesty the King of England, I told Baron Pfeffil it was impossible any thing could

be done until the result of that application was known. This his Excellency coincided in, and said it should be stated in his answer to the letter from Baden; but he requested that I would inform you of the orders that had come to him, and also expressed a wish that any communication you might receive in answer from Munich, expressive of the determination of his Majesty of Bavaria, might be made known to him.

D. W.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Kensington, 4th Sept. 1820.

I return to you the note of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield; and as it leaves to me no other course than that of sending off the picture, I shall immediately obey your suggestion to close with the Bavarian Minister. With many hearty thanks for your very friendly kindness to me through the whole of this business,

I have the honour to be, &c.

D. W.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Kensington, 7th Jan. 1821.

I have just now had the honour to receive from his Excellency the Bavarian Minister an official notice of the arrival of my picture of The Reading of the Will at Munich, and of its being received in such a manner as indicates the entire satisfaction of his Bavarian Majesty with the picture. As this is one of the results which was anticipated in the note you received

upon this subject from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, and upon condition of which the application to which that note referred was to be relinquished, I think it proper that I should take the liberty with you of enclosing the note of his Excellency for your perusal.

D. W.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY BROOK TAYLOR.

Sir, 24. Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington, London, 14th Feb. 1821.

I have had the honour to be informed by Sir Thomas Lawrence and by the Bavarian Minister of the arrival of my picture at Munich, and have been gratified in the highest degree by the very gracious manner in which my humble efforts have been regarded by the King of Bavaria. This instance of condescension, as well as the peculiar liberality with which I have been treated in this business, encourages me to express a wish that his Majesty would still farther honour me by granting me permission to make an *engraving* from the picture; and I therefore take the liberty of addressing your Excellency, in hopes that you will be so obliging as to favour me by making the request.

This engraving would be made in the line manner by a distinguished engraver assisted by myself; it would make one of a series now engraving from my works; and would be made as a companion to one now in hand, from one of my pictures in the collection of our own sovereign, whose gracious permission to engrave this picture has given an important sanction to my undertaking. When this is completed (perhaps in the

course of a twelvemonth) the same engraver will be ready to begin that from the picture at Munich, and will do it either from a copy or in any other way that may be consistent with the facilities his Majesty may be pleased to allow me.

In stating the above request to your Excellency, it may be proper to observe further, that it is my wish to have the honour of dedicating the engraving, by permission, to the royal possessor of the picture; but as great labour and expense will be required to render it worthy of a dedication to so distinguished a patron of the arts as the King of Bavaria, it will be extremely desirable that his Majesty, should it be his pleasure to favour me, would grant me the *exclusive* privilege of engraving the picture, or at least until the engraving is published.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, who has most obligingly undertaken to forward this, has stated that he would accompany it with a note from himself, in which I hope he will excuse to your Excellency the liberty I take in requesting your kind assistance in this affair.

D. W.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

My dear Sir, Edmonton, 14th May, 1821.

I have had much pleasure in the receipt of your letter, with enclosures, which was immediately sent me to this place. The letter addressed to his Excellency Baron Pfeffil I have enclosed in a cover addressed to No. 1. Quebec Street, Oxford Street, and he will receive it to-morrow morning.

The letter addressed to Mr. Brook Taylor I return to you with many thanks. I have taken the liberty of making a copy of it as a memorandum; I have no wish to keep it myself, and have only to request that you will take charge of it in case it should be necessary to refer to it at any future time.

The permission respecting the engraving of my picture which it conveys from his Majesty, as well as the assurance you give me from Mr. Brook Taylor, is in the highest degree satisfactory.

D. W.

This contention of the Kings, as it was called, is highly honourable to Wilkie, and forms a strong testimony to his merits.

CHAPTER II.

EXHIBITS "THE READING OF THE WILL."—OWEN THE PAINTER. —LETTER TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT. — "THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS."— "GUESS MY NAME." — MRS. THOMSON'S RECOLLECTIONS OF WILKIE. — WILKIE'S OPINION OF MARTIN'S "BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST."—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.—PAINTS THE SKETCH OF "THE SCHOOL."—LETTERS TO MR. DOBREE AND MR. GEDDES. —"THE CHELSEA PENSIONERS" EXHIBITED AT SOMERSET HOUSE. —EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

THE reception which the public gave to his picture of The Will was not a silent one. His acquaintance, it will have been observed, had now spread far and wide; he was sought by men of genius, who, from a kindred feeling, rejoiced in his fame, and caressed by the great and the opulent, who were not insensible to the reflected light which his presence at their tables shed on them. Among the men of genius Walter Scott stood foremost; of his friend Wilkie he loved to talk as well as write: the painter stands repeatedly recorded in the pages of his inimitable romances. Of the men of rank the most conspicuous was the Duke of Wellington, who, though not enthusiastic, it is said, either in literature or art, loved the labours of Wilkie for their truth, as well as their brilliancy; and, as we have seen, sought to direct the artist's groupings, as he did his own warriors at Waterloo. While of the opulent alone, George Watson Taylor, Esq. may be mentioned, who gave large commissions

both in canvas and marble, and seemed to persuade himself that a fortune which he inherited from the West Indies could never be dissipated.

When the Exhibition opened, The Reading of the Will was hailed as one of the great national pictures of Wilkie; and those who fondly believed that he had exhausted himself, and resembled rather a canal which could yield only a given quantity of water, now called him an inexhaustible fountain, which could not be drunk dry, and silently allowed to him the high place in art which the fertility of his genius entitled him to. He was no longer exposed to the insolences of inferior merit, proud of the power which the Hanging Committee of the Academy for a brief season conferred: no one talked now, as Fuseli is said to have done, of burning his calm colouring up by Turner's fire, or drowning it by Constable's moisture. Petty malevolence perceived that all opposition was vain, and that it might as well try to keep the sun from shining, or the flowers from blooming, as Wilkie from gaining the ascendency. Bird, too, from whose talents much was expected, had, by an effort beyond his strength,—namely, an attempt to persuade the Prince and his courtiers to sit for their portraits in an historical picture, which he meditated, — effectually crushed himself in body and in spirit, and was fast hasting to a too early grave; and as Edwin Landseer was not yet distinguished, no painter existed equal to dispute the palm of public favour with Wilkie.

He was too busy with the brush during this stirring year to have leisure for the pen; his letters are therefore short and few.

TO W. S. WATSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 4th Feb. 1820.

It has occurred to me that as your very clever copy of the De Hooge is more likely to be of use to me towards the conclusion of my present picture than it could have been at any previous stage of it, I must beg that you will do me the favour to leave it behind you when you go to Scotland, and I shall take care to have it sent to you in Edinburgh as soon as my picture is finished. I have been for some days painting in my background, in which I find it of the greatest use.

D. W.

He continued his labours at The Waterloo Gazette with such an unrelenting rigour, that his health began again to suffer, and he gladly obeyed an invitation from his steadfast friend Dr. Thomson to Long Stowe Hall, where, amid the sweet fresh air and gentle walks with gentle people, the demon of politics tried in vain to find him out and disturb him. The controversy about Queen Caroline's virtue at that time raged wide and far; and whether she was a queen fit in purity for this great and grave nation, or, as the Scotchman called her, "a wanton flaff of a body," was the point at debate in hall and cottage—in village and in city.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Long Stowe Hall, 25th Oct. 1820.

On my arrival here I was soon asked to declare either for the King or Queen, but objected on the grounds of its being unsafe to give any opinion upon such a question in these times. They told me whichever way I was disposed I should find allies here, as Miss Thomson and the Doctor are decidedly at variance on the subject. They were much amused with what I could tell them of the Kensington Address, and the company that presented it, particularly of the pot girl.

D. W.

Of the illness of Owen the eminent portrait painter, and his own difficulties with his picture of The Waterloo Gazette, rather than of his health or royal disputes, he loves to talk to his ever-constant friend Sir George Beaumont.

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Dear Sir George, Long Stowe Hall, Cambridgeshire, 30th Oct. 1820.

I came to this place a few days ago for the sake of country air and relaxation; and as I have wished for some time to have the pleasure of writing to you, the quietness of this place gives me a favourable opportunity.

A short time before leaving town I had the pleasure to receive some game from you, a remembrance for which I beg to return you many thanks. This circumstance brings to my mind a call which I made, about eight days ago, upon our good friend, poor Mr. Owen, at a little cottage he now occupies at Bayswater. He had received from you the same gratifying mark of remembrance, and inquired very kindly after you and Lady Beaumont. He stated himself to be a little stouter than he had been, and appeared, considering all things, very cheerful, and much interested in hearing of all his friends and what they were doing. He is still, however, kept in a recumbent position; and although free from pain, the symptoms are, from what I can learn, as unfavourable as ever. He had been making little sketches in colours upon paper, and talked of a fancy subject he was inclined to begin upon his recovery. He alluded to the situation his illness had placed him in with respect to the purchase of his house, and the interruption of his prospects; but, distressing as his case is, he bears himself cheerfully, and like a man. Sir Thomas Lawrence, much to his credit, called for him some time ago, and took him to Buckingham House, to show him his portraits of the foreign sovereigns he is now completing there: with these he said he was much gratified, and thought them a step decidedly beyond any thing Sir Thomas had previously done.

Of these, the subjects now talked about in art, the portrait of the Pope, and that of the Emperor Francis, are certainly admirable; while the head of the Archduke Charles is certainly one of his finest works.

My own picture of The Chelsea Pensioners is in progress; but, previous to my leaving town, underwent a complete alteration, or rather transposition, of *all* the figures. The effect has been to concentrate the interest to one point, and to improve the composition by making it more of a whole. The background is almost a correct view of the place itself, and is remarkably favourable for the picture.

The Reading of the Will I had packed and sent off to Munich about six weeks ago. It was delayed thus long by a very curious circumstance. Sir Thomas Lawrence made an application to me from the King, while it was in the Exhibition, to know if His Majesty could have it. My answer was, that it was a commissioned picture, and not at my disposal. When this was represented to his Majesty, Sir Thomas Lawrence received his commands to write to Mr. Brook Taylor, the British minister at Munich, for Mr. Taylor to ask it as a favour from the King of Bavaria. This was found, however, a delicate request to make; and Mr. Taylor returned in answer, that as he understood the King of Bavaria had expressed a desire to have the picture, and some impatience at its delay, he wished Sir Thomas to make this known to his Majesty before the request was made. This was accordingly done, and the King was pleased to say that the relinquishment of the picture should not be urged unless the King of Bavaria should, upon an inspection of it, feel disappointed. This, of course, left me at liberty to send off the picture, and also relieved me from some apprehensions lest I might be required to make a copy, or perhaps another picture.

This uncertainty has delayed me a good deal with The Pensioners.

I should like to hear of what you are now about in art. I do not know if you remember a picture of your painting that Mr. Bannister has. I called some time ago upon him, and saw his little collection, and was particularly struck with it. The breadth of light and dark was very effective. The lightness of the sky, telling so powerfully against the clear and juicy brown of the trees and ground, set at nought every thing that was opposed to it on the wall upon which it hung. This picture, I do assure you, was exceedingly satisfactory to me; it is a practical lesson as to what will last, and time seems rather to improve than injure it.

D. W.

A page of his Journal records something interest- of three of his last pictures.

JOURNAL.

Oct. 21. Engaged for the last fortnight in making a great alteration in the figures of my picture of The Chelsea Pensioners; it consists chiefly in transposing the figures on the left-hand side of the picture, which were before much more towards the side, nearer to the centre; so that the man reading the paper should be more in the eye of the picture.

Nov. 18. Mr. Burnet brought me to-day a proof of the etching of The Rabbit on the Wall. Was much pleased with it, particularly with the hands, and with the manner in which the back-ground and various utensils have been got in.

Dec. 28. My third share in the engraving of The Village Politicians amounts to 410*l.* 11*s.*; Mr. Raimbach's two, 820*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.* Of The Rent Day, 358*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.*; Mr. Raimbach's two, 717*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* up to the present time.

The Waterloo Gazette was like a spell on Wilkie during the whole of the year 1821, and as far into the succeeding year as the month of April, when it went to the Exhibition: those who were curious in such things might have met him, after measuring the ground, as it were, where the scene of his picture is laid, watching the shadows of the houses and trees, eyeing every picturesque pensioner who passed, and taking heed of jutting houses, projecting signs, and odd gates, in the old rabblement of houses which, in days before the cholera and amended taste, formed the leading street, or rather road, of Chelsea. Nor had he seen without emotion, as I have heard him say, the married soldiers when they returned from the dreadful wars; sometimes two legs, as he observed, to three men, accompanied by women, most of whom had seen, and some had shared in, the perils and hardships of the Spanish campaigns, or had witnessed the more dreadful Waterloo, and soothed or ministered to the wounded as they were borne from the field,—

> "When from each anguish-laden wain,
> The blood-drops laid the dust like rain."

With these, Chelsea mingled veterans who had been at Bunker's Hill and Saratoga: others were blinded with the hot sands of India or Egypt, or carried

the scars of the Duke of York's campaign in the outbreak of the great war of the French Revolution. He brooded over all these matters. Every time he visited Chelsea, and saw groups of soldiers paid and disbanded, and observed their convivialities, the more was he confirmed that the choice of the picture was excellent, and that even the desire of the Duke to mingle the soldiers of his own great battles with the hoary veterans of the American war had its advantages.

But while this great national work occupied his mind, he bethought himself of an after subject; and in the little picture called Guess my Name, embodied very happily the rustic feat of a girl gliding unseen behind her lover's seat, clasping her open palms over his eyes, and exclaiming in a feigned voice, "Guess my name." The heroine of this picture, as the painter himself informed me, had the mortification to hear the man whom she loved pronounce another name than her own, and, retiring in confusion of face, resolved, he added, to think no more of one who thought not of her.

The Newsmongers, a little picture of this period, was painted for the late General Phipps—a subject of his own suggestion—at the price of 120*l*. The leading personage is a baker, who has stopped to hear the news read aloud from a newspaper,—quite unconscious that the one o'clock joints, which he carries on his head, are cooling through his curiosity. The air of reality which pervades the whole cannot fail to recall to many recollections scenes observed in

actual life, and which require little to bring back to memory. This, too, was one of those hasty, and certainly happy things, which supplied the artist with the necessaries of life, and kept, as we of the North word it, reek at the lum-head.*

The painter was justly proud of his commission from Munich, and loved to relate how well the picture was received by the munificent sovereign, and describe the high place which it occupied in the royal gallery, nor did he love more to hear of this than others loved to relate what was so honourable to prince as well as painter.

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, 1. Quebec Street, 6th Jan. 1821.

I promised to let you know the further news I might have from Munich concerning your picture, and I fulfil now my promise of transcribing the following from a letter I have just received from the Privy Secretary of the King my Sovereign.

" Je m'empresse d'avoir l'honneur de vous informer que le tableau de M. Wilkie est enfin arrivé, et qu'il a fait un plaisir inexprimable au Roi. Sa M^e^ l'a fait placer dans sa chambre à coucher, où tout le monde admire le beau travail de cet artiste célèbre."

I remain as ever, dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

PFEFFEL.

* At the sale of General Phipps' pictures, The Newsmongers passed into the hands of Robert Vernon, Esq.

Having finished these smaller pictures to his satisfaction, he resumed his labours on one which, from the first, he regarded as of a national character,—The Reading of the Waterloo Gazette. That he studied, and reflected, and strove to work up to the greatest interest of the subject, all who knew him will be prepared to believe; but none, save those who lived in habits of household intimacy with him, can know the anxious study which he bestowed on every thing important or minute by which he thought the interest of the work would be augmented. "At the time," says Mrs. Thomson*, "that Mr. Wilkie was employed on his picture of The Chelsea Pensioners, we lived on his road from Kensington to Chelsea College, and remember his frequent and toilsome walks to that low region called Jew's Row, to sketch an old projecting house, under the shadow of which some of his groups were placed. It was a fine summer, I remember, and as he returned from his almost daily visit he used generally to call and drink tea with us; and, taking out of his small portfolio some bits of tinted paper, would show us his progress—a very slow progress it was. Such a small portion of the scene was visible on the paper, that I used to say to him, 'Mr. Wilkie, I fear you will never finish your picture!' His customary answer was, 'Indeed I am awkward and slow at any thing like landscape, but when that is settled I have all the rest here!' pointing to his forehead. He spoke so meekly of his own prospects and talents, and looked so grateful even for our encouragement, that

* The wife of Anthony Todd Thomson, M.D., and a lady well known for works both in biography and fiction.

no one would have thought that the greatest artist of even that day was seated by our tea-table.

"I remember," proceeds this accomplished lady, "how he rejoiced over the picturesque attributes of Jew's Row, and loved to enumerate its peculiarities. I do not know whether you know it: it is a low Teniers-like row of extremely mean public-houses, lodging-houses, rag-shops, and huckster-shops, on the right hand as you approach Chelsea College. It is the Pall Mall of the Pensioners; and its projecting gables, breaks, and other irregularities, were admirably suited, in the artist's opinion, for the localities of the picture which then was formed in his mind. There is, you know, a young child in the picture half springing out of its mother's arms: the attitude of the child, which is nature itself, was suggested by a momentary motion which he observed in one of my children; and he asked again and again to see the child, in order to confirm that impression, and fix the same effect. I remember at that time Wilkie had his moments of anxiety, almost of despondency, as many artists have. He worked slowly — so slow, that he used to say he would never become, through the rapidity of his work, a rich man. I think he regretted this the more, as certainly he had at that time a decided partiality — to call it by no warmer name — for a young and beautiful friend of mine: her character was of the same quiet turn as his own. She never suspected his strong interest in her; and as at that time the difference in station was great, he thought it insurmountable. One evening, after dining with us, he accompanied us to a little dancing party, where he

and I chose to look on. On a sudden, he said to me, as the young lady moved before us, 'I think her head and throat the most perfect I ever saw: they are matchless!' As we had not been speaking for some time, I said, 'You don't mean her: yet I guess whom you mean — why not try your fortune?' 'Oh!' he answered, 'she would never think of an artist — I would not — I would not presume.' I thought he was right, and made no reply. Some years afterwards I met Sir David Wilkie in a crowded assembly in Portland Place, on his return from Spain, where he reminded me of what had passed, and inquired for the lady. Certainly I think 'the matchless head and throat' cost the artist some pangs of heart."

Though I regard ladies as first-rate judges in all matters of the heart, it is, I fear, doubtful whether painters, when they exhibit any rapturous emotion in the presence of beauty, regard "the matchless head and throat" as matters professional or matrimonial. While the painter may be meditating on a Madonna or a nymph, his rapt looks may be set down as an affair of the heart, when it is only one of the eye; and the fair one before him may expect an open declaration, when the artist is but imagining the lustre her charms will give to canvas, and how glowing she would look in colours akin to those of Murillo or Titian. These delicate matters have interposed between us and the artist's Correspondence, as well as Journal, in both of which he has recorded something of his studies and the movements in the world of art.

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

24. Lower Phillimore Place,
16th Feb. 1821.

Dear Sir George,

My chief object in taking the liberty of writing to you is to mention a matter, which you will perhaps be so kind as to advise and assist me in.

My eldest brother, who has been twenty years in the service of the East India Company, and is now a captain, and, as I believe, an experienced and deserving officer, is extremely desirous of obtaining some staff appointment that may assist him by adding something to his pay. A letter to the Marquis of Hastings in his favour would, I am told, do every thing. May I therefore, Sir, venture to ask, whether from your near neighbourhood at Coleorton to the Marquis of Hastings, or from personal acquaintance, you could give me a letter of recommendation to his lordship? This is really an object of considerable consequence with me, and I hope you will therefore excuse the liberty I take in making this request.

We are all in this part of the world busy preparing for the Exhibition. I shall have two small pictures, one of which (The Newsmongers) is for General Phipps, a subject of his own suggestion. The Duke of Wellington's picture is, however, at a stand, and cannot be done till the year after. The composition has been altered very much, but is now nearly settled.

The British Gallery has been some time opened. There are a number of pieces in a small way good. Ward, Etty, Stark, Crome, and Landseer are successful, though in no great work. But Martin is certainly the first, both in effort and in success. His picture is

a phenomenon. All that he has been attempting in his former pictures is here brought to its maturity; and although weak in all those points in which he can be compared with other artists, he is eminently strong in what no other artist has attempted. Belshazzar's Feast is the subject; and in treating it, his great elements seem to be the geometrical properties of space, magnitude, and number, in the use of which he may be said to be boundless. The great merit of the picture, however, is perhaps in the contrivance and disposition of the architecture, which is full of imagination.

Common observers seem very much struck with this picture; indeed, more than they are in general with any picture. But artists, so far as I can learn from the most considerable and important of them, do not admit its claims to the same extent. I hear the Directors have presented Mr. Martin with 200 guineas, which, as it is a considerable attraction, is perhaps well bestowed on that account, as well as for the merit of the picture.

Haydon has nearly finished his Christ in the Garden, which he has done with unusual rapidity for him, and with much in it that will do him credit. He is to make an exhibition of it, with some of his other pictures immediately. His picture at Edinburgh answers remarkably well.

D. W.

JOURNAL, 1821.

Jan. 6. Had a call from Mr. Zachary by appointment, to see my picture of The Unexpected Visiter.

He seemed to like it much; and on asking the price, I told him 130 guineas. This he agreed to; but told me that if I should feel disposed to go over the picture, and carry it to a higher degree of tone and finish, that he would be happy to add 20 or even 30 guineas to the price, if I felt that I could improve it by so doing. I told him this was liberal, and that I should be most happy to undertake it.

9. Received a letter from Sir Thomas Lawrence, in which he mentions that the King of Bavaria had removed a very fine picture from its place to make room for The Reading of the Will, that it might be in the best light.

March 18. Sir Walter Scott called, with Mr. Dumergue. He looked at my picture of The Pensioners. He also looked at the portraits of himself and family, with which he seemed much interested. He wished that something could be done to Lady Scott, and said if I were coming to Scotland that she should sit again.

April 10. Mr. and Mrs. Watts Russell called, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chantrey. Mrs. W. Russell gave me her particular order to paint for her the picture of *The School.*

May 4. Attended at the Royal Academy as one of the Committee of Arrangement for the new Exhibition. Found that Northcote's picture of The Children in the Tower was hung in too inferior a situation, and the Council agreed to my request of changing it to the centre between the doors, where it seemed to be improved itself, and to improve all the room.

29. Had the honour of a call from the Duke of Wellington, with two ladies. They looked at the picture of The Chelsea Pensioners, and seemed much pleased with it. His Grace expressed satisfaction at the alterations I had made, and had nothing further to propose.

June 23. Had a call from Lord de Dunstanville, who fixed upon the subject of The Girl getting her Ears Pierced for a companion picture.

July 14. Mr. Francis Freeling made a request to have another picture of mine.

Oct. 19. Mr. Burnet agreed to engrave The Letter of Introduction for the same sum as The Rabbit on the Wall—300*l.*

The Newsmongers, and Guess my Name, maintained in the Academy Exhibition of this year (1821) the reputation of Wilkie; that they did not extend it may be imputed to the expectation which The Waterloo Gazette excited, now widely known to be painted by the desire of the hero of the battle. Yet they brought their meed of praise; and made their own impression on that quiet and silent class who decide for themselves, and are willing to believe that merit resides with whatever pleases them. In quiet force of expression, and depth of colouring, they had few rivals. The picture called The School, which Wilkie, in his Journal, says was ordered by Mrs. Watts Russell, was never finished: it was partly painted when that lady saw it, and has excited the admiration of many for the truth and natural beauty of its numerous groups, and the air of youthful gaiety

and innocent drollery breathed over the whole composition. The mind of the artist wandered home to Fife in the conception of this fine picture. Through the half-opened window, which admits the sunny central light, is seen the back of the Kirk of Kettle; while in the flood of boys and girls which fill the school in groups rather than in ranks, we observe many faces on which both the seriousness and humour of old Caledonia are visibly written: nor is the master himself, who presides over this unquiet assembly, without a touch of the moral suavity of the north in his brow.* The something which Sir Walter Scott wished done to the portrait of his Lady referred no doubt to the likeness, which had not the merit of being very striking; nor am I sure that it was much improved by the retouching which it afterwards received when the painter visited Abbotsford.

Though the health of Wilkie had resisted the long and continuous train of study and labour to which it had been so much exposed, he felt it beginning to fail him at last; and to recruit it he was meditating a journey to the sea coast, when Colonel Annesley and his lady persuaded him to accompany them to Boulogne, and in France we accordingly find him in the first week of September.

* This fine though unfinished picture was sold, after Wilkie's death, for 756*l.*

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Boulogne, 10th Sept. 1821.

At Calais we have been exceedingly amused, as usual; for every thing is so unlike what we meet with in England. The streets here recalled many associations, from the general resemblance which they bear to many of the streets and houses that I have seen in Scotland. The windows and roofs really look very much like some of those in Cupar, Dundee, and Glasgow; and in this particular bear evidence of the ancient alliance between the two countries.

Boulogne is so full that we can scarce get an apartment. The secret of this is, that a great Russian princess from Paris is expected every moment for sea-bathing, and the keepers of the hotels are trying to keep their apartments empty to see what may turn up.

We have determined nothing as yet about returning.

D. W.

Boulogne did not detain him long: he desired to see the length of the stride which painting, since the storm of war was overblown, had taken in the capital; but French art had never any charm for him. He made sketches of the Louvre; visited the distinguished Denon; spent a little time with a kindred genius, Newton, the American painter, doomed like himself to gain a high name, and fill an early grave; and listened to the wit and sprightly conversation of Moore the poet. He thus writes to his sister: —

TO MISS WILKIE.

Paris, 20th Sept. 1821.

We have been in a complete bustle since our arrival in this great city, but have enjoyed it much.

I have been to the Louvre every day, and have begun to make sketches in my book from some of the pictures. Mrs. Annesley is also active with her pencil. There are six of our party: the Colonel and Mrs. Annesley, a Miss Wood, a young dashing West Indian (a little tinged with colour), and a young lawyer, a complete dandy. We make a very pleasant party, lodge all together in the hotel, and generally dine at a *restaurateur*. I have called on various French people whom I formerly knew here, and who all seem most heartily glad to see me, and all of them tell me that I have got very stout.

Some days ago I went to wait upon M. Denon, a very celebrated man, particularly in the time of the Emperor. He has a fine house, with a number of pictures and curiosities. He paid me very great attention.

I have met with several of our artists here, and among others with Mr. Newton, the American. He is copying the great picture of Paul Veronese. He called upon me with Thomas Moore the poet.

D. W.

He soon became weary of the gaieties of Paris; for on the 12th of October he was in London, and writing thus to a friend:— "I had a note yesterday from

Haydon, dated Harrow-on-the-Hill, announcing that on the morning of the 10th he had become a married man: who the lady is, he has neglected to tell me; but this will most likely appear in the newspapers." The health of Wilkie was re-established by the sea air, and the impulse which quiet travelling imparts to an overwrought mind; nor did he return to his easel to remain idle, for a great picture always lay like a spell upon him, and haunted his thoughts both night and day. Before, however, he resumed his labours on The Waterloo Gazette, he made arrangements for engraving The Letter of Introduction.

TO SAMUEL DOBREE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, Kensington, 13th Oct. 1821.

Agreeable to a request which I formerly made to you respecting the engraving of your picture of The Letter of Introduction, as one of the series of engravings from my works, I write to say that I am now desirous of having it engraved by Mr. Burnet, as a companion to one lately published of The Rabbit on the Wall. With your permission, therefore, I should be glad if Mr. Burnet could be allowed to see the picture; and, if convenient to you, will be happy myself to accompany him to Walthamstow, to wait upon you for this purpose any morning next week you will be pleased to appoint.

I am, &c.
D. W.

This was an agreeable request to such a gentleman

as Mr. Dobree; for none of all the merchants of London knew better how to render courtesy to talent, nor did any one feel more truly how much genius embellished industry.

TO SAMUEL DOBREE, ESQ.

Dear Sir, Kensington, 2d Dec. 1821.

It gives me pleasure to find that you are pleased with the engraving of The Rabbit on the Wall, which I was happy to send you as a specimen of Mr. Burnet's style of engraving. He is now about to begin, with your kind permission, his plate of The Letter of Introduction, which, as I think it peculiarly adapted to show well in engraving, I have no doubt will make even a better print than that he has already done. I shall myself be proprietor of both plates; and am happy to acknowledge to you that, from the popularity and success of that already published, I have every reason to expect the permission you have given to engrave from your picture will be highly advantageous to me also. As one of the least marks of acknowledgment such an occasion requires, I mean to do myself the honour of dedicating the plate to you. In the meantime, Mr. Burnet will proceed with as little delay as possible; and, from his known punctuality in former engagements with me, I have reason to expect the plate will be done in six or eight months.

I am, &c.

D. W.

On his elders in art Wilkie looked, early in life, with reverence: he courted their acquaintance, and yielded to their opinions — sometimes, I fear, to the injury of his own works: to his younger brethren he was communicative and indulgent. In his countryman, Andrew Geddes, a student from the Edinburgh Academy, he was not slow to perceive a resolution to excel, united to that calm perseverance in study and love of nature which he felt in himself: this was sufficient to win the regard of Wilkie.

TO ANDREW GEDDES, ESQ., EDINBURGH.

Kensington, 30th Dec. 1821.

News of what appertains to the arts in this quarter you will of course, even though not of the first importance, hear with a lively interest. The winter campaign, as you know, in the Royal Academy is begun by the election of associates in October. Since this took place, we have had in the Academy the distribution of premiums, which has been attended with the revival of an ancient custom, namely, the delivery of a discourse by the President: the medals were delivered publicly in the great room, and seats were fitted up for the President and members. We scarcely expected Sir Thomas would have ventured with a discourse, having had but short notice of our wish to have one; but he produced one ready written, which he delivered, however, almost extempore, in an elegant and gentlemanlike manner — simple and

agreeable without display, and, as Fuseli said, more like a pulpit discourse than that of a lecture-room. We were all much satisfied with it, but regard it more as a good beginning than as a complete piece of elocution. It was somewhat desultory, put together perhaps hastily, and without an experienced eye for arrangement; and his selection of the great masters for *expression*, viz., Leonardo de Vinci, Raphael, Domenichino, and Rembrandt, has been a little criticised, both for one that it includes, and some that it leaves out.

At the conclusion of the lectures of Sir Anthony Carlisle there was another row. Considerable precautions had been taken to prevent this: Bow Street officers were stationed at the doors, and a great crowd kept out; but the scene was altogether so disorderly, that steps have since been taken to change entirely the practice of admission to the lectures, to prevent a recurrence of any thing of the sort in future. Sir Anthony also declined producing any of the figures to illustrate his lectures, supposed to be the cause of the pressure for admission.

Of pictures for the next Exhibition it is not yet time to hear any thing, as half are not yet begun. My picture, however, if I may mention that, is greatly advanced: the figures are all painted in, and the houses and back-ground are now proceeding with; with the painting of these I may have some difficulty, but do not intend to alter any thing, and hope to get it done in plenty of time: I have only doubted how much should be done in toning and glazing afterwards. In a modern exhibition pictures lose by tone at first

glance, but in the Louvre—pictures gained, and Titian, Correggio, Rubens, Cuyp, and Rembrandt combated every thing by the depth of their tones; and one still hopes that, when toning is successfully done, it will prevail. You have now got your exhibition open in Edinburgh: do you find tone and depth an advantage there or not? Painting bright and raw, if one can find in his heart to lower and glaze it afterwards, is always satisfactory; but, unless strength can be combined with this, it will never be the fashion in our days.

The Royal Academy have bought The Last Supper of Leonardo de Vinci, the copy formerly shown in Pall Mall: it is now placed in the great room behind the Professor's chair: it has been varnished, and looks magnificent. We are all much pleased with this purchase.

D. W.

The old year went out, and the new came in, and found Wilkie working calmly and laboriously at the Waterloo Picture. His progress was very visible; for having settled all the landscape portion of the composition, the rest, as he said to Mrs. Thomson, was all in his head, and he soon showed this to be no empty figure of speech. Though he found time between hands to paint some of his lesser pictures, the crowning work of Waterloo, as may be seen by his memorandums, went steadily on.

Journal, 1822.

February 1. Received a letter from Count Shoenburn, acknowledging the receipt of the picture of The Unexpected Visiter (Guess my Name), and expressing entire satisfaction with it. The circumstance, however, of having made a duplicate of it to engrave from does not please him at all, and he wishes me to mark upon the print that the original picture is in his collection.

27. Had the honour of a call from the Duke of Wellington to see the picture. He seemed highly pleased with it: took notice of the black's head and old Doggy, and of the black dog which followed the Blues in Spain; observed that it was more finished than any I had done; was interested with what I told him of the people, and where they had served, and seemed pleased with the young man at the table, and with the circumstance that old Doggy had been at the siege of Gibraltar.

March 31. The Duke of Wellington called with a lady and gentleman. His Grace wished to see the engravings from my pictures; I accordingly showed those in the parlour, with which they all seemed much interested. The Duke said to his friends that The Rent Day was the first that he had ever seen of my works, and that he was much struck with it.

April 9. I find that the picture of The Chelsea Pensioners has produced an interest that is quite new to me in my professional progress.

13. To the Royal Academy, where I found that the Committee of Arrangement had placed the picture of

The Chelsea Pensioners in the centre, on the fire-place, with Jackson's portrait of the Duke of York on one side, and Lawrence's portrait of the Duke of Wellington on the other. I think this one of the happiest arrangements I ever saw.

May 3. Painted at the Royal Academy upon my picture of the Pensioners. Employed chiefly in toning down some greys that were a little raw. This is the first picture I have had that does not appear injured by the exhibition.

4. The Royal Academy Dinner. The Earl of Liverpool asked how I was occupied, and if I could paint a picture for him. The subject a Christmas party, old and young, playing at a round game of cards; or a Twelfth Night party, in the act of dividing the cake. His lordship did not wish many figures, but a cheerful subject. The Duke of Wellington appeared much pleased with the picture, and with the satisfaction it seemed to give to other people. Sir Thomas Lawrence, in proposing the health of the Duke of York, and in regretting his absence, alluded to my picture as an effort of the pencil which he wished his Royal Highness had, from his connexion with events and individuals commemorated in that picture, been present to witness.

6. With Mr. Raimbach to the Exhibition; he looked at my picture, and thought that it was liable to some injury, and that it would be an accommodation to the public if a railing were put up before it.

Went to Howard and Collins about this, who thought that I should wait to see whether any danger was likely to occur.

9. Went to the Exhibition; and finding a general belief that my picture was liable to injury from the crowd pressing upon it, went to Sir T. Lawrence to request him to call a council. On returning to Somerset House, was witness to such a scene in front of my picture as convinced me that it was in imminent danger: wrote, therefore, again to Sir Thomas Lawrence, to request, as a particular favour, that he would order a railing to be put up without delay.

10. Went to the Exhibition, and found that Sir T. Lawrence had, at 8 o'clock in the morning, been there to see the railing put up.

That "crushing and crowding" to gaze at this celebrated picture alarmed the artist for its safety, we have his own testimony in the following letter to the President:—

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Russell Square, 9th May, 1822.

I now call upon you to draw your attention to what has for some days given me a good deal of anxiety; but I cannot state this without first attempting to express how sincerely I have felt the high favour and most friendly kindness with which, upon a late important occasion, you were pleased to honour my labours by your masterly allusion to the subject upon which they had been devoted. The feelings which such particular kindness naturally give rise to, have

restrained me from applying to you before now upon a subject that must again bring my picture under your consideration; but, sir, from the reports of friends, as well as from my own observation, my picture, from the crowd pressing so close to it, is, if not liable to immediate and serious injury, nevertheless so subject to be scratched and pressed upon, that I, who am responsible for the delivery of a *sound* picture to the Duke of Wellington, have considerable apprehensions whether, after two months wear and tear such as it has gone through for the last four days, the fulfilment of such responsibility will be in my power.

What I ask of you, Sir Thomas, and of my brother members of council, I ask as a particular favour and indulgence, knowing, as I do, that perhaps some degree of odium may attach to the grant of what appears an unusual favour; but, sir, if I am supposed to ask this from our brother members at large, *I demand it as a matter of right*, and will answer all objections by referring to what has been so frequently done for sculptors and other members, for the protection of the property of them and their employers.

What I therefore ask of you, Sir Thomas, and of the council, is, that a railing may be put round my picture, such as may be found convenient, which I am satisfied will be an accommodation to the public, while it will place my picture in an equal degree of security with other pictures in the room.

D. W.

JOURNAL *continued.*

May 18. The Duke of York came to day to sit for Sir Willoughby Gordon's picture. I painted in the eyes, nose, and forehead: found H. R. H. a very fine subject for a picture.

July 18. Having made a sketch of The Preaching of Knox before the Lords of the Congregation, which I like much myself, and find liked by others, I mentioned to Sir Charles Long and to Sir Thomas Lawrence my wish that his Majesty would choose the subject for his picture. These gentlemen having seen the sketch, so far approved of it, that they both mentioned it to the King; but as his Majesty expressed to both of them a strong dislike to the subject and the character, and a wish to have from me a humorous subject, I requested these gentlemen, by letter, on no account to urge the matter further, as I would, in every thing, study the wishes of his Majesty.

The subject, however, of Knox having been spoken of to the Earl of Liverpool, he sent me word that he would wish to see it, and fixed this morning for me to call at Fife House with various sketches, which I accordingly did, and was most happy to find that his Lordship was so far pleased with the slight sketch I showed him, that he fixed upon Knox at once.

20. Received a note from the Duke of Wellington, asking what he was indebted for the picture.

This picture contains sixty figures, and took me full sixteen months' constant work, besides months of study to collect and arrange. It was ordered by the

Duke in the summer of 1816, the year after the battle of Waterloo. His Grace's object was to have British Soldiers regaling at Chelsea; and, in justice to him as well as to myself, it is but right to state, that the introduction of the Gazette was a subsequent idea of my own to unite the interest, and give importance to the business of the picture.

22. Sent the picture to Apsley House, with a bill of the price, which, after mature consideration, I put at 1260*l.*, *i. e.* twelve hundred guineas.

23. Was told by Sir Willoughby Gordon, that his Grace was satisfied to give twelve hundred guineas for the picture, and gave Sir W. leave to tell me so.

25. At the Duke's request, waited upon him at Apsley House, when he counted out the money to me in Bank-notes, on receiving which, I told his Grace that I considered myself handsomely treated by him throughout.

August 6. Waited by appointment on Lord Liverpool, with the unfinished sketch of Knox. Sir Charles Long there. Both seemed highly pleased with it. Sir Charles told me that his Lordship had requested him to say, that he would fix upon the subject of Knox, which I might paint the size most convenient, but that he could not exceed the price of 600 guineas. I told Sir Charles that the size was really not the object, but the quantity of work, and that it would take me a twelvemonth; but feeling very desirous to paint the subject, I was willing to undertake it, whether it would repay me or not.

The Earl of Liverpool proposed, as I was setting out for Scotland, that I should take the sketch with

me to show to Sir Walter Scott, whose information upon the time it referred to might be of real service. This I agreed to do.

The battle of Waterloo itself made scarcely a greater stir in the land than did The Reading of the Gazette, when it appeared in the Academy Exhibition. The hurry and the crush of all ranks to see it, which Wilkie has described in his Journal, was surpassed by the reality; a crowd, in the shape of a half-moon, stood before it from morning to night, the taller looking over the heads of the shorter; while happy was the admirer who could obtain a peep, and happier still they who, by patient waiting, were rewarded with a full sight, as some of the earlier comers retired wearied, but not satisfied. Soldiers hurried from drill to see it; the pensioners came on crutches, and brought with them their wives and children to have a look; and as many of the heads were portraits, these were eagerly pointed out, and the fortunate heroes named, sometimes with a shout. Such was the enthusiasm which the picture inspired.

When the first tumult of applause subsided, the crowd found leisure to dwell on its peculiar beauties, and note its defects. They first perceived the perfect truth of its localities; the roofs and towers of Chelsea Hospital bosomed among still loftier trees, the change house, with the head of the Duke of York, which indicated Valenciennes, the Snow Shoes, which spoke of the American, and the Granby Head, which spoke of still remoter war, together with the old clothes shops, and houses of entertainment, where the soldiers

on pay or pension-day get rid of their superfluous cash, and "orra duddies,"—

"And spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a day,"

all were there; while to give life and animation to the scene, the street is filled with soldiers from the four corners of the earth, wearing the hues of all climates, and bearing the scars of many a field—"some wanting a leg, and some wanting an arm,"—men of Wolfe and of Wellington, whom the day of pension has summoned to Chelsea, to receive the alms which their country awards for having helped to save it. The change-house overflows both at door and window with pint-pot commentators on battles and sieges; while some, bent more on mirth than on argument, have called in the help of fife and bagpipe, and with their wives and lovers warm themselves with the Highland fling or the double flutter; nor can the houses, though ample, contain them. The fun, now grown "fast and furious," has carried them into the open air, where the prime ministers of enjoyment are busy with cup and can, knife and fork, and pipe and fiddle. Into the midst of this joyous carousal a soldier of the Lancers precipitates himself on the spur with the Gazette of the battle of Waterloo: the revelry ceases, windows and doors are filled with gaping listeners, the pipes, screwed to mirth's extremest note, cease their scream, the nimble feet of the dancers stop, the cup forgets the opened lip, and the oyster pauses on the raised fork, on its way to the mouth, while a veteran, who had stood victor

"On the heights of Abram,"

reads with an audible voice the Gazette account of this great victory.

There are fifteen prominent characters, who perform leading parts in this martial drama, besides a number of subordinate personages, who contribute to the general joy by supplying the tables with drink, the feet with music, and the mouth with savoury food:—1. An orderly of the Marquis of Anglesea's Lancers, who brings the Gazette of the battle; 2. An artilleryman, who throws down his knapsack, and is speaking to the Lancer, to whom several hands are offering liquor in exchange for his intelligence; 3. A sergeant of the gallant Forty-second, a Macgregor from Glengarey, who fought at Barossa, stands listening to the comments of the Lancer, as well as to the words of the Gazette, and seems ready to exclaim, "Bravo, the brave Forty-second!" 4. A soldier of the Hanoverian Legion, a corps distinguished at Waterloo; 5. A Life-Guards man, whose regiment united with the Greys, the Blues, and the Enniskillens, in repelling the desperate charges of the French Cuirassiers; 6. An old Pensioner, who was with Wolfe at Quebec, and who reads aloud, not without emotion, the Gazette of Waterloo: this, as well as many others, is a portrait; 7. A soldier's wife, pressing eagerly forward to see if her husband's regiment has many slain; her face, from which the colour has fled, and her agonised look, intimate that much blood has been shed, and that she fears the babe she carries is fatherless, and herself a widow; 8. A veteran, whose appetite has survived all the vicissitudes of war, and whose love of good cheer is only suspended for a moment by the

great news: his mouth seems to open naturally for the oyster which he has lifted on his fork; 9. A negro of the band of Foot Guards, who was once servant to the celebrated Moreau, and accompanied him in his retreat through the Black Forest; 10. A soldier from India, who fought in the battle of Assaye, and served, too, under the Marquis of Granby; 11. and 12. An Irishman, of the 12th Dragoons, telling the news to a veteran who seems hard of hearing; his pipe dropping insensibly from his hand; both are touched with liquor, and the younger seems saying to the elder, "Bunker's Hill was but a cock-fight to this;" 13. A sergeant of the Oxford Blues, who shared in the battle of Vittoria; at his feet is a black dog, known to the officers and men by the name of "The Old Duke," which followed the regiment all over Spain; the sergeant holds up his little son, and his looks, as well as those of his wife, seem to say, "An' if ye live to be a man;" 14. A soldier of the Foot Guards, stretching himself anxiously out from one of the windows of the Duke of York public-house, anxious to hear what the Gazette says; 15. An out-door pensioner, who, on his way to have his keg and can replenished, halts to hear the news: his wounded hand and wooden leg denote that he has been where blows were abundant. To this barren roll-call of names I may add, that the joy is great, the drink plentiful, and the whole scene animated and picturesque.

The faults found with this picture were far from numerous. Some questioned the succession of portraits of men whose deeds and wounds had no con-

nection with Waterloo ; but this was not considered a demerit by those who sought not very curiously into the sources of pleasure, and who felt that Wellington's Waterloo heroes could not be present in Chelsea when the Gazette Extraordinary came out. Others, with more propriety, observed, that to eat oysters in June was contrary to act of parliament, though not contrary to nature, whose word to them was, kill and eat. To Wilkie, who was not conscious of having made any unusual exertion, the public rapture was both startling and pleasing.

CHAPTER III.

PAINTS "THE PARISH BEADLE" AND THE PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF YORK.—COMMENCES "JOHN KNOX."—THE PICTURE LIKED, AND COMMISSIONED BY LORD LIVERPOOL. — GEORGE IV.'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.—WILKIE AND COLLINS AT HOLYROOD.—COMMENCES HIS PICTURE OF "GEORGE IV. ENTERING HOLYROOD."— ACQUIRES THE FRIENDSHIP OF MR. PEEL.—DEATH OF SIR HENRY RAEBURN. —WILKIE APPOINTED LIMNER TO THE KING, FOR SCOTLAND.— PAINTS THE PORTRAIT OF LORD KELLIE.—ACADEMY ELECTIONS. —ETTY AND ALLAN.

With The Parish Beadle, a picture suggested by Mr. Ridley Colborne, and of The Duke of York, suggested by Sir Willoughby Gordon, Wilkie proceeded, while the applause of the world was still ringing in his ears, to make the sketches; and better than both, though they are happy productions, a sketch of John Knox preaching at St. Andrew's before the Lords of the congregation. On the two former, which soon began to expand into pictures, he bestowed much care; but on the latter he laid out reflection with study, for it had its foundation in history, and he knew that it would be much looked to by the land whence he came, and the kirk whence he sprung. To George the Fourth, who, while Prince of Wales, had desired him to paint another picture for his collection, Wilkie showed the sketch, through Sir Charles Long, and explained the character of the future picture; but his Majesty expressed a strong dislike to the subject, and said he would prefer, as we have seen, a picture

of a humorous character. The artist, on whose imagination the present splendid picture had dawned, desired Sir Charles to say no more of the matter; for in every thing he was prepared to study the wishes of the King. The Earl of Liverpool, on this, sent for Wilkie; and though he, too, had charged him with a commission to paint a picture of a humorous nature, he so admired his finished sketch of John Knox, that, changing his mind on the moment, he desired that the picture of the great Calvinistic Reformer might be painted for him; fixed the price at 600 guineas; and suggested, as Wilkie was setting out for Scotland, that he should show the sketch to Sir Walter Scott, in whose judgment he had much faith.

Wilkie relinquished his hopes of placing the John Knox in the Royal Gallery with a good grace, but with as good will.—In a letter of this time to the President, then in high favour with the King, he says:—

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Kensington, 24th June, 1822.

His Majesty having so distinctly, both to yourself and to Sir Charles Long, expressed a wish that some other subject than that of Knox might be found for my picture, I think it desirable, before leaving town, to express a wish to you, which the kind interest you are pleased to take in this I hope will induce you to excuse, that, should an opportunity present itself of stating this matter, the mentioning of Knox again as a subject to his Majesty may be entirely abandoned.

It has been always my first desire, in matters of a similar nature, to attend to the wishes of my employers; and there is none to whom I feel this deference more due than to his Majesty.

I have not distinctly fixed on any other subject; but as soon as I have given that matured consideration to the various suggestions I have in view, which the importance of the choice for such an occasion requires, I shall have the pleasure of communicating with you upon it.

D. W.

Before he set out for the North, Wilkie accepted an invitation to Woodbridge, which, as it included his mother, was the more welcome, where he hoped for much improvement in health from the free air and unabridged walks of that pastoral district. Nor did the invitation shut him out, while it brought free air, from conversing about his favourite art; for the gentleman at whose house he resided had tried his hand in the art of St. Luke, and was besides a learned man.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Grove, Little Bealings, Woodbridge, 2d July, 1822.

Our mother is extremely well, and appears to enjoy this place and the society of our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Nursey, exceedingly. Our welcome was the most hearty from one and all that could be conceived, and even a great-footed pup of a spaniel seemed, in the joyous simplicity of his looks, to join in the general greeting. Our mother has been going

over the house with Mrs. Nursey as happy as can be, and declaring every thing to be *extraordinar*.

D. W.

From Woodbridge Wilkie set off for Scotland with the sketch of Knox in his hand, and the plan in his head of a picture embodying the King's visit to the land of the mountain. But what this was to be, he had not exactly determined. He said that his mind hovered between the King's arrival, his visit to the palace of Holyrood, to the castle, or to the kirk; but he hoped the kirk, which he loved, would afford him as much as he desired for a fine historical picture. His Majesty had not yet arrived; and as he was the first monarch of his line who promised other than a hostile visit to Scotland, his coming was anxiously expected: for days before the approaching steam of the royal vessel was seen, thousands of eyes were looking to the sea from the lofty eminences which surround Edinburgh, and many a heart hitherto with the Stuart line throbbed to see a prince who inherited their rights as well as their throne, and who spoke of their misfortunes with courtesy and feeling. Wilkie's first letter was to his sister.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Edinburgh, 10th Aug. 1822.

We got through our journey famously, and were less fatigued than we expected. The only subject of regret was that Geddes's snuff was done by the time we got to Berwick. I was not asked to join; but

the box passed between Geddes and Collins, and from Collins to Geddes, incessantly. You will readily imagine that I did not feel much for their misfortune.

I sallied out with Collins at once to deliver our letters. The Lord Chief Commissioner has been most kind, and with him we went to see the preparations at Holyrood House, which are very fine, and the preparations at Leith for the landing which Collins is much interested about.

I saw Captain Ferguson at the Palace, who was in great glee. He told me the laird* expected me, and that he will do every thing he can for me.

Collins has got a new coat, which he has been sporting to-day; but I tell him to wait till my sky-blue comes to hand, and I shall then be a match for him.

D. W.

The moment of the King's landing was a signal for Edinburgh to lay aside her "hodden gray, and a' that," and, much to the surprise of Wilkie, to put on her masqueing attire. On a sudden it seemed that the Highland clans, with "sword and pistol at their belts," bagpipes playing, and tartans waving, had come to re-occupy the capital, as in the "Forty-five." At night all was demure and sedate; in the morning a tartan fit had come upon the city, and putting a plumed bonnet on her brow, stepping to the sound of a pibroch, and calling on her tail to follow, she marched out, wondering at her own shadow, to welcome the royal visiter. No doubt all this was ex-

* Sir Walter Scott.

ceedingly picturesque and striking; but England has as much to do with a leek on St. David's day as the Lowlands have with tartan and clanship; nor did Wilkie see the utter impropriety of this till he met, to his astonishment, Sir William Curtis,—

> "And saw proud Albyn's tartans, as a belt,
> Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt."

TO MISS WILKIE.

George Street, Edinburgh,
16th Aug. 1822.

My dear Sister,

When it was known that the King was on the eve of landing, every body ran to his station, and I hastened to mine, namely, Holyrood House. I had arranged with the chamberlain's officers that I and another artist, Mr. Joseph, the sculptor, should be allowed to put on our court dresses in an attic room of the palace, court dresses being indispensable for admission into the presence. I accordingly put mine on, which, with hair-powder and all the et-ceteras, looked really splendid.

The day was exceedingly fine, and the spectacle of the whole procession as it passed by the Calton Hill appeared amazingly striking. I saw the King alight; he had not much colour, but upon the whole was looking well. He was dressed in a field marshal's uniform, with a green ribbon of the order of the Thistle. He was received by the Dukes of Hamilton and Montrose, and a variety of others, who were at the door to meet him; but upon the whole this point, which was capable of producing great effect, was not arranged with sufficient regard to the importance of

it. When the ceremonies were over I mounted again to the attic, changed my dress, and felt exceedingly happy on being reinstated into my own natural costume.

Collins saw the landing to great advantage; and, to our surprise, who should start up upon the occasion to see the same occurrence, but J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R. A. P. P.!!! who is now with us we cannot tell how. Sir Walter, whom I often see, has been very kind, and Captain Ferguson has also taken much pains, particularly to arrange my seeing the scene at Holyrood House.

D. W.

All this Wilkie beheld with twofold delight as an artist and a true-hearted Scotsman. His modesty and maiden-like bashfulness of demeanour was not unobserved by Sir Walter Scott, who, never out of his element, seemed every where present and master of all matters of courtesy, and ancient as well as modern etiquette, assisted him to a place where he could observe whatever was picturesque or peculiar in the ceremonious visitation of a prince who had the right— as one of the bitterest of Jacobites remarked — to reign by courtesy if not by blood.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Edinburgh, 23d Aug. 1822.

As I have my court dress here I was particularly desirous of presentation at the levee, and Sir Walter Scott recommended me to go and to make use of his name on my presentation card. This I accord-

ingly did; and as my dress was at the Palace, I dressed there, and got into the Long Gallery with the rest of the crowd. On being presented to the King, my name was read from my presentation card by Lord Glenlyon, and I approached his Majesty half-kneeling on my right knee, when the King held out his hand, which I put in the usual form near to my lips — then rose and bowed to his Majesty. At first the King did not appear to recognize me, but, on hearing my name, he looked at me, gave a sudden smile, and said, "How d'ye do?" upon which I bowed very low, and passed on with the rest out of the room.

As the King had on his Highland dress, and I had the privilege of entrée, I went round to the grand entrance, and by the under chamberlain was taken in through another door to the Presence Chamber. Here I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the King with his nobles about him, and of the general manner of reception. I had reason, I found, to be much honoured by the little that his Majesty said to me, for it was to few, and those only leading ones, that the King spoke at all.

He looked exceedingly well in the tartan. He had on the kilt and hose, with a kind of flesh-coloured pantaloons underneath. Sir William Curtis was also in the tartan, but without the kilt, and looked well.

The drawing room, I thought, contained a very unfair sample of our Scottish ladies. Sir Walter, Lady Scott, and family, were particularly noticed by the King.

Yesterday the procession to the Castle took place.

This was exceedingly grand. I was upon the scaffolding on the Castle-hill with Collins.

On Sunday the King is to go to the High Church to hear the moderator preach. This I much wish to see, and expect to be admitted to it.

We have dined at Lord Melville's, and have an invitation from the chief commissioner to stay some time at Blair Adam.

D. W.

In the High Church the artist hoped to see the King in the act of bestowing alms as he passed the plate, where the rich and the charitable on Sunday remember the poor, but he was doomed to a severe disappointment. Some officious official, imagining that a plate "heaped up wi' ha'pence" would be offensive in the sight of majesty, or who wished to support the royal assertion, that the Scotch were a nation of gentlemen, without a mendicant among them, removed the "Poor's Plate," so that the King, not finding a place for depositing his alms, was constrained to send, instead of giving them to the elders, much to the chagrin of Wilkie, and the national loss of a noble picture with which he had intended to celebrate the event.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Millburn Tower, near Edinburgh,
25th Aug. 1822.

My dear Brother,

Yesterday I went to the High Church and saw the King attend the service. Dr. Lamond preached, the moderator for the time being. His Majesty con-

ducted himself with great propriety, was very attentive, and delighted every body. He gave 100 guineas to the poor. Collins, Turner, and Allan were there.

On Saturday I saw the banquet in the Parliament House as a spectator, and was much delighted, particularly with the ceremonial of Mr. Howison, of Brae-head, who presented on his knees, with his two pages, a basin of rose-water and a napkin, for the King to wash his hands in after dinner, in order to renew the fealty by which he holds his estate of Brae-head, near Cramond, given to his ancestors under this condition by one of the Jameses.

D. W.

He also looked with a painter's eye on the "ceremonial" service of Howison, with the desire to make a picture out of it. An ancestor of the laird of Brae-head had rendered high service to the chivalrous James the Fifth, and his descendants, on the King's arrival, were induced to remember the tenure by which they held their pendicle of land—that of presenting a basin and towel for the purification of the royal hands; but no picture ever appeared.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Edinburgh, 31st Aug. 1822.

Among other occurrences of Hopetoun House was one that has given among our friends here a very lively satisfaction, namely, that of Henry Raeburn and Adam Ferguson being knighted. We had all been invited to dine at Raeburn's at Stockbridge

yesterday, the Chief Commissioner, Mr. John Clerk, and a number of others; and this honour having been conferred on our host in the mean time, made our party a complete jollification. Sir Adam Ferguson was of our party, and, what with queer stories and old songs, we spent a most pleasant evening.

Collins accompanied the King's yacht down the Forth, and was with great difficulty put on shore at Leith.

D. W.

It has been related that Wilkie thought of finding his contemplated picture—1. when the King stepped on Scottish land;—2. his visit to the Castle of Edinburgh; 3. his appearance in the kirk; 4. his entrance into the palace of Holyrood. He preferred the kirk, but circumstances fixed him on the palace. Some regret has been expressed at this; for the calm demeanour of the people, and their thoughtful and devotional character, were well understood by Wilkie, and were more akin to his spirit. But, dazzled by the splendour of the Highland tartan, captivated by the nodding of the plumes, and nursed as he had been in etiquette and ceremony, with a strong leaning towards martial pomp and show, the King, to whom the final choice of subject was referred, fixed upon his admission to the palace of his ancestors, with all the chiefs of the north on his right and left. It would have been well, perhaps, had this been the whole extent of royal interference; for, forgetting the memorable saying of Burke, that "Painters' proprieties are the best proprieties," his Majesty, it is said,

when the first sketch of the picture was laid before him, and he was asked how he stood when the keeper of the palace presented the key; "Stood!" said his Majesty, "not as I stand there, but thus:"—and he set his foot forward, threw his body back, put on "a martial and swashing outside," and said, "There!" The painter, who had made the King receive the royal key with a simple and easy grace, was obliged, in courtesy, to abandon the monarch of his own fancy, for the more affected attitude which royalty did really assume upon this occasion.

As soon as the King left the North, the people returned, like a disturbed stream, to their usual quiet course; and Wilkie, whose thoughts were never long removed from art, had leisure to think of the picture of Knox which he had designed, and of that of the King which he had imagined. Scott, to whom he submitted the first, though no admirer of the man, or his sweeping reform, was a lover of all that honoured his country, saw that the subject had grand capabilities, and said so; but he had no desire that Wilkie should prefer his own vision of the glory of the kirk to the recent vision of the court, which had passed so brightly before his eyes, and advised him to proceed with the picture of The Visit to Holyrood. The painter, who saw the fitness of both subjects for the pencil, felt that the latter was one of show rather than of mind, and involved all the difficulties of precedence and portraiture; while the former, being old, and the memory of the heads passed and gone, presented a fair field to which he could summon up actors suitable to his high purposes, and employ

them at his pleasure, without fear of being reproached with neglect of etiquette.

With these matters in his mind Wilkie renewed his acquaintance with the palace of Holyrood, and its ancient localities; made himself familiar with all the varieties of the tartan, which, with its checks and colours, is to the north what coats-of-arms are to the south; handled claymores and dirks; and while the Macdonalds, Macphersons, and Monroes, with the courtesy of their race, explained and told him all he desired to know, the artist, with equal courtesy, avoided all controversial topics which still continue to kindle up the clans, and succeeded, he said, in forming in his fancy an image of his country's glory, when Scotland had a parliament and a prince of her own. For the Knox he also acquired materials after its kind: the old pulpit, in which the reformer thundered against Rome and idolatry, was discovered in a cellar, where the gallows—ghastly comrade—was deposited, and brought into upper air for his inspection: nor did he fail to visit the places where Knox had preached, and the scenes made memorable by religious struggles—of violence and of blood; where Calvinism, struggling for the ascendant, sacrificed the independence of Scotland for the sake of religion.

Wilkie returned from the North in September, with his sketches for the royal picture. He had left his mother at Woodbridge, where she was afterwards joined by his sister: to the latter, who was still in the country, he wrote as soon as he reached London: his talk was still of Scotland.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Kensington, 15th Sept. 1822.

You would hear that one of the exercises of the royal prerogative in Scotland was to confer the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Raeburn and Captain Adam Ferguson. This happened on the day the King left Scotland, and when he was at Hopetoun House. Collins and I, with a variety of others, were invited to dine with Sir Henry Raeburn the day afterwards. Ferguson was there, and we had a most royal jollification. Sir Adam blushed even more than usual upon the occasion of his honours; and the ceremony, as it happened, was told us over and over, with new jokes every time. When dinner was over, we drank to the new-made knights. Sir Henry made a very modest reply, in which he attributed his honours to the kindness and favour of his friends who were present. Sir Adam said he could not make so good a speech as his fellow knight had done; and that he would, if agreeable, sing us a song—a proposal we received with acclamation; when he sung us "The Laird of Cockpen," and afterwards, at our request, "The Turnemspike." Lady Raeburn would not allow herself to be called *My Lady* on any account; but was exceedingly hospitable to her guests, and pressed them to eat in the good old-fashioned Scottish style

From St. Bernard's we went to Blair Adam, the seat of the Lord Chief Commissioner, where we were very kindly entertained.

D. W.

To the picture of The Parish Beadle, and the cabinet picture of The Duke of York, both of which he had left unfinished on the easel when he went to Edinburgh, the artist now turned his attention; but, though busy with these matters, he did not neglect others which, dear to his mother, were equally dear to himself; and we find him alike anxious for the fame of the Scottish pulpit, and for the success of Edward Irving, who came fresh from Fife, and with a rising celebrity for eloquence about him. Irving's bold and fearless way of handling courtly vice in the high places, and his fervent and thrilling appeals to the Presbyterians of London to fear God and keep his commandments, promised to awaken all who slumbered over their gold, or who

"Dream'd of millions, and three groats to pay."

Though not kindled into enthusiasm, and untouched with the extravagance of the unknown tongues, Wilkie was an admirer of the man of whom Hazlitt profanely said, he preached himself—not Christ crucified. This admiration was properly extended to one more eloquent still, Dr. Chalmers, who now made his appearance, to aid in strengthening and fixing the impression which Irving had made.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Kensington, 1st Oct. 1822.

Last week I learnt that Dr. Chalmers was in London, had preached at Hackney, and was to preach

last Sunday at the Caledonian Asylum Chapel. I sent immediately to Sir Thomas Lawrence, to know if he wished to hear him; to which he replied by a most polite note, and an invitation to breakfast with him on our way. Mr. Phillips accompanied us; and we obtained three excellent seats in a very crowded chapel. At last Chalmers mounted the pulpit. His discourse was of an hour and five minutes' duration; and with all his disadvantages of voice, manner, figure, and action, he seemed to get hold of the attention, and carry it along with him from first to last; and, with qualities that seem calculated for any thing but eloquence, he produced the effects of eloquence the most striking. I introduced Sir Thomas and Mr. Phillips to Dr. Chalmers, who was much gratified by seeing Sir Thomas, — and our President, when I left him, thanked me again and again for the treat I had been the means of obtaining for him.

Calling on Collins the other day, to my surprise he introduced me to his wife, whom he had brought from Edinburgh with him, and to be married to whom had been one reason of his delay in that place. When in Edinburgh he had told me all about his engagements, but the marrying before returning home was an afterthought. She is a Miss Geddes, sister to the Miss Geddes who paints portraits, and who married young Carpenter, of Bond Street. They had been sighing for years, till they could sigh no longer; and he appointed her to come down in the James Watt steamer to Edinburgh, where they were married by Dr. Alison, the man of taste, strictly according to Church of England forms. She seems a nice woman, not particu-

larly handsome, but accomplished and intelligent, and I dare say much attached to him.

D. W.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Kensington, 27th Sept. 1822.

Dr. Chalmers is now in town from Glasgow, and is to preach on Sunday morning at the Caledonian Asylum Chapel, Cross Street, Hatton Garden, where the greatest avidity is already shown to get sittings. I have been promised one, and mean to go. Should you yourself be desirous to hear him, and should find Sunday morning convenient, I should be happy to try to get you accommodated; at all events you will excuse me giving you the above information.

D. W.

Wilkie no doubt had the preaching of Knox in his mind when he listened to the eloquence of Chalmers or Irving, and sketches substituting one at least of these distinguished orators for the stern old Calvinist are still remembered; but from these he was now to turn to more fleeting things—portraits of events—if not of individuals.

While in Edinburgh, Wilkie "had the honour," in the words of his own memorandum, "of an introduction to Sir Robert Peel," then, as now, high in office as well as estimation, and to whom he had not been previously known save by fame. He requested to be considered a candidate for one of the pictures about to be painted from scenes connected with the king's visit

to Scotland. This, as Sir Robert Peel stood high in all matters of taste, and had besides a collection of pictures remarkable for their merit, was much to the mind of the artist, who began to look forward to be honoured with a place among the Reynoldses and the Rubenses, the Lawrences and the Snyders of Whitehall and Drayton Manor. It was therefore with a feeling much above mere pleasure that he observed on his return to London, that Sir Robert, after the Scottish fervour had subsided, persisted in the wish to have a work from the hand of Wilkie in his collection. The first interview on the subject was on December 15., and is thus recorded: — "Had a call from Mr. Peel: showed him the sketches I had made of the King's visit to Edinburgh. He did not think them capable of making a picture. He expressed himself highly satisfied with The Parish Beadle, and would like a subject as near to that as possible. Of my sketches of subjects, he liked that of The Rich Relation the best, but postponed fixing on any subject till a future time." Much as Sir Robert desired to possess a picture which imaged in a masterly way the Royal Visit to the North, he was not insensible, as he looked over the artist's sketches, of the lasting hold which John Knox had taken of the Scottish mind, and hankered for a picture where he knew (none better) that Wilkie would put forth his whole strength.

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Dear Sir George, Kensington, 12th Jan. 1823.

Your important acquisition of the basso-relievo of Michael Angelo is still the chief talk of all our artists. It is indeed a great addition to our stock of art, and is the only work that has appeared in this northern latitude to justify the great reputation of its author.

The sight of this fine work of art has rekindled in me a strong wish to make a visit to the Continent before long, with a view of going to Italy: whether I may be able to accomplish it is another question.

Wilson's Views of Italy delight me much wherever I meet with them, and indeed his breadth and the juicyness of his painting appear to be in excellent style. I have heard you often recommend these qualities in Wilson, and the more one sees of the best masters, the more is one disposed to admire them.

My chief employment now is in painting a picture for the Royal Academy; but it is not of great consequence. My subject of Knox preaching must be delayed. This I have made an oil sketch of, and have a great relish for the style of subject.

D. W.

This undoubted marble — a Virgin and Child — from the chisel of Michael Angelo, was obtained in Italy by Sir George: no part of it, indeed, is wrought with the truth and grace of Grecian sculpture, and at most must be regarded as incomplete; for it is almost

wholly from the toothed tool, which is the forerunner of the finishing chisel. Yet Michael's divinity of sentiment shines through the roughness of finish, and the handling shows the warmth and vigour with which the great Florentine wrought. The desire in the painter which this work created to visit the Continent, though not shared in by all the brethren of the modelling tool and chisel, had influence elsewhere; and I remember with what delight Sir George Beaumont exhibited this all but divine work, and spoke of the influence which it exercised over his friend Wilkie.

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Dear Sir George,

24. Lower Phillimore Place,
14th Feb. 1823.

Many hearty thanks for your very kind letter. Your opinions upon the qualities of colour and surface in pictures I have always agreed with, and your present illustrations of them I think exceedingly happy and convincing. Coldness of tone, and smoothness and dryness of surface, have certainly—what you urge as the surest proof of inferiority — the want of the appearance of a monied value. That they never sell for so much as richly coloured pictures is quite conclusive. I only wish that such arguments as you have used, and the authorities you have quoted, would have their due weight upon those who guide, if not the taste of the public, at least the taste of artists upon this point; those artists I mean who paint large pictures for the Exhibition.

The decline of all schools of colouring appears to

be into whiteness, and into those corresponding tints of common-place chilliness, that can alone harmonise with white.

If I might point out to you another defect, very prevalent of late, in our pictures, and one of the same contracted character with those you so happily illustrate, it would be that of the *want of breadth*, and in others a perpetual division and subdivision of parts, to give what their perpetrators call space; add to this a constant disturbing and torturing of every thing, whether in light or in shadow, by a niggling touch, to produce fulness of subject. This is the very reverse of what we see in Cuyp or Wilson, and even, with all his high finishing, in Claude.

I have been warning our friend Collins against this, and was also urging young Landseer to beware of it; and in what I have been doing lately myself have been studying much from Rembrandt and from Cuyp, so as to acquire what the great masters succeeded so well in, namely, that power by which the chief objects, and even the minute finishing of parts, tell over every thing that is meant to be subordinate in their pictures. Sir Joshua had this remarkably, and could even make *the features of the face* tell over every thing, however strongly painted. I find that repose and breadth in the shadows and half-tints do a great deal towards it. Zoffany's figures derive great consequence from this; and I find that those who have studied light and shadow the most never appear to fail in it.

D. W.

From the admiration of Michael's marble, Wilkie now turned his thoughts to the works he had resolved to exhibit: these were three in number: 1. The Parish Beadle; 2. Portrait of his Royal Royal Highness the Duke of York; 3. Drawing in chalk of George Young, Esq. The first as well as the second of these is powerful both in colour and expression. The subject is dryly intimated by the quotation in the catalogue from "Burn's Justice of the Peace:" "And an officer giveth sufficient notice what he is, when he saith to the party, 'I arrest you in the King's name;' and in such case the party, at their peril, ought to obey him." Yet this passage fails to open up the charm of the composition. The picture represents the beadle in the full blow of costume and official authority; and, conscious of the awful responsibilities of his situation, seizing a female vagrant, who, without the fear of the law before her, had presumed to entertain the lieges by playing on the hurdy-gurdy and exhibiting a monkey, trained to such tricks of tumbling and grimace as delight an idle populace. This woman, whose large dark eyes are flashing with anger, and whose feet are moving reluctantly along, the beadle, staff of office in hand, is hauling, accompanied by her poor half-starved boy to prison. The Duke of York has, for the truth of the portraiture, and the uncommon brightness of the colouring, been much admired. Nor is the sketch of the artist's relative, George Young, to be passed lightly over: the story of the sketch is curious. One evening, on Mr. Young's arrival at Kensington, he found a party about to assemble, and having given the artist an

hour's sitting, he was introduced to the company in his Dutch costume, as one of the brethren of Saint Luke from Amsterdam, on a visit to London. The gravity of his look and the accuracy of his costume maintained the assumed character well; and one or two of the evening hours had passed before Mr. Young was discovered to be a well known friend by most who were present.

The following letter to the elder Watson may be read as an instance of the interest which Wilkie took in all matters which affected the art in which he himself excelled, as also of the cheering way in which he spoke of the works of his brethren.

TO GEORGE WATSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 3d May, 1823.

As by the letter I had the pleasure to receive from you lately you appeared to express some anxiety about the placing of your picture of Sir Evan Macgregor, it may be satisfactory to you to know that it is hung in such a place as it is well entitled to, being, as I think, one of your best pictures. It is in the anteroom, over the door, as you enter into the great room, where it is well seen; and in point of light and nearness to the observer, looks to advantage. In the same room, this year, are pictures by Lawrence, Westall, Jackson, Beechey, Collins, and Daniell, by which this room has been, for this year, raised a little in its character.

You may be assured your picture looks exceedingly well. The objects are capitally painted, particularly

20233

the dress and accoutrements, and the breadth with which the figure is relieved from the back-ground is in excellent style. The head also tells well.

D. W.

Wilkie loved his native land: he rejoiced in the fame of its sons: he was, as we have seen, a hearty admirer of Ramsay, of Burns, and Walter Scott; and I have heard him regard it as a weakness in the grandson of the former, that he disliked to talk of "The Gentle Shepherd" and the fame of its author, who had high blood in his veins as he himself sings —

"Dalhousie of an auld descent,
My chief, my stoup, my ornament."

He loved too to be regarded as a Scot, and one who did no dishonour to the land he came from. When such were his sentiments, we need not be surprised when, on the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, Wilkie was made "Limner to the King for Scotland," that he wrote with a little modest exultation on the honour which his Majesty had conferred.

TO WILLIAM TAIT, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 25th July, 1823.

You will excuse me informing you of a circumstance which your friendship for me will perhaps lead you to consider as good news, inasmuch as it is to me a piece of good fortune.

It was announced to me by letter from the Secretary of State, that the appointment of Limner to the

King for Scotland, vacant by the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, had been by his Majesty most graciously conferred upon me. This, though it makes me a placeman, a pensioner, and even a non-resident sinecurist, has been conferred in a manner, I believe, purely disinterested, for it was neither solicited or expected on my part. I cannot help feeling it a high honour. *

D. W.

The name of the gentleman to whom this communication was made will occur again: he was one of the painter's earliest friends, a kind as well as stedfast one. Touched by the distinction of this new dignity, Wilkie began with spirit to paint the difficult subject of The King's Entrance to Holyrood. Turner, the landscape painter, had visited Edinburgh, with the intention, it is said, of "casting a cloud of glory" over the scene; but he received no encouragement, for there were men about his Majesty who had little sympathy with the supernatural splendour of his colours, and desired none of his "glamour."

* I print with pleasure the letter which communicated to Wilkie his appointment to an old and honourable office: —

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Whitehall, 15th July, 1823.

By the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, the appointment of Limner to the King in Scotland has become vacant.

I have proposed to His Majesty that you should succeed Sir Henry Raeburn in this appointment, and I have the satisfaction of acquainting you that His Majesty has been graciously pleased to confer it upon you as a token of the high estimation in which he holds your distinguished talents.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ROBERT PEEL.

While this picture was on his easel, the artist thought on his father, and desired his friend Chantrey to design a work by which his name and looks would be held in remembrance in the parish where he had been pastor. For this purpose Wilkie made a drawing in profile, full size, and placed in the sculptor's hands that very beautiful and touching picture of his father and mother in silent meditation on the evening before the administration of the sacrament. Never was devout thought better expressed than in the clasped hands of the former, or the holy and matron-like air of true piety in the calm and reflecting look of the latter. While the head of the father was yet in the fashioner's hand, it became necessary to unite it with that of the mother: but this is anticipating, for if painting is of slow growth, sculpture is still slower.

The middle of the year 1823 found Wilkie with the picture of The King's Visit to Scotland on his easel, and all the troubles upon him of limning a prince in the full blow of personal dignity, and the faces of chiefs and nobles who desired to look their loftiest. Lord Liverpool, meanwhile, was urgent to have the picture of Knox painted, and repeatedly inquired if it could be done for next year; to which the artist, who saw much study and labour in the composition, more than the 600 guineas of the earl would pay for, was constrained to answer, No. "The figure of the King," he thus writes to a friend, "I am now proceeding with; it stands in comparison of those about him as if he were six feet high. With respect to the other qualities of his appearance, those which belong

to his station must not be forgotten; at the same time I agree with you in the importance of those peculiar to the individual, and which a Scottish welcome may be supposed to call forth even in a king." His progress was slow, and was impeded by illness, for his health ever suffered when difficulties in the way of his art pressed upon him. Though respected through all the circles of the court, for courtiers seldom fail to smile on those whom kings delight to honour (but even courtiers have not always time at command), the etiquette of the court often took an important sitter away at the moment the artist began to warm with his work; and the affairs of the state interposed to consume the artist's time and try his patience and temper.

Of the picture itself, but of none of the hindrances which crossed his way, he thus writes to one to whom he loved to confide all his undertakings: —

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

24. Lower Phillimore Place,
31st Oct. 1823.

Dear Sir George,

The town is now beginning to fill again, and artists are setting to work for the winter. I have not as yet seen any painter but Collins, who has passed the summer at Hampstead, where he has made many beautiful sketches. For myself, I am now beginning a picture, six feet long, of the King entering Holyrood House. The sketch I had the pleasure of showing you, I have since been to the cottage in Windsor Park to show to his Majesty. Sir Charles

Long was present, and the King seemed most favourably disposed towards the undertaking; gave me his commands to proceed, and proposed to sit for his portrait when I have got all the figures laid in, and his own figure sufficiently advanced for that purpose. I have therefore begun the picture somewhat larger than the Duke of Wellington's, and am in hopes, though it is still an experiment, that with so many objects as it contains, well suited for painting, and with portraits in action, and the associations connected with the scene itself, that I may be able to make it an effective subject.

I had great pleasure in seeing one of your pictures the other day at Mr. Locker's residence in Greenwich Hospital. The subject is, I think, from Wordsworth's "Peter Bell." It has a high rock, with a clift or cavern in it, and a man sitting in front of the rock. The effect, I assure you, was striking, both in colour and sentiment. Mr. Locker, I believe, got it at some sale, and values it much.

Mr. Irving, you would hear, has been married in Scotland, from whence he returns in a week or two. Of course the attractions of Hatton Garden have ceased during his absence.

D. W.

He now and then sought refuge from the difficulties of this royal picture by sketching favourite heads and subjects, which till now he found no time for. The Commodore Trunnion of Smollett had long haunted his fancy; and one day, on a chance visit to Greenwich, he happened to observe the looks of a

singular old man-of-war's man, and prevailing on him to sit, touched his face into such a one as his fancy had bestowed on old Hawser himself. This he modestly called a portrait of a Greenwich Pensioner, though it rises out of the region of portraiture. If the subject of Knox had passed for a time from his fancy, it seems still to have been present to the memory of his friends in the North, all of whom were ready to collect intelligence, and supply him with drawings of old pulpits, and old churches, and rigid old Calvinists.

TO WILLIAM S. WATSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Kensington, 14th Nov. 1823.

Many thanks for your very considerate attention in making me a drawing of the Pulpit of Knox: it is complete in its way; it is very simple in its form; and whether it can be put into my picture or not, it at least gives me an authority for contriving something like it; at the least, it is information.

I have not been able to try the brown you sent me; I suppose it to be something like asphaltum, which is a most useful colour.

I have seen a colour lately vermilion washed, which makes an extremely bright red, a little more of the orange, and a purer red than vermilion; but it appears to me, that depth, and not brightness, is most wanted in our *materia medica;* and as richness is the object to be aimed at in all systems of colouring, a dark brown may be a useful colour.

Mr. Phillips, the portrait-painter, has been lately to

Edinburgh. I told him before he went, that every one would suppose he wanted to establish himself there, which I knew was not his object. He tells me every one suspected him to be trying to succeed Raeburn; and he fancies that their *belief* is, that he has only not remained, because he saw no chance of getting a footing—a thing he never thought of. I hear there are many trying to get Raeburn's connexion: of course I do not know their various claims and merits, but I hope your father will stand as good a chance as any. I really liked much his picture of last year, which I thought his best.

D. W.

A softer subject than that of Knox, and less embarrassing than the courtly one of The King's Visit, had been for some time in his mind: this he found in the Gentle Shepherd of Allan Ramsay, and called it The Cottage Toilet, for it embodies in a sweet and graceful way those sweet and graceful lines—

> "While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
> Wi' a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair:
> Glaud, by his morning ingle, takes a beek;
> The rising sun shines motty thro' the reek.
> A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his een,
> And now and then his joke maun intervene."

This he painted for the collection of the Duke of Bedford, whose Duchess inherited her mother's taste for the pastoral beauties both of painting and poetry. The exquisite beauty of the picture proves, that if he did not work with a spell upon him, he wrought with a full sense that the work, like that which Sir Robert Peel bespoke, was to find a place amongst some of

the prime masters of his art. Indeed, all his pictures from Ramsay are exquisitely handled: Glaud's cottage stirs a desire in all lovers of the pastoral picturesque for a similar retreat; and the joyous old man and his two modest lassies, "plump ripe," as he says, for wedlock, strike the happy medium between vulgarity in its hodden gray and rusticity with its silks and its affectations. There is coarse simplicity and genteel simplicity, and no one felt this more or expressed it better than Wilkie.

In a similar mood, and with equal brilliancy, he wrought on the scene of The Smugglers offering Run Goods for Sale, for the collection of Sir Robert Peel. It is true that the sentiment was dissimilar, and the actors a race different from those with whom the Scottish poet had peopled the northern glen; but nature reigned in both, and was remarkable for vigour and vivacity. These pictures proved, had such proof been wanting, that the artist excelled alike in English and Scottish scenes, and that his talents reached far beyond the bounds of "Fife and its Folk." A finished sketch of Soldiers regaling at Chelsea, a variation of his great picture of the Waterloo Gazette, was the produce of this period. It went to his friend John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eildin. A similar sketch with some changes, but the leading groups the same, was bought by Sir Willoughby Gordon. These sketches are little inferior in value to the more elaborate picture, now an heirloom in the house of Wellesley. They have, in several respects, more freedom of hand, and that careless vigour of touch which the pencil of true genius is only able to bestow. To these may be

added as of equal merit, and the produce too of this season, a sketch or finished study of the same picture for James Vine, Esq., of Undercliff in the Isle of Wight; also, The Trumpeter, a sketch for James Wadmore, Esq.

Of the interest the artist took in the Royal Academy, were proof wanting, the following letter would afford it:—

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

24. Lower Phillimore Place, Kensington,
5th Dec. 1823.

Dear Sir Thomas,

As it appears that medals to the number of sixteen or seventeen will probably be given this year, may I take the liberty of expressing a hope that they may be given as two years ago in the great room; and if the wishes of a single isolated individual can form an inducement with you in relation to the exercise of your high trust, may I hope also that the practice, so happily and advantageously revived upon that occasion, of accompanying the delivery of the medals by a discourse from the chair, may be continued upon this as I hope it will be by you upon every future instance of the kind.

I feel assured, dear Sir, our brother members will feel a gratification in this, although the probability is not one of them will take such a liberty as I am now taking in addressing yourself upon the subject, but which I hope I shall be excused doing, from the conviction that the well-considered opinions and advice which the experience of one so successful and distin-

guished in the art as you have been, will form the best guide and excitement either to established practitioners or to the rising generation of artists.

You were so obliging as to say you would call upon me on Monday next; you will do me a real service by this; your opinions upon what I am now projecting will be of extreme value to me.

D. W.

The winter and spring of the year 1824 were consumed in preparing these works for the Academy Exhibition, in blottings out and pencillings in of The King's Visit to Holyrood, and now and then advancing his studies for the great picture of Knox, as the details rose on his fancy — for it was from the first a favourite subject, and seldom, as he told me, out of his mind. While these matters were in his hand and his head, his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and who was very worthy of such a son's regard, fell ill; not of an ailment sudden and abrupt, but of that slow undermining illness which flatters while it destroys, and leads to the grave with steps, reluctant though sure. This visible decay was ever present to his eye or mind; he had painted in other years a sick couch, on which beauty and youth lay fading like a flower in the sight of those who loved while they wept; and now he was to feel how true the vision of sorrow was which fancy had called up in the nurse of the scene, a matron, slowly and bit by bit going out, like an expiring light, amidst her youthful descendants. But hope interposed for a time: the slow sapping operations of the disease were

less visible in the sight of her sons and daughter: her quiet and calm and cheerful temper was neither ruffled nor disturbed, and her eminent son could still, from the humour or the deep sense which passed like flashes of sunshine over her face, retouch his pictures and improve them. She recovered, then relapsed, then recovered again: in the beginning of April her illness had alarming symptoms, which he communicated to his brother.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

My mother has not been so well again. On Saturday morning she was seized with a spitting of blood, arising, it appears, from the rupture of a small vessel in the lungs. This was got under by immediate bleeding in the arm, and she has been ever since as well as we can expect. Sir James Macgrigor, however, recommends her to be kept perfectly tranquil; and as we are all occupied to prevent her being disturbed, I have sent to put off the party who were to dine with me to-morrow.

D. W.

The skill and attention of Sir James Macgrigor, and the tranquillity of mind and patient temper of Mrs. Wilkie, overcame her disease for a time; and Wilkie busied himself in his studies, and in the finishing of the pictures for the collections of the Duke of Bedford and Sir Robert Peel. This he did with a care which proved his sense of the importance of the galleries in which they were to occupy a place. The name of

William Allan, or Allan the Second, as Wilkie sometimes called him, for he mentioned David Allan as Allan the First, not in merit, but in time, among the northern painters, has already taken its place in this narrative, as one who studied with Wilkie in the Academy of Edinburgh; who had gone abroad, where he made his name known in distant and semi-barbarous lands; and now, returning to his native country, set up his easel in Edinburgh, and by a series of pictures, of which 'The Sale of Circassian Slaves' made his merits known as favourably in the regions of feeling, as his 'Murder of Archbishop Sharpe' has since in the domains of stern enthusiasm. I remember the quiet pleasure with which Wilkie, on the return of Allan from Russia, named his name, and spoke of his merits to me; nor did he cease in pressing the talents of his old comrade on the Academy till his name was graced by the coveted R.A. Indeed it was whispered that this ardour, resented by the baser part of the Academy, postponed what they called the elevation of Allan for a twelvemonth at least. The following letter expresses, better than any words of mine may, Wilkie's sense of the merits of his friend. The picture referred to is that fine one, 'The Abduction of Queen Mary.'

TO WILLIAM ALLAN, ESQ.

Dear Allan, Kensington, 4th April, 1824.

The arrival of your picture was announced to me by Mr. Cribb, and I forthwith went to see it at his house; regretting only that you had not come

yourself with it, that what your London friends would suggest might have been added to it before it went to the Exhibition.

This picture, however, will fully support your reputation. It is well composed, and the light and shadow planned with great breadth. The colouring has more depth than any thing you have done. The light about the window, upon the table, and all along the lower parts of the picture, is managed with great force and good determinate shapes. The figure of Lindsay is also placed in a good light and shadow, and well painted. The head I wish had more of the nobleman about it, and more in relief from the back-ground and the figure near it. The Queen Mary I think better than your last Queen, and the dress exceedingly well painted. The female figure, with her back to you, is, I think, one of the best and most elegant figures you have painted; and the glove and gauntlet on the ground, and the chair on the left of the picture, are admirable. I hope, upon the whole, this picture will keep up your reputation, and I think, from the force and breadth with which it is painted, it will look well in the Exhibition.

Had you been here, there are some things, not of much labour, that might have been done to it. The hands of Lord Lindsay want distinctness and relief, purely from not being cleared out from the objects around them; and the red back of Queen Mary's chair is considerably too strong, and with a slight lowering might be improved in colour, and kept in its place, much to the improvement of that part of the picture. I should also propose that the back-ground, behind

the heads of the figures, should be darkened and flattened a little. However, these are things you will, I hope, be able to judge of by coming to town yourself, and seeing it in its place.

D. W.

The engravings, executed by Burnet and Raimbach with such skill and force as to render them, save in the glow of colour, almost as effective as finished sketches, required much of the painter's time and attention in touching and retouching. The Rent Day and The Village Politicians of the latter,—and the Blind Fiddler, The Jew's Harp, The Letter of Introduction, and The Rabbit on the Wall of the former, —had already carried the name of Wilkie into far countries, and among classes where his paintings could not reach. Sensible of the worth in point of fame, and of the value as a matter of income of such works, he desired to have an engraving made from The Reading of the Will; but as it was in the Gallery of Munich, and far from the reach of either of his favourite engravers, he endeavoured to prevail on one, skilful at least in the art of imitation, to go abroad and make a copy; but that person refused to copy it for a less sum than Wilkie had received for the original picture. In this dilemma Burnet, whose enthusiasm in art almost equals his skill, undertook— for he handles the pencil with the same taste he holds the graver—to go to Munich, and make the required drawing and etching, and, returning with them, proceeded to finish the work under the eye of the painter. This he had so far accomplished, that, on the 6th of

May, we find Wilkie informing his brother that the second payment of the sum agreed on for the work was become due, and requesting that stock might be sold out for the payment.

Having seen health return, for a time, to his mother, and made arrangements for receiving his brother James, whose health was much shaken by his duties in the Ordnance abroad, Wilkie departed for Scotland, which now called for his presence to paint the portraits, and correct the landscape, of The King's Visit to Holyrood; to amass the like materials for his historical picture of John Knox preaching down the old kirk, and preaching up the new, at Saint Andrew's; and also to paint the portrait of the Earl of Kellie for his native Fifeshire, — no ungrateful task. He arrived in Edinburgh early in September, with the marks of recent illness in his face, and on the tenth of the month the artists of the ancient metropolis honoured themselves by giving their visiter a public dinner, of which he gives the following brief account:—

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Edinburgh, 11th Sept. 1824.

We had yesterday a royal feast. The artists of Edinburgh, to the number of seventeen, with Mr. Nasmyth at their head, agreed to give me a dinner at the British Hotel, at which their cordiality and kindness was displayed in an eminent degree. Young Landseer was also invited, but Newton, being away, was not there. We had, of course, a great many

toasts and speeches, and, as in duty bound, I had to give them various *screeds*. Upon the whole, both in the eating and drinking, which was of the first style, and what with the various addresses, replies, and rejoinders, nothing could go off better. I do not know a circumstance more gratifying to me than this has been.

D. W.

To be welcomed to his native land by an art whose professors are reckoned the most sensitive of all classes who live by their talents, was almost as miraculous as it was gratifying: Nasmyth, whose hoary head had seen fourscore summers; Allan, who had, amid the deserts of Asia, delineated its semi-wild inhabitants; and "young Landseer," the brilliant Edwin of present art, all united in this offer of homage to high talent; while the less experienced but equally enthusiastic students of the Trustees' Academy, who perhaps imagined their own advent prefigured in that of Wilkie, struck joyously in; — nor did they forget, while they toasted the two Allans, David and William, to remember the veteran delineator of Scotland's cloudy landscape, Alexander Nasmyth, or their old comrade in study and merry mischief, John Burnet. Well might the great artist say, "I do not know a circumstance more gratifying to me than this has been."

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Edinburgh, 14th Sept. 1824.

I have just received your letter, by which you inform me of the arrival of James. His condition of course is deplorable enough; but you yourself will soon see the actual state he is in, and will be able to determine what is to be done. If you can learn from James or from his wife the state their accounts stand in with the Ordnance, it will be a matter of much interest with me.

With regard to his future prospects, I suppose there is no other alternative than that of retiring into the country, to Scotland or Ireland, where the living is so moderate, that, with his limited means, a *fend* may still be made. The chief thing, however, is to see if he has left his post with a fair state of accounts.

I get on with my labours pretty well. My studies at the palace are complete. I have finished the likeness and dress of the Knight Marshal, and am painting at present from the mace of the Court of Exchequer. When this is done, the regalia at the Castle is the only thing that remains for me to do in Edinburgh.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Edinburgh, 15th Sept. 1824.

Thomas has informed me of James's arrival, and that a small lodging had been taken for him. In

all this affair you must not let my mother be incommoded.

I am uncertain of the time of my return, there are so many things for me to do here, if I could undertake them. I expect next week to complete my studies in Edinburgh, and then to proceed to Fifeshire, where some important business has been chalked out for me by the county—a portrait large as life of the Earl of Kellie: as a native of the county, I am to have the offer to do it.

Lord Leven called upon me some days ago to tell me this, and seemed desirous that I should undertake it. His Lordship also invited me to come to Melville, where he is now with the young bride, Lady Leven.

Mr. Westmacott (R. A.) has just arrived, and is delighted with this city. Leslie is painting a portrait of Sir Walter Scott as large as life. Newton has returned from Abbotsford, where Mrs. Coutts, Lady Compton, and divers others, were on a visit, producing scenes extremely interesting to him. I go on Saturday morning, with *The Man of Feeling*, to visit Sir Robert Liston. I want Newton to go with me to see the portraits there by his uncle in America.

D. W.

Before I speak of the family matters to which these letters to his brother and sister refer, let me say something of the engagements in art to which they allude. Of the picture of the Royal Visit to Edinburgh, he had surveyed the localities of "Edina's sisters' darling seat;" delineated as in a map the "outs and the ins" of ancient Holyrood; taken a "swatch

and sample" of the costume of the chief office-bearers in the procession, from the Highland dress in which the genius of Walter Scott was concealed from vulgar eyes, to that in which the Duke of Hamilton, as hereditary keeper of the palace, exhibited the blazonry of a pedigree which had little to boast of save a long descent. He had even made the mace sit for its portraiture, and delineated with accuracy the sceptre and crown of Scotland's brighter day;—a recent and welcome discovery,—for these ancient emblems of sovereignty were believed by some to have been melted into spade guineas; by more to have been carried into the Tower of London in the hour when the Stuarts stirred for their crown; while not a few were heard to repeat, in a tone between sarcasm and sorrow, the words of Burns—

> "Our ancient crown's fall'n in the dust,
> Deil blind them wi' the stour o't;
> And write their names in his black book,
> Wha gave the Whigs the pow'r o't."

He had, when he wrote these letters, amassed all the information which he deemed essential for his forthcoming picture, and planned an expedition into Fife for the twofold purpose of examining, and correcting, and improving his studies for the picture of John Knox, and of taking sittings of the Earl of Kellie, a commission from the noblemen and gentlemen of the district, in which the noble race of Leslie took a prominent part.

The domestic portion of the correspondence relates to an event which takes the van in a long and continuous train of family miseries, that exercised a dis-

astrous influence on a mind which, though calm, was exceedingly sensitive, and on a constitution which promised once to be vigorous, but which constant and anxious study never permitted to harden into the robust. I allude to the return of his brother James from Canada, with his strength broken by the drudgery of his Ordnance employment, and his affairs completely deranged in consequence of failing health: he had a wife also and children, and, as his brother had become surety for him in a thousand pounds, David saw that by this unlooked-for dispensation he would have to support the one and make good the other. It was therefore not without reason that he inquired, as we have seen, anxiously into the condition of his brother's accounts: nor was it without cause that he desired he might be lodged elsewhere than in his own house. Mrs. Wilkie was clearly quietly slipping towards the grave, and the knowledge that her son had returned in ill health from abroad was more than her spirits could well sustain, without the farther misery of seeing his sad condition. David, too, felt that the work to which he had tasked his own mind and hand required a heart at ease, and an eye clear and steady; neither of which were likely to be his portion with a sufferer under his roof. This, as he has been heard to say, was the foremost of a series of misfortunes which, like a train of crows, came one by one at first, then pair after pair, alighting in succession on his house, till the whole roof was blackened by them. "Helen tells me," he thus writes to his brother Thomas, "that you have seen James; can you learn from him any distinct account of his money affairs? I expect to get to Fife-

shire by the end of next week. I am to see the Earl of Leven as soon as I get there. Yesterday I dined with Sir Alexander Keith at a beautiful place, called Ravelstone: I there met with Sir John Sinclair and his family. Sir John told me he was an old correspondent of my father's, and showed me much attention."

Another letter lifts the veil a little higher from his doings in the north: —

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Edinburgh, 26th Sept. 1824.

My labours in Edinburgh are now complete. I have been nearly four weeks here, have made my drawings at Holyrood, have made a portrait of the Knight Marshal, his dress and horse-furniture, and have painted the mace in the Exchequer, and the crown, sceptre, and sword of state in the Castle. In addition, I have made a drawing of the Earl of Morton for the picture; and, at the earnest request of his friends, a drawing in chalk of Dugald Stewart for Mrs. Stewart, as there is, it is said, no satisfactory likeness of him known. He suffers much from paralysis, and his friends suppose that no person could make the drawing but one acquainted with him in his better days.

The likeness of Sir Walter Scott is the only one now wanting to complete my studies for the picture. I must go to Fife, and have still to consider the expediency of undertaking the portrait of Lord Kellie

for the County Hall. However, if my terms are agreed to, I shall stay a short time to take sittings for the picture.

On Friday last I dined with Sir John Sinclair and family. Lady Sinclair has been a fine woman. They have a large family. Four daughters were at home, comely but tall, extremely musical; the youngest very handsome, but not come to her full growth. Sir John is above seventy, talks much of his code of health, and is constantly recommending means for the preservation of health. He was an old correspondent of my father's.

I have been a good deal with the Lord Provost. This has arisen from a project of taking down the statue of King Charles II. in the Parliament Square, but which, with hints and whispers, we have got them to agree to restore. The Provost also talks of restoring the ancient Cross of Edinburgh, and it is hoped Mrs. Coutts will assist them in this.

D. W.

All who know the noble and ancient family to whom the succeeding brief letter alludes, will never learn from them that the Leslies were the painter's earliest patrons — a circumstance which never passed from either heart or memory.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Kinloch, 1st Oct. 1824.

Two days ago I came by appointment to visit Lord Leven at Melville, when I was introduced to the

young Countess, a very handsome and elegant lady. I remained two days with his Lordship. There was a very gay party with them, chiefly relatives of Lady Leven; but this morning I left them quite alone. I am to meet his Lordship on Tuesday next in Cupar, when I shall be able to determine my stay in Fifeshire. I only hope that I may not be wanted in London, as I should not like to be hurried home. Do as well as you can without me. At the same time, if I am absolutely required, I will come.

D. W.

Wilkie seems to have had sittings of the Earl of Kellie for a portrait before he began upon the more important one for the County Hall. The following letter shows how much the family of Leven had to do with this very noble picture, which now ornaments the County Hall.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Forthar, 5th Oct. 1824.

Lord Leven has been most desirous that I should undertake the portrait of Lord Kellie. The committee have unanimously agreed that I should be employed; and, as they have acceded to the terms and the price I proposed, and allowed me my own time, I have agreed to do it, and to take the sittings immediately. I accordingly proceed in a few days to Cambo House, where I expect to be detained a fortnight.

One reason for my undertaking this picture, besides

its being a commission from my native county, is, that I wish to have the practice of painting large, in case I should have any thing to paint for the King in the same way.

D. W.

From his residence in Phillimore Place, Wilkie, during his absence, had his family, and furniture, and easel, removed to a more commodious house, situated on the Terrace, Kensington. He writes anxiously about the tender removal of his mother.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Forthar, 2d Oct. 1824.

I hope you have now got, with my mother, fairly settled in the new house, and that, so far as our old furniture will go, you have arranged it in the rooms. I also hope that my mother may not feel inconvenience from the change, that she is not incommoded with the moving, but, on the contrary, amused with the novelty and bustle.

I dined the other day at the Presbytery dinner in Cupar, where I again met some of our oldest friends, Dr. Martin, Dr. Barclay, Dr. Adamson, and Mr. Gillespie. As they began to assemble, I was struck by the arrival of a very elderly infirm man, of a corpulent appearance. He took his seat in the Moderator's chair, but I did not know him. At last it occurred to me that this must be Dr. Campbell, and so he turned out; but how changed both in mind and

appearance! He recognised me, however, and drew me to him with a kindness that was quite affecting. He had not been at a Presbytery for two years. As the stranger, I sat on his right hand, where he said my father, from his office, used always to sit, of whom he said I reminded him very much. He said, "Your father was one of my earliest friends, my college acquaintance. We were always great friends, and he had great confidence in me." He was quite affected when he said this.

D. W.

Lay, as well as clerical, strove to do the artist honour. On the day which succeeded the writing of this letter, the Provost and other dignities of Cupar, more fortunate than formerly, having invited him to a public dinner in the proud borough as soon as he set his foot within the bounds of their little kingdom, sat down with him in M'Nab's tavern; and, with many a gladsome word and flattering toast, welcomed the son of the soil back to his native sod. Nor did they fail, after mentioning the fame which he had earned for himself, to allude to the lustre which his reputation reflected back on the bounds of Fife, and on all who had foretold or aided in his rise. Not one word was breathed of the offence given in his very youthful days to the devout of Cults and Kettle, by presuming to limn the heads of elders and parishioners for his picture of Pitlessie: so far had genius provided against offended vanity, that even a caricature would have been held as no dishonour by the proudest of the

company, so delighted were they to have once more in their borough a man whom it had not produced the like of since the days of Sir David Lindsay.

The artist rewarded all this admiration in a speech which the *Fife Herald* of the time ventures to say "has seldom been equalled for natural and powerful eloquence." "The gentlemen of this company," said the painter, "were my earliest friends, and Cupar the scene of my earliest recollections. The freedom of the borough, with which I have been honoured, is a link connecting me with the political institutions of my country, while the honour now conferred I regard as a compliment paid rather to the arts of Scotland than to myself, but which comes with a peculiar grace from a corporation instituted for protecting the arts of civilized life, among which painting is slowest in growth, and latest in reaching perfection. Poetry and music precede civilization, but painting is a consequence, and the perfection of every other art: in this polite accomplishment Scotland has at no time been deficient. While England had Vandyke, Scotland had her Jamesone: even when the Court and Parliament left us, we sought fame in foreign lands: Allan Ramsay, after studying abroad, became court painter at home; while Gavin Hamilton and Jacob More were, in their day, among the most celebrated painters in Rome. In a later day Martin did honour to his country, and had in his portraits much both of the sentiment and colour which distinguish Sir Joshua Reynolds — that refinement which made all his women ladies, and all his men gentlemen. In our own time we have had Raeburn, whose works will be relished in Scotland

while her feeling for art exists and a sense of fine colour remains."

From the hospitalities of Cupar, Wilkie found his way to Cambo House, the seat of the Earl of Kellie.

"The portrait of Lord Kellie," he says to his sister, writing from Cambo House, "so far as I have proceeded, seems to give satisfaction. I have painted in the hands, and a large greyhound introduced in the bottom of the picture. His Lordship is to have his peer's robes on, which will give a showy effect to the whole. His head is very venerable, but, from the great change in his features at every moment, and from his habit of stooping, I have had a good deal to do to give it air so as to suit the style of such a picture. The head however looks well, and the whole will, I trust, have an imposing effect, as every one seems anxious to have a picture of mine in the County Hall. I hope it will do credit to the place."

TO MISS WILKIE.

Cambo House, 14th Oct. 1824.

This is a very agreeable place; the Earl of Kellie is above 80, and his lady is the same, and a kind good lady as can be. They treat me with great attention. I am painting him sitting in his peer's robes, transacting business — with a dog, a fine greyhound, sitting by him. I hope to make an interesting picture.

The time passes here in complete retirement; no one has been stopping with his Lordship since I came,

and though he is frequently from home on public business, few come here, and to me the place presents a quietness that I have not witnessed for years.

The house reminds me much of the old Crawford Lodge, but it is much larger. There is one room or gallery; it is 50 feet long, and both lofty and wide, and very superbly furnished with china vases, pictures, &c. This I have converted, for the present, into a painting room, as it has a capital light. My bed-room looks out to the sea, where I hear the waves breaking on the beach; and in the extreme distance I can see at night the revolving light of the Bell Rock, about twelve or fifteen miles off from the shore.

When I finish the head and hands, and perhaps the dog, I mean to proceed by Cupar to Raith, from thence to Edinburgh; and if I can get a sketch of Sir Walter Scott shall lose no time in returning to London.

My new rooms will be extremely useful to me. The Earl of Kellie's portrait, indeed, could not have been stowed any where in the old house.

Our dinner at Cupar appeared to give great satisfaction to all present. The toasts were numerous, and there was a great deal of speaking. Dr. Barclay gave one with very great feeling and kindness: "The memory of the Rev. David Wilkie, minister of Cults;" he described his long acquaintance with him, and the intimacy of our families, with much kindness. Mr. Gillespie also gave my mother's better health, and the healths of all our family; and described the hospitality

he had received from my mother, both at Cults and at Kensington. Dr. Anderson and David Lister were there.

D. W.

Collins, to whom the letter which follows is written, studied in the Royal Academy, where he became acquainted with Wilkie; and similarity of pursuit, the love of Nature, animate and inanimate, and works uniting landscape with domestic groupings, mirthful as well as serious, drew them together. He had married, as has been intimated, a lady, of a race distinguished for taste in the art in which he excelled; and this helped, perhaps, to draw the ties the tighter between men who seemed formed by Nature and pursuits for friends. At the time of which I write Wilkie and Collins lived in the same neighbourhood, and were in the habits of almost daily intercourse. But Allan, in whose fortunes they both sympathised, had to give way for the time to Etty.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A.

Dear Collins, Cambo House, 23d Oct. 1824.

You surprise me by your information of the day of election being so early as the 1st of November. I had just written home to know the day, but never dreamt that it could be before the 6th or 10th. I would willingly give up every engagement to come in time, to ensure, if it were possible, Allan's election; but will my coming ensure it? or rather, will it not, with the prejudices of our brethren, rather tell against

him? I believe the utmost I can do will be to write to one of our friends, to urge him to endeavour to repair the mischief he did on coming from Scotland last year, I mean Phillips; and, in the mean time, let me assure *you*, that, although what Allan is now doing can have no effect upon his election, it will, if he is elected, over and above justify it. His picture of The Death of Murray promises to be a masterly performance, decidedly beyond all that he has done. Westmacott saw it, and agreed with me in thus estimating it; and will, I should think, stand Allan's friend. I may, perhaps, send a note to the President, requesting him to scratch for me. This I fear is all I can do for Allan.

I leave this in two days. I next go to Mr. Ferguson's, of Raith; and must, after that, get a sitting of Sir Walter Scott for my picture, this being one of my objects in coming to Scotland. If I can break through these engagements, do not be surprised if I should be, after all, at the election on the 1st.

Since coming here I was invited, with Lord Kellie, to a house in the neighbourhood, to meet our worthy friend, the Lord Chief Commissioner, who, with his sister, Miss Adam, was inquiring most kindly and most particularly about Mr. Collins. We had a most pleasant and jolly meeting. His Lordship reverted frequently to our visit at Blair Adam; and, on mentioning the drawing we are conjointly to make of the house (which I did to show we kept it in mind), I successfully showed his Lordship that the delay did not rest with me, that you were the first hand in the game, and that it was not my turn till you had played

your card. There were many inquiries about you in Edinburgh.

D. W.

After a brief visit to Ferguson of Raith, where he made a sketch of his lady, Wilkie began his march for Abbotsford, where he heard that Scott was, as usual, surrounded by the *élite* of the land both for rank and talent. But when he had reached Edinburgh, a sudden cold in the head seized him, which introduced him to the doctors, and delayed his visit longer than he could with patience endure. Time and skill, however, soon rendered him fit for the road again; and he was cheered on his way by the flowing humour and social glee of Sir Adam Ferguson, whose presence was as welcome to Abbotsford as the flower to May.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Edinburgh, 1st Nov. 1824.

I have been laid up since Saturday with a cold that was coming upon me as I left Raith; but with the assistance of Dr. Maclaggan, who kept me in bed all yesterday, and who will not let me stir out of the house to-day, I expect to get completely rid of it, and to proceed as usual upon the remainder of my journey.

At present Mr. Lister has all his family about him, and we have a great deal of clack and claver about old stories, and have a number of people calling. Sir Adam Ferguson called here two nights ago in high glee: Sir Walter Scott, he says, expects me at Ab-

botsford, and is ready to sit. He has, however, sat so frequently of late to artists, and has had so many people about his house, that I grudge going upon such an errand; however, it is a matter of duty rather than choice with me, and I must go at all hazards.

William Allan I have seen. The Duke of Bedford has bespoke his present picture of The Death of Murray; this is a great thing for him. The election of associates is to-day. I am anxious about Allan, and about the Royal Academy seeing its own interests in this. I have sent my powers of voting, which are but limited, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, requesting them to be used in Allan's favour.

D. W.

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Russell Square, 2d Nov. 1824.

I had great pleasure in obeying your desire; and in the first nomination, Mr. Allan had a large majority. Two other candidates, with equal numbers, then stood the ballot; and Mr. Etty became the final opponent to Mr. Allan, who, when the boxes were opened, was found to have inferior numbers.

You know the claims of Mr. Etty, and how much he may be said to be a child of the Royal Academy — educated in it, its most assiduous student — a former pupil of its President, and a man of the most blameless life, modest and natural manners. These are considerations which lessen any past improbability of the event, although they can hardly diminish the

regret of the just admirers of Mr. Allan's genius and of his many friends. I beg to class myself amongst the former, and to assure you, that, although I am certain that the accession of Mr. Etty to the Institution cannot fail to do it credit, I know that even my own partiality for his merits would not have prevented my voting for Mr. Allan, had equality in numbers called for my decision.

Mr. Chantrey was absent, but sent his nomination for Mr. Allan. Mr. Shee (with the same difficulty that I should have felt still) voted for him.

With the sincerest wishes for your continued health, and the increased fame ensured by it, I have the pleasure, &c.

THOS. LAWRENCE.

Wilkie returned by hurried marches through York to London, hastened home by the unfavourable accounts of Mrs. Wilkie's health. He arrived in Kensington on the 12th of November, too late, however, to witness the last moments of his mother; she died the day before. The following letter to Sir Thomas Lawrence is dated from the house immediately opposite No. 24. Lower Phillimore Place, to which his mother and sister had removed while Wilkie was in the North.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

7. Terrace, Kensington,
20th Nov. 1824.

Dear Sir Thomas,

Your most obliging letter addressed to me in Scotland has followed me here, and as it found me in

a state when the expression of kindness from a friend is most acceptable and consolatory, you will believe me the receipt of it has gratified me much.

Accept my thanks for your friendly explanation of the circumstances of the election at the Royal Academy, in so far as they regarded my friend Allan. My partiality in favour of his claims may, perhaps, at first, have been founded upon my early acquaintance and knowledge of the man; but I feel confident his picture for the next Exhibition will more than justify the predictions of his warmest friends. The late election, however, does him no discredit; the claims of Etty, independent even of those which, as you describe them, recommended him so peculiarly to our Institution, would be formidable to any man; and it looks well for the future prosperity of the Academy that we *can* choose between two such artists. Allow me only farther to remark upon this subject, the pleasure it gives me to learn that the talents of Allan are so favourably regarded by yourself. The opinion of one who, from knowledge and from high rank, is so qualified to judge justly and impartially in such a case, is to me the strongest warrant that can be had of the attainments of an artist.

In reverting to my late visit to Scotland, and to the gratification which I in common with artists from the South experienced there, may I beg to recommend that you should yourself, before long, make a journey to that country. The artists of Edinburgh, to whom I almost took upon me to say that you would come, would feel your visit to that country as an honour paid to their profession.

On leaving Scotland, the last person I parted with was Sir Walter Scott; and one of the last things he said to me was, that I would remember him to Sir Thomas Lawrence. He means, I am happy to say, to be in London next spring; and to see you, as I learnt, is one object of his visit.

It is with much pleasure that I have had it in my power to read in print the Discourse which I with others admired so much last December, upon its delivery in the Royal Academy.

D. W.

Of his journeys and studies, not forgetting the labours of his brethren in art, north as well as south, he gives the following account to the Lord of Coleorton:—

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Dear Sir George, Terrace, Kensington, 28th Dec. 1824.

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last I have made my proposed visit to Scotland, and on my way to the south thought often of your kind request to come to you at Coleorton; but the season was too far advanced, and I was obliged to hurry to London. The last place I visited before my journey south was Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott has completed a most superb château, much in the Flemish style, and, though not suited to the country about it, has got within itself so much comfort and magnificence, and his style of entertaining his friends is so truly baronial, that one can scarcely fancy an instance of wealth or

honours being more happily bestowed. He purposes being in London next spring, and is at present in excellent health.

I have taken possession, since my return to town, of another house, where I have more room than in the former one; but not having occasion to go much from home of late, do not know what is doing among the artists, except from hearsay. The Royal Academy has been thrown into a state of excitement by the resignation of Sir Anthony Carlisle as professor of anatomy. Six candidates have started, of whom Mr. Green and Mr. Charles Bell are the most prominent. Sir Thomas Lawrence has become an author, having published, at the request of the Academy, his Lecture to the Students of last year. This he has probably sent you. He has also converted the two upper stories of his house into a show-room or gallery — large and magnificent — at least 50 feet long.

Our friend Owen remains still suffering the same as for five years past. Collins is engaged with two pictures, one for Mr. Peel, and one for the Duke of Bedford. My friend Allan, of Edinburgh, is painting a most successful picture of The Death of the Regent Murray, which the Duke of Bedford has bought. He is getting it ready for the next Exhibition, but was in great danger of losing it altogether, having been burnt out by the late fire. His picture, however, with other valuables, was got away before the fire could get to his house in the Parliament Square.

D. W.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH OF MRS. WILKIE. — DEATH OF JAMES WILKIE. — VISIT TO CHELTENHAM. — SEVERE ILL HEALTH. — FINISHES HIS PICTURE OF "THE HIGHLAND FAMILY." — GENEROSITY OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT. — RESOLVES TO TRAVEL FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HEALTH. — MR. LISTER ACCOMPANIES HIM. — EXTRACTS FROM MR. LISTER'S JOURNAL. — WILKIE AT PARIS. — PICTURES AT MILAN, AND AT GENOA. — THE CAMPO SANTO. — FLORENCE. — THE FLORENCE GALLERY.

THE year 1824 closed darkly on the social prospects of Wilkie. The health of his brother James had received a shock which soon brought him to the grave: his mother, who, in the language of his native land, loved him like her "tae ee," was removed, after a long illness, from the circle which she brightened by her cheerful temper: his sister was doomed to see the man of her choice, whose bride she was to be on the morrow, drop down and die at her side, after a few short weeks of severe suffering: the commercial embarrassments of the times, which threatened to extinguish all national enterprise, had wound their toils around the fortunes of his younger brother; while, closing the rear of this melancholy file, came the artist himself: his health shaken, and his hopes of independence darkened, if not blighted. To these he alludes in a brief letter to his friend Collins, announcing an additional calamity: —

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R. A.

Dear Collins, Terrace, Kensington, 25th Jan. 1825.

You know the afflictions with which my family have lately been visited, both those which have occurred in my house, and what has happened to my brother in Canada. To-day another sudden and severe affliction has been communicated to me—the death of my elder brother in India, the father of Sophia and D· ·d, and who with them has left a widow and four other children. This took place in August last, in the course of a severe and fatiguing march with his regiment, previous to which he was taken ill; but it was not till after a long march that his complaint assumed a dangerous character.

D. W.

The elder brother, whose death the artist laments, obtained an appointment in the India service through the interest of the Countess of Leven; married a lady, a minister's daughter, from his native district: his son, a David also, when he grew up, received a cadet's commission through the influence of the noble family of Leslie, and holds at this moment a situation of honour, and it is hoped profit, at Lucknow, in the province of Oude.

TO SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

Mr. Wilkie, with his respectful compliments, takes the liberty of forwarding to Sir William Knighton

a set of his etchings, which he does himself the honour of humbly presenting for the collection of the King, should His Majesty be graciously pleased to admit works so inconsiderable into a collection so valuable as that is.

Terrace, Kensington, 14th Feb. 1825.

This hasty note introduces the painter as an engraver; and these specimens of his skill show that he only wanted experience to become eminent in that very different line. The first of these etchings was a group from The Reading of the Will; the second Two Gossips conversing at a Door, with a Dog beside them scratching his ear with his paw; the third represents Two School-boys making what is called the King's Chair with their hands, on which a third is in the act of placing himself; the fourth a Nurse with a Child in her Lap reaching its little hands to take the Mother round the neck, who is stooping to kiss it. The fifth exhibits a Woman seated in an old curious carved hair, with a Child standing on a table at her hand, taking advantage of its position to examine her face and head-gear; and the sixth, for they reach that number, represents Cellini kneeling, with a vessel of curious workmanship in his hands, at the Feet of the Pope. The five former were etched in 1819 and 1820, the latter in 1824: they are remarkable for force and effect, and also for those delicacies of expression which distinguish the other works of Wilkie. His Majesty placed them in his collection, but not without remarking that they reminded him of Rembrandt.

Early in March he listened to the advice of physi-

cians, and went to Cheltenham, from whence he writes to his now sole surviving brother.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Cheltenham, 20th March, 1825.

I get on but slowly here, being able as yet to do but little. I should otherwise feel in good health and enjoy this place; indeed, if I could be entirely idle, there would be very little the matter with me.

We have got into lodgings, partly for cheapness, and partly to be a little quieter than at the hotel.

D. W.

In another letter, of April the 5th, he says, "I drank the waters for fourteen days, but they made me so giddy that leeches had to be put on my head to relieve me. I found, however, more relief from leaving the waters off. Feeling somewhat better, I have been persuaded by Dr. Christie to remain a little longer here." Though suffering, whenever he began to study, he put the finishing touches to his characteristic little picture of The Highland Family, a portrait of what he had seen in the north rather than a work of the fancy, and sent it to the Academy Exhibition. The natural force of the expression and colour pleased all who saw it; and no one, including the Earl of Essex for whom it was painted, imagined it to be the work of a man suffering mentally and bodily. His steadfast friend, Sir George Beaumont, in a manner which enhanced the worth of the gift, sent him a hundred pounds, not as an instalment for

a picture which he wished him to paint on recovery, but as if he felt indebted to that amount from the daily increasing worth of the works he had painted for him. This delicate touch of friendship affected Wilkie deeply: he had now returned to the Terrace, but without amendment in health, from whence he wrote, with much effort, the following short and affecting letter.

TO SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Dear Sir George, 7. Terrace, Kensington, 20th July, 1825.

Your most kind letter, enclosing 100*l.*, has duly come to hand. This you present to me with so much delicacy, that I know not how I can refuse it. As the gift, therefore (however undeserved), of one of my earliest and best friends, I accept of it with warmest thanks; and, although my present infirmities prevent my attempting to express in so suitable a manner the feelings your noble gift and the kind language of your letter suggests to me, be assured, after so many depressing events, this mark of your friendship cheers me much, and will, I hope, be the forerunner, as your kindness on a former occasion, of better health and better times.

With high esteem, dear Sir,
Yours, most faithfully,
DAVID WILKIE.

Physicians and friends were undecided in opinion about the previous nature of Wilkie's malady; but all agreed that change of air, and more particularly

change of scene, might be beneficial, and could do no harm. To keep him from professional study, when his palette and pencils were within reach, had been found all but impossible. While a picture occupied his easel, he always, as he passed and repassed, saw something wanting to be done; the work of a minute brought on that of an hour, an hour lengthened into a day; while, worse than all, the pictures for which he had commissions dwelt on his mind, and he felt that he was in danger of losing that tide in the affairs of man which, taken in the flood, leads on to fame and fortune. He loved to look at sketch after sketch of works which he had conceived, and arrange them before him; but before he had dwelt on them for half an hour, he complained that the groups, which before were pictured out in his mind's eye, became gradually thin and undefined, and that a haze or mist seemed to creep over the lightest landscape. With Newton, an American artist of great talent, and an excellent talker, Wilkie set out for Paris by the way of Rouen, where he arrived on the 25th of July. He suffered a little from sickness at sea, and from the heat of the sun by land, but not more, he wrote to his brother Thomas, than on other occasions; and Newton, he confesses, made the journey very pleasant. He was now joined by his cousin, David Lister, who, to skill in medicine obtained in the College of Edinburgh, added a taste for the arts and literature of Italy; a sense of the peculiar genius of his cousin, and those agreeable and accommodating manners, the offspring of nature and reflection. All this, and more, is sufficiently manifest in a Journal which he

kept of the sights and incidents of his journey, which, as it intimates the condition of Wilkie's health from time to time, will supply the narrative with what all will take an interest in, who knew the great artist, or admired his genius—the singular state of his health.

"*Paris, July* 26th," says Mr. Lister,—"I received a note this morning from Mr. Wilkie, intimating his arrival. I went, and found him looking well, and with few marks of suffering, though he has still his complaint, which occasions him much uneasiness and occupies his thoughts. Went to the Louvre, where we met his travelling companion, Newton, together with Washington Irving. Received from Mr. Wilkie circular notes from Coutts's bank in London, to the amount of 100*l.*, though he had only received 50*l.* by remittance from my father,—a kindness I appreciate.—28th, Mr. Wilkie called on me, and went to the Louvre, where we met some of his acquaintances, and one lad actually come from Cupar, making drawings. Saw my cousin again in the evening, when Bennet the physician called, who was very decided as to the means to be adopted, and the impropriety of travelling. His opinions, so different from those given by the physicians of London, will require good and convincing reasons before they can be listened to.—29th, Called on Washington Irving, who was concerned to hear that Bennet was so decided in his opinion; and was quite at a loss to know what course to recommend.—30th, Called on Bennet to speak about Wilkie, but said nothing

of the severe and calamitous events which have of late harassed his mind, and which may make him alter his opinion. —30th, Had quite a levee of gentlemen calling, among whom were Newton, and Washington Irving and his brother. —*August* 1st, Called on Mr. Wilkie: saw Mr. Bennet with him, who received permission to see his medical advisers in London, and send him the result of the consultation. He departed furnished with letters to Dr. Darling and others."

But Wilkie, who knew perhaps better than the physicians the complaint which had oppressed him, had resolved to try the mountain air of Switzerland, and the equally genial climate of Italy; where, to tread in the footsteps of the chief masters of art, inhale the air they breathed beneath their own clear skies, and, above all, muse over their works, of the divinity of which he had hitherto seen but glimpses, had long been his wish and desire. There he hoped to regain his usual serenity of mind and composure of spirit; penetrate, if possible, into some of the hidden mysteries of colour; and see with his own eyes whether books or travellers reported aright of those miracle-workers in marble and in colours. His letters the state of his health rendered short.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Paris, 1st Aug 1825.

The heat has been here, for some days, as great as it was in London before we started. This must stop me till it abates. David Lister and I have been

making inquiries about a conveyance to Switzerland: a voiturier can take us there in eight days, stopping every night.

I have seen various people, French and English. The artists are disposed to show Newton and myself much attention. We have had a note from Gerard, and have seen a good deal of Washington Irving and Mr. Kenny.

D. W.

"*August* 6th. Accompanied Wilkie," says Mr. Lister, in his Journal, "to dine with Talma, and enjoyed extremely the company of this extraordinary man, as well as the neatness and sort of eccentricity displayed in the furniture and appearance of his house. The company was pleasant, and his sister, a very clever intelligent woman, delighted me by her lively sallies, for she spoke English like a native. Owing to Mr. Wilkie's fear of excitement and fatigue we took our departure before the arrival of Mademoiselle Mars, who was looked for every minute.—7th, At Mr. Bennet's request applied leeches to each of Mr. Wilkie's feet: they bled well.—8th, Mr. Wilkie complains of weakness, and of the same results from bleeding as formerly, when it was done at Cheltenham,—depriving him of the power of directing his attention to one object for any length of time. Rather in low spirits, and much inclined to contravene the orders of Bennet, and recommence the old course of treatment, as not the slightest benefit has been derived from the vegetable diet, and it has now been tried for ten days.—10th, 11th, 12th, Have con-

stantly attended these three days on Mr. Wilkie; he still continues to suffer: our expedition for the present is delayed.—13th, 14th, 15th, Read to Wilkie 'The Betrothed,' the last work of Sir Walter Scott: we were astonished with the variety of his invention.—16th, 17th, Spent these days with Wilkie at his lodging in the Rue Mont-Blanc. Few things can be more disheartening than a sick room, to any one who feels for the sufferings of others; more especially when the restrictions imposed are perplexing or dubious. I trust the medical consultation, when it comes, will not be in such language as to render the meaning dark or ambiguous." Wilkie's own sentiments correspond with those of his cousin: the medical treatment of Paris, though very different from that of London, made no impression on a disorder which had its seat where medicine could not reach.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Paris, 19th Aug. 1825.

No new symptoms have occurred in my complaint since I left London, and I only called in a doctor from the uncertainty in which I was left by the medical advice I had received before I started. The regimen of abstinence and rest I have now tried for a fortnight; and my head, which scarcely anything had benefited, appears a little relieved. The heat has greatly gone, and the washings to keep it cool are now scarcely necessary. I can read much longer than I could before this was tried. I am, however, very diffident of much improvement. If nothing is

gained, I will discontinue the system, and set off at once for Switzerland; but if I find any benefit, I shall remain a little longer here to give it a further trial.

In the mean time I have every thing that can be wished. I do not visit much, as my object is quietness; but I might be out, from the kindness of friends, French as well as English, as often as I pleased.

Mr. Phillips has written to me, and I have written to him at Boulogne, in reply; but as he does not touch at Paris, I shall perhaps miss him altogether.

D. W.

With Phillips, the painter, in whose taste he had sympathy, and on whose learning in the arts he leaned, the meeting, and an agreeable one it was, which Wilkie desired in France, took place in Italy. As the effects—and they were of an injurious nature—of the bleeding of the feet began to abate, the artist's desire to travel towards Italy was revived, and he only waited till the fever-heat of the sun should lessen, to be gone. His constant as well as courteous friend, Sir Thomas Lawrence, at this time on a professional visit to Paris, strove, but in vain, to keep him, for his heart was set on Italy. A letter to his sister speaks in his usual tranquil tone:—

TO MISS WILKIE.

Paris, 22d Aug. 1825.

We still remain here trying experiments; not that much advantage is gained, and our journey to Switzerland and Italy is delayed by it; the more vex-

ing, as the weather remains fine, and as all the London medical people urged travelling as the best of remedies. David Lister is with me from morning to night, and has agreed, most cheerfully, to travel with me across the Alps. We have seen a great number of people here; and if I were not on the invalid list, would find here no want of society or amusement. We get as much among French people as we can, and are becoming every day more and more familiar with the language. Our first visit was to a family where we were introduced by M. Auguste to Monsieur and Madame Houtbourt. What interested me in this acquaintance was, that Madame is distinguished as an artist in the same line with myself. It was at their house we met with Talma, and where we had a most elegant entertainment completely in the French manner. Talma was in great glee, discoursed much upon his profession, and was both interesting and entertaining. As I addressed him always in English, we soon became great friends; and much of his discourse was directed towards me. Considering the subjects and people he talked about, and his own good hearty way of communicating his knowledge, I have seldom been more pleased with any man than with him.

Sir Thomas Lawrence is here. He has come, it seems, to paint the portrait of the King. He urges me much to remain in Paris, and continue the system I have found beneficial. Washington Irving also is most zealous that I should persist.

Two days ago I met with a Dr. Wilson, an acquaintance of the Baillies, who thinks I might travel

without any risk; but, at the same time, thinks that I might repeat the leeches on my feet with benefit. In this case, I may be induced to remain here somewhat longer; but I regret detaining David, though he enjoys himself much, and seems pleased to remain.

D. W.

Paris had many attractions from which Wilkie seemed loth to depart: he was scarcely yet in a condition to travel.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Paris, 29th Aug. 1825.

I have now been a month in Paris, have been under the doctor's hands, living on low diet, and kept within doors much more than I could have wished, though the hot weather almost prevented travelling. I believe I am somewhat better of the regimen, at least the people about me try to persuade me that I am. We therefore now consider about starting, and hope, in the course of a week, to be away from Paris.

I have been about a good deal in French society. Dined, with Newton and Irving, at the Baron Gerard's, at his country house at Auteill, where were the Baron Humboldt, Madame Pasta, and other distinguished people. The house and grounds are fine, the entertainment splendid; and as my ear is now more accustomed to French, I was as much gratified as I have ever been at any place; the attention of the Baron and Madame Gerard to us was particularly marked. Sir Thomas Lawrence is here, and has

made some little stir and talk amongst us: he has had a sitting of his Catholic Majesty at St. Cloud.

My head is less uneasy; I can read more and can write more.

August 30th.

Yesterday Mr. Dawson Turner arrived; and we have had some grand discussions, whether I should join him or not. He says he will travel just as we please, in whatever way and at whatever time, and seems to think, as I do, that travelling will do me good rather than harm. But here, as at Cheltenham and London, there are such opposite medical opinions on my case, that I am as much perplexed as ever; and the more medical people I see, it is the worse. My own experience tells me that travelling has never as yet done me any harm—one and all of the London doctors ordered it as a means of cure. But a party of the medical people here urge that, being benefited by the treatment here, I ought to remain, and that the fatigue of travelling is the worst thing in the world. These discussions are carried on with a warmth, both by people medical and not medical, that would surprise any one who had not heard them again and again, as I have done, at Cheltenham and London. In the mean time the heat is the only thing I dread, which continues here in a great degree, and must prevent me for the present from coming to any determination; but David or I will write before we start.

D. W.

The Journal of Mr. Lister at this date has the following entry: "Mr. Dawson Turner at first doubted

the propriety of Wilkie's travelling; but, observing that he was resolute to go, said he was quite at his service for thirty, or forty, or fifty miles a day. When the time came, however, he discovered that Wilkie was unfit for travelling, and disliked the responsibility of being his companion." From the artist himself the cause of this change of mind was in tenderness concealed. The attentions paid to him by the men of genius in Paris, Wilkie ever remembered with pleasure: the star of the Legion of Honour, which he saw at the button-hole of Lawrence, was in a later day decreed to himself; but he did not live to wear it, or even to know that it had been bestowed.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Paris, 1st Sept. 1825.

We have now agreed, after many consultations with doctors and no doctors, to proceed on our journey to Rome. Mr. Dawson Turner, Mr. Wood, and I start in a carriage which we hire, and proceed post to Geneva. David Lister (as much by his own choice as ours) proceeds by diligence for the same place; his mode having this advantage, that it will be two-thirds cheaper than ours, though, to avoid fatigue and to be able to travel or to stop as we like, is the reason I prefer posting with the other gentlemen.

At Geneva we are to make what further arrangements we can. I may probably remain with David in Switzerland for some time, or go on with Mr. Turner as we see best.

At present our acquaintance both French and English in Paris has greatly increased, so that I am much exposed to talk and to be talked to. I was yesterday four hours in the Louvre, and was assailed by so many people, that I came home quite exhausted. They have found out here that travelling is bad for me; but talking is a great deal worse. Sir Thomas I saw yesterday: he had in his button-hole the order of the Legion of Honour, and said he had had another sitting of the King the day before.

In case you see Mr. R. Jenkinson, say that Lord Granville has shown me every attention, more indeed than my state admitted of. He asked me to dine, to meet Baron Gerard; but I was confined to my room, and could not go. I am happy that you called on Mrs. Liston. Talma mentioned her husband, as well as Mr. Mathews, with great kindness, having seen both at his house in Paris. Mr. Turner took me to call on the Duke of Hamilton, who was kind, and seemed to wish much to assist us with letters to Rome.

Sept. 2d.

Since writing the above, we have determined to join Mr. Phillips at Milan, and have agreed that he should set out at once, and leave us to proceed as we can. David and I have accordingly been to a voiturier to take us to Geneva; and as soon as he can get his complement of passengers we start. We are to travel at the rate of forty miles a day.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Paris, 5th Sept. 1825.

We have just determined on starting to-morrow from Paris at 8 o'clock, with a party consisting of a Mr. Hammond, a young invalid, with his mother, sister, and servant, who go to Geneva by easy stages, slower than we wish, but they are the only party now offering. You may direct, therefore, Poste-restante, Lausanne.

Newton is still here. He has been on an excursion with Irving; but, after the illness he had, he still complains, and wishes to get back to London.

I am happy to find that Burnet's plate takes so well. I saw a letter here, stating that the proofs are disposed of, and that those before the letters are raised from six to eight guineas, or, better still, raised to eight guineas to the trade.

D. W.

On the 6th of September, Wilkie bade farewell to Paris, with all its enchantments, and turned his face towards Switzerland. The fame of his Reading the Will both preceded and accompanied him; the picture was placed in the royal gallery of the King of Bavaria; and the engraving from the burin of Burnet was not well issued till the demand became too strong for the supply, and the price rose from six guineas to eight. Of the esteem in which this fine work was held, the artist had farther proof on his journey. He was cheered with the sight of the fine country

through which he passed — the variety of slopes and levels, the cultivated fields and natural woods, and their abundance of fruits and flowers: nor was he without adventures, one of which he has recorded in a letter to his brother.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Dole, 16th Sept. 1825.

Our journey hither has been favourable, and also full of adventures. We are within thirty leagues of Geneva, which we expect to reach on Sunday the 18th. My health has not suffered in the least; we travel about fifteen leagues a day, stopping in the middle of the day to breakfast and to rest the horses, which go with us all the way from Paris to Geneva. If I could recount our adventures, they would fill many pages. One was remarkable. We supped at Avallon with a party of four Frenchmen, travellers on their way to Paris. They were very polite to us, but in the course of supper got into an animated dispute about a horse, when, to our surprise, one of the disputants, who sat by me, got up and threw a tumbler of wine at the head of his antagonist, who had just applied to him in argument the term *bête*. They would have instantly grappled had the rest of the party not interfered, when they both agreed to go on with the supper, during which they talked with us and with their own party about indifferent subjects, though still under much suppressed agitation. After supper we left them. On our entering our *voiteur* the next morning, two of them passed us and spoke to us.

They had two swords with them, and from a significant nod one of them gave, he was evidently going down the yard of the hotel to meet his antagonist at that early hour. We started on our journey, and about midday our conductor spoke in at the window to tell us he had just learnt from a postillion that the two gentlemen had fought, that the one who had thrown the glass was wounded, but that the other who had called him *bête* was killed!! This shocked us much, and made us regret that we could not have tried to prevent it. I spoke indeed at the time; but the apathy of the people in the house rendered it quite absurd. The conducteur spoke of it as a matter of course, and when we talked of our being sent after and stopped as witnesses by the police (which would have been the case in England), he assured us that no inquiry would be made about it either by the police or by any one else.

D. W.

The adventures thicken, while the varied beauty of the scenery increases, as the artist proceeds.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Champagnolle on the Jura, 17th Sept. 1825.

I write this from an inn at a village in the Jura mountains. Our journey from Paris has been one of the most singular kind; our party has not assorted well together, and all has been speculation and mystery. One of the party, a young servant girl from

Yorkshire, accompanying a colonel in the army, who had undertaken to get a place for her in a family at Geneva, appeared soon to get on such bad terms with her protector, that they came to an open rupture, and the colonel was obliged to send her back from Dijon by the diligence to Paris, after having paid her place to Geneva. This is to us a mystery; but we have kept free from their squabbles.

The country we have passed through is in places very fine. The vintage has begun; we have seen the people in the fields gathering the grapes into barrels, which, however luxuriant, is not so gay a scene as our own harvest-field in Scotland. We have also seen the wine-press in the barn at work with the real juice of the grape, which, however elegant and refined it may appear at an English table, looked in its original manufacture any thing but inviting.

Geneva, 19th Sept.

After travelling all day over the Jura mountains, we came last night to a village on the brow of their summit, in sight of the Alps and the Lake of Geneva. Here we stopped for the night, at a height to which the top of the Lomond Hills is nothing—more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The house was large and very comfortable.

This morning, before six, we got out to see the view. This is the finest in the world: the lake lay like a great sea spread out before us. We saw the mountains of Savoy beyond touching the clouds, and at the east end of the lake—what I had not seen before—the sun rising in all his glory above

the Swiss Alps. As we moved on we looked earnestly to distinguish Mont Blanc; and to our surprise, as our eye got to that part of the range, we found its white top soaring majestically above the strata of clouds into which the highest part only of the others had been able to immerse their heads.

20th Sept.

Geneva is situated in that part of the lake where the Rhone emerges from it in its rapid course towards Lyons. It is less unlike what I have seen before than I expected, reminding me of the towns of France, of Holland, and even of Scotland. The people are busy with trade, and are industrious; but we were disappointed in not seeing the common people in Swiss dresses.

D. W.

P.S. You will expect me to say something about my health. I do not know that I am better; but to be able to write a letter of this length, is something more than I could have done a few months ago. In Paris an idea was started that travelling would injure me; and you cannot think with what obstinacy Newton and Irving persisted in it to the last. This journey has proved to the contrary; indeed, so liable was I to be talked to in Paris, and to have disputations on the subject, that it has relieved me to be out of it; and during the journey my head has been easier, from the cessation of talk, than it has ever been since I was taken ill.

Sir Thomas Lawrence called on me the night before I started, and sat full an hour with me; during

which time we were joined by Raimbach and some French artists,—quite a levee.

The illness of Wilkie gradually gave way to the impulse communicated by fresh sights, free air, and by the revival of hope in his own heart. A letter to his brother from Geneva shows how much it had puzzled very skilful men.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Geneva, 22d Sept. 1825.

Your letter detailing your interview with Dr. Darling stated exactly what I had anticipated. He has been perhaps rather backward throughout in admitting of consultations, considering that there was not a time that I saw him that we had not a dispute as to the state of my complaint, which he seemed always disposed to underrate. Whatever he may say about my seeing Halford and Ash without his being present, he cannot deny that I was under his treatment for five months, and to my own belief, as I often told him, not one bit better. My hope, however, is still that his treatment was right, and that the event may yet show it.

D. W.

TO SIR T. LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Vevay, 28th Sept. 1825.

You were pleased to express a wish to hear from me on my journey, which I have thus far proceeded in, in a desultory way, wishing only that I

had seen this fine country under happier circumstances. We resume our progress to cross the Alps to-morrow; and as my complaint appears less influenced by bodily than mental fatigue, the effort of travelling is not inconvenient to me, and Italy and all her promises are still before me. Believe me, that dull as my late visit to Paris was to me, I was yet much gratified in meeting you there; and be assured of my best wishes upon the happy occasion which, both for the arts of our country as well as for yourself has brought you at present to that capital.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Vevay, 29th Sept. 1825.

This is the richest of all the cantons. We have been into some of the villages; the houses are most delightful and large, containing every thing under one roof. Below are the stable, byres, and cellars; above, the barns and dwelling-houses both for masters and servants; and above these, under an immense roof, is the wood for winter-fuel, with the corn, hay, and other agricultural produce for the whole year. The whole is a sort of Noah's Ark, or a garrison supplied for a winter's siege, that seems to bid defiance to every kind of tempest and every kind of want. They are subject, however, to the inconvenience of close air and inexterminable vermin, such as rats and mice: but one can conceive in the long and dreary winter nights much comfort in such dwellings. The Swiss peasant is, without doubt, the

most independent and the most happy cottager in the world.

Of the Swiss costume we saw at the weekly market at Vevay many specimens from the neighbouring country. It is like what you have seen in books, though more real, and fit for every-day use. It is very picturesque and comfortable; and it is in the females chiefly that it is distinct from our own. The men, except in the white straw-hat or night-cap, are much the same as in England. One circumstance reminded me of Scotland. In walking along the road, every one expects you to notice him, and to say *bon jour*. They always touch their hat to you, and are most ready to draw you into conversation. After all, it is the country, the vast mountains, that are wonderful, and the most difficult to describe.

Milan, 3d Oct.

Our descent from the Simplon was rapid; but a thick mist concealed the mountains, and took away all interest from a part of our route. At last, however, we found ourselves driving rapidly with the drag-chain down the hollow of a deep ravine, and, turning a corner, were at once immersed in a long dark gallery, hewn out of the rock. This passed, and again into open day, the road began to narrow; and, with high perpendicular rocks, wide enough only for the raging torrent on each side, it seemed to descend into the very heart of the mountain. Here seemed hurried together the fragments and refuse of an unfinished creation. Our progress throughout seemed threatened with interruptions, dark clouds, and mist, with huge and ill-supported stones and waterfalls.

But the road, with its parapeted ledging, continued smooth and commodious: and while we were whirled on from precipice to precipice, crossing at an awful height the raging chasm, and driving through a tunnel that pierced a dark obtruding rock on the other side, we were carried along for about three leagues through a scene which, for obstacles overcome, seems to exceed all that human industry has yet accomplished; and perhaps, as an evidence of power, is greater than anything else that Napoleon has left behind.

On emerging from these dark recesses, the country began to open into a valley that led to the Lake Maggiore. An entire change of scene showed us we were now in Italy: the richly clothed hills, the simplicity of the architecture of the churches and houses, resembling the pictures of the Italian masters, seemed to realise a land of fancy and imagination. The whole looked like the richest part of England, set off with buildings of the most poetical kind.

D. W.

The next step which Wilkie takes is on enchanted ground: he is now about to enter the dominions of Painting, Poetry, and Sculpture; see with his own eyes the footprints of the children of Anak, and witness the stature to which they grew. In no other country than Italy have the fine arts admitted so much of the heroism of history, the fervent beauty of poetry, or the divine grandeur of religion, into either their shape or their sentiment. They borrowed, indeed, their geometric unity and grace of proportion from the antique; but their god-

like and inspired look they inherited from Christianity: and the happy union has lifted the arts of Italy above those of all other nations. The architecture of the Italians, though not so pure as their painting, nor speaking with so inspired a tongue as their sculpture, has such an air of Roman stability and colossal grandeur about it, as places it in the same rank: and this becomes visible as soon as Italy is entered by the way of Milan. Much of what Wilkie felt and saw he has scattered through his letters, but he seems to have reserved his remarks on the principal pictures of the galleries for the pages of a Journal which he began to keep as soon as he arrived in Italy. He reached Milan with the famè of its school in his mind; he inquired after the works of the early masters,—for he desired to go to the fountain as well as to the stream,—and spoke of Foppa, who flourished in 1400, and the pictures of Bramante, of which the masterpiece was the Saint Sebastian: but his chief wish was to see, as he said, Leonardo da Vinci, who prepared the world for Raphael, who brought true light and shade to composition, added divine beauty of form and sentiment to scriptural painting, and taught Art to be at once faithful and sublime.

Journal, 1825.

Milan, Oct. 5th. Visited the Dominican Convent. The Last Supper is more decayed than I expected to find it. The Christ's head the most perfect, which in expression, though not in character, is beautiful. Of the original tone of colour no idea can be formed:

it has no resemblance to oil paint, except on the table-cloth, which appears a modern restoration. Back-ground and floor of the picture almost entirely gone, and draperies bear no resemblance to the copy of Marco d' Oggione, except a tinge of the blue, red, or yellow, mitigated to a sort of hoar-frost that still exists in full force in that representation of the ancient state of the picture. It is said to be painted neither in oil nor fresco, but proved, by some one in trying to transfer it from the wall, to be distemper. On comparing Marco's copy with another copy in the Academy here, his is greatly preferable, and probably the only representation in existence worthy of the original picture.

Saw various pictures in fresco by Luini, extremely beautiful in expression and elegant character. In the Musée, his pictures, with those of Ferrara, in fresco, appeared to me finer than any by the other later and more accomplished masters. The School of Athens, a cartoon in chalk by Raphael, appeared very fine. This was in the Ambrosian Library, and, with one or two drawings by L. da Vinci, was the only thing of consequence they had to show in that place.

Genoa, Oct. 10th. Saw to-day, at the Church of St. Stephano, the altar-piece (for a time in the Louvre) by Giulio Romano, though said to have been begun after a design by M. Angelo. A picture of great expression, the lower group composed with much perspective power: all powerfully drawn, and the heads with most earnest expression.

Church of St. Ambrose. Altar-piece by Rubens, *Assumption of the Virgin*, somewhat gross and want-

ing clearness; making it, perhaps for want of varnish, clear in the shadows. Another picture by Rubens, left-hand altar, extremely brilliant: a priest with figures kneeling; a woman standing with a child, finely painted: the picture altogether the most forcible I have seen in this country.

Assumption of the Virgin, by Guido (right-hand altar). Character of the Virgin beautiful, and heads of the Apostles fine: but the effect cold compared with Rubens; the light too much confined to the top of the picture.

Durazzo Palace. Pictures of little or no value, except the Paul Veronese, framed as a panel in a room, *Mary Magdalen anointing the Feet of Christ.* Painted with great facility; appears scarcely even varnished. Two female figures finely painted. This picture has no appearance of glazing upon it, and scarcely any of transparent colour; has much the look of distemper, though with that richness that belongs only to oil. With all this, the shadows look a little opaque and black; yet still it struck me as a fine picture of the master.

Church of Carignano. Pictures of Guercino, Procaccini, and Carlo Maratti; but not of much consequence.

Wilkie forgot not, as he passed through Genoa, that she formerly excelled in arts as well as arms; that Perino del Vaga, when driven from Rome by the Constable Bourbon, found shelter here, and painted The Wars of the Giants with the Gods—a work of great force and freedom; and that Paggi, a native of the

place, painted, in competition with Rubens, a Murder of the Innocents, regarded as a sublime performance.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Genoa, 9th Oct. 1825.

Milan was the first Italian town we saw. The houses surprised us by their stately magnificence; the hotels look like palaces, with colonnades and corridors outside, and the rooms within ornamented with fresco paintings and arabesques; but withal neither clean nor comfortable.

The great lion is the Duomo or Cathedral, built entirely of white marble in the Gothic style, but so large as to be reckoned the third church in Europe, St. Peter's and St. Paul's being the first and second. We went to the top gallery, said to be 600 feet high, where we saw the country round, from the Alps to the Apennines, to great advantage. We visited various of the churches, all nearly filled with pictures, but many very inferior. What interested me most was the celebrated Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, in the refectory of the Dominican convent. This is a wreck, but, being all that remains of the far-famed original, and having the best copy of it in our own possession at the Royal Academy, I went twice to examine it with attention. I also saw, in the Musée or Gallery, works of all the Italian masters, but was less satisfied with them than with some frescoes of the early masters, which detract from the more renowned that followed, by showing how much was done before them. Milan, however, does not present much for the artist;

but with the place itself we were, upon the whole, much satisfied.

At Novi we were taken to see a small convent. The outer gate was somewhat primitive and solitary. We pulled at the bell several successive times; but, no one answering, one of our party gave a continued ring for some seconds, which was soon followed by a howl from within, like that of a lion roused from his den. The door was quickly opened, when a figure very unsuitable to the sacredness of the place made his appearance. He was a great stout fellow, very much like one of our London coal-heavers: he began by scolding the whole of us for our unmannerly intrusion; but, on being asked to show us an esteemed picture in the chapel, his rebuke relaxed into a most jocular and roguish smile, and we were conducted through passages and cloisters that were made to resound with his merriment and with the laughter which his jokes occasioned among our companions. In this manner he led us into the chapel, and, except in taking off a dirty scull-cap, and making a sudden obeisance as we passed the shrine of the saint, the founder of his order, his manner was altogether of the most irreverent kind. The entrance of the superior of the convent—a respectable and even gentleman-like person, in the complete habit of a monk—seemed to be some check upon his ribaldry, and we were shown the picture in question (it is a copy) by the reverend father, who spoke French, with great decorum and civility. This person, being almost the first we had seen, seemed to realise all that we had read or heard of in the head of a religious order, and

did much in counteracting the impression made by his jolly precursor. After showing and explaining all that was curious in the chapel, and bowing as he passed and repassed the shrine of the founder, the worthy superior showed us back to the entrance, and took leave of us with great show of kindness. We then learned that our first acquaintance was the cuisinier of the establishment, which clearly showed us, that, however austere might be the order in other respects, anything like abstinence in eating and drinking did not, from the cuisinier's condition, appear to be one of them.

Pisa, 15th Oct.

Arrived to-day, after a journey of three days and a half from Genoa. The Carrara marbles were near one part of the route, but we had not time to see them. The road has, however, from first to last, been most splendid in point of scenery. We have been to see the celebrated Campo Santo, where are the frescoes of the early Italian masters, some of which are so rude as to resemble the drawings of the Hindoos and the Chinese, but are rendered sacred by the foundation they seem to have laid for the great works which have followed, which, though surpassing them far, still bear a resemblance to them. The cathedral we have also seen, and that wonder of wonders, the leaning tower. This tower has doubtless been built perpendicular; this is proved by the slight rends which the settlement of its base has made on the stones of which the tower is built.

You will, I am sure, be desirous to know about my health. Though a daily object of attention with me,

I have nothing more to say. They tell me here that I never looked better. The fatigue of the journey, or that of walking up hill, or to the top of spires of churches, has no effect upon me. I feel as stout as ever; but still all the symptoms remain the same. Reading, writing, or any sort of study, except a little at a time, produces weariness and pain, the same as when in London. This has now lasted eight months; and yet, if now examined by a London physician, I should have only the same symptoms to describe. I take medicines as often as I think necessary, and at Milan put on a few leeches, though more in compliance with the injunction of Sir Henry Halford (six weeks having passed since the last application), than from any appearance of necessity. Little effect was produced by them.

D. W.

Wilkie had many opportunities of comparing the present degraded aspect of Italy with the poetic and historic creations of the Raphaels and Michael Angelos of the land, and of exclaiming with Moore, "What an impostor genius is!" But though those great artists lifted the apocryphal saints and questionable patriots of Italy among the gods, it cannot be denied that the men of their day had still a rag of the Roman toga on their backs, and broken sandals on their feet, and had something of the port of the old republic to justify the flattery. They believed, too, in the truth of the legends to which they lent the charms of their pencil; and this was not lessened when they beheld the multitude adoring in proces-

sions, or adoring on their knees, the offspring of the chisel or the pencil. This gave an impulse in those days to the creations of art, which has long since subsided. There are no miracles wrought at Rome now, either at the altar or the easel.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Pisa, Oct. 15th. From having the prints of the Campo Santo, I felt much interest in seeing the originals. Found many of them more damaged than I expected. Those of Giotto most curious, resembling, in rudeness of colour, of drawing, of perspective, and even of composition, the drawings of the Chinese and Hindoos. The stiffness of the figures, the huddling together of the buildings, but particularly the formality of the trees, rocks, and mountains, seem to ally them completely to that stage of the art. As they advance, however, greater elegance and freedom are observed. In some, even the most extravagant freaks of the imagination, discovering a kindred resemblance to the great works that followed, and in some instances thoughts and fancies that may have prompted the happiest efforts of Raphael and Michael Angelo. The building of the Campo Santo, as a church, very beautiful.

In the Cathedral saw four upright pictures by Andrea del Sarto, in colour and feeling, particularly a St. Catherine, beautiful. Around the church were large pictures, more modern, of the last century; subjects legendary rather than scriptural: in most of them, though in oil, a chalky whiteness with gaudy yet feeble colouring; and a want of richness in the

shadows prevails, indicating the decline of art in colouring; in the same way that their choice of subject shows a want of enthusiasm in the faith they intend to illustrate.

Wilkie saw in Cimabue and Giotto all the stiff and formal groupings of early art, and but little of the majestic simplicity recorded by their Italian admirers. Painting, in their hands, failed in the air of ease and freedom essential to art: holy virgins sat for the portraits as rigid as corpses, and the choicest saints of the calendar came to the easel with aspects of iron; but, when Art left Pisa and came to Florence, she came freed by science and study from the fetters of ignorance, and walked in beauty and in majesty in the company of Da Vinci and Angelo, Florentines both. The miracles which she wrought, influenced by those magicians, are recorded by Wilkie with an enthusiasm which never forgets that, to be clear and simple, is graceful in composition, whether of the pencil or the pen.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Florence, 20th Oct. 1825.

We went to-day to see the Florence Gallery. Were greatly delighted with both pictures and statues. Here we saw numbers of English, among others Mr. Page and the Misses Page from Woodbridge. We went all over the Gallery; saw the Venus de Medicis, with the Fornarina of Raphael; many of the works of Titian, Correggio, and Leonardo, with the

whole group of the Niobe, and the bronzes of John de Bologna and Benvenuto Cellini. Mr. Page tells me that he saw Phillips and Hilton about a week ago at Venice; so, in fact, for all the haste they have made, we have got before them to Florence. They will, I suppose, be here shortly.

Florence is a fine picturesque old city. The houses are magnificent, and the streets are ornamented in various places with statues of marble and bronze. Our hotel looks over the Arno, on the other side of which the town rises on a hill surmounted with convents, palaces, and spires, quite in the Italian taste. The Italian people differ less from our own in their costume than I expected; indeed, there is not one in ten that might not be seen in London without being known as a foreigner. As a people we think them inferior to our own; the women are not handsome, and are of mean stature, and none here are equal to the ladies we meet with—English travellers. Here we see no Italian society,—the English form a coterie among themselves, and there are numbers of boarding-houses on purpose for them. Our route from Leghorn passed along the banks of the Arno, a name which one associates with everything poetical; but how it falls short of this! it is now half-dried up, with scarcely a current of green muddy water. On its banks are the pine, the grape, and the olive,—but all stunted shrubs. A full-grown tree, like those in Hyde Park, is not to be seen in the whole line of the river. The houses, therefore, have no shelter, nor are they variegated to the eye by foliage and vegetation; and even the verdure of green fields, rich

as the country is in other produce, is here unknown. The sky here is also different from ours: it is of a clearer blue, and for weeks we see it without a cloud; which, fine as it at first appears, is tiresome, and presents not half the interest and beauty to the eye that one finds in the unsettled, showery, and muddy skies of England.

Since coming to Florence, however, the weather has changed. The rains have set in, and it is now raw and cold, and not much better than London in a November fog. As one accompaniment, too, to a warmer climate, we have found the mosquito in active force and strength. The beds are covered with a thin gauze curtain, that lets down over you; but scarce anything excludes them, and we have suffered considerably from this little active enemy.

22d October.

We went to-day to see the Wax Works representing the dissections of the human body. This, with the Museum that accompanies it, is very interesting; but those pieces I have so often heard mentioned, that represent human bodies with the effects of the plague upon them, disappointed us,—being done on a very small scale, and not, as Mrs. Radcliffe represents them, the size of nature. We went afterwards to the Gallery of Pictures. This is the great lounge for the English.

I have been consulting here Dr. Peebles, a great friend of Mr. Crokat's; he wishes me to restrict myself in diet, as much as not to get weakened by it, thinking me rather too full in the habit. I have also met with an artist I knew ten years ago in London, who

says I am remarkably stout-looking compared with what I was then. Indeed, as long as I do not get worse, I shall believe myself in a progress towards getting better: at the same time I take every precaution.

I can do nothing here in the way of making studies; but since I arrived in Italy I feel much less the loss of time.

D. W.

I wish Thomas and you to keep the letters I send you, in case I should wish to refer to them afterwards.

At Florence he was joined by his friend Phillips, and also by William Hilton, an artist who exhausted a too short life in the science of the poetry of his art. He was a modest, almost a silent, man: his conceptions were high and noble: of all our poets he loved Spenser best, and in the calm equable flight of his genius he resembled if he did not equal him. With these two brethren in art Wilkie loved to converse; and they have all, in their turns, confessed that on whatever subject they commenced, they concluded with Painting.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Florence Gallery, Oct. 20th. The Venus de Medicis, though shattered and repaired in various places, looked very imposing in this her original situation. Sweetness and prettiness form much of the attraction of the figure; perhaps even the gloss or polish on the surface of the marble contributes to give a beauty beyond

what the casts or other copies in marble appear to possess. The Knife Grinder, The Fighting Boys, The Dancing Fawn, and The little Apollo, are the accompanying figures; but all seem to suffer in the comparison. The Fornarina of Raphael represents a woman not over handsome; but, from the management of the eyes and the mouth by the painter, is made in the highest degree interesting. This is worked up with great effect, from the tone of the light and the depth of shadow, and, for the scale of colour, by no means inferior to the happiest efforts of the Venetian school.

This picture, however, it is said, was not till of late attributed to Raphael, but to some other; and should it be certain that it is a picture of his, it is not equally so that it is a Fornarina.

The Venus of Titian is a surprising picture for force and depth of colouring. Here the white seems brilliant, but still with a tone upon it.

A small picture of The Virgin and Child, by Correggio, extremely beautiful. The back-ground of this, with a landscape and sky in the distance, is so fine, that it seems the origin both of Claude and Rembrandt.

24th. Visited the Pitti Palace. Saw here an assemblage of the finest works: every thing good, and many masterpieces of the greatest masters; but they require a long examination in detail.

26th. Saw at the Santa Maria Novella the picture of Cimabue, once carried through the streets of Florence in triumph. Painted on gold: Virgin larger than life, but certainly not better than Chinese paint-

ing. The angels, however, and the small portraits of apostles surrounding, are fine in expression. Saw behind the grand altar some admirable frescoes, by Ghirlandajo. Saw also the Masaccios in the Church and Convent of the Carmine: extremely fine.

Florence, Oct. 26th. At the San Lorenzo. The monuments over the tombs of the Medici family, by Michael Angelo. After the antique and the early revivers of Italian art, these seem stupendous; they are not, indeed, without an appearance of the grotesque or caricature. Indeed, it is a style belonging more to painting than to sculpture; the effect is powerful, and quite new in the art. It seems not adapted to render the beauty of the heathen mythology, but admirable for the prophetic beings and mysterious agents of the Christian revelation. The figure sitting thoughtful, with her face in shadow, is highly poetical; and the figure of Night, and also the female emblematical of Morning, are highly decorative and sublime. This style of art may be said to be the origin of every thing daring that has appeared in modern times.

Nov. 2d. To the Pitti Palace with Phillips and Hilton. Much struck with half-length of A Lady, in blue and purple, by Titian; one of the most simple and successful portraits I have ever seen. Saw portrait of Leo X., by Raphael. This excited much discussion, but it was at last allowed to be a most magnificent work. Phillips insists that a work of art, as well as an artist*, ought to be judged of without

* No, my friend; I said, or meant to say, that when we seek to inform ourselves of what is excellent in art by criticising pictures, we ought to consider the work without reference to time. T. P.—(*MS. Note by Mr. Phillips.*)

reference to the time in which they were produced. My answer to this is, that it is impossible; and, if it were possible, it would be unjust.*

Nov. 3d. Visited the Academia. Saw the series of pictures, from Cimabue, to the decline of Art. Two Greek pictures, extremely low. Saw the progress of Art, till perspective began to be applied. In the works of .... neri its rules seem almost perfect; and then the glory round the saints begins to be put in perspective, instead of being circular. Coming down to Angelico da Fiesole, the sweetness and elegance of the angels seem perfect. He paints them all with extremely light hair.

4th. In the second room in the gallery is a picture of Jacopo da Empoli, representing St. Ive seated, reading the petitions that have been presented to him by the widows and orphans. This is one of the finest specimens of the colouring of the Florentine school. It is well composed, and is painted with great truth and force, and of the deepest tone. This is a subject that many of our institutions in London might furnish; and is still, by its mode of treatment, suited to a very high class of art.

5th. Visited the Pitti Palace: admired much the Lady by Titian, and preferred the Leo X. for simplicity and grandeur to the Bentivoglio of Vandyke; and it has indeed qualities which, in spite of its defects, rank it as a purer and more complete style of art than any portrait in the collection. The Julius II., a finer specimen of colour, perhaps equal to Titian, but not so dignified. Was much struck

* To the artist.—*MS. Note by Mr. Phillips.*

with the Pieta, and two other large pictures of Fra Bartolomeo, surprising for tone, and for that depth which makes even some of the Venetian pictures look flat. This was truly a great genius in art.

From the accounts given by Phillips and Hilton of the impression made upon them by the Venetian pictures, which corresponds with the opinion of artists in general, as compared with the ideas of unlearned travellers who have been the same route,—I am apt to fancy the qualities admired by artists in the Venetian school are mixed up with a something objectionable to the common eye, or that they are of a sort too technical or abstract for their comprehension.

Taking a picture here as an example, the Venus by Titian was admired by them, as by other artists, as one of his most perfect works; but this is by no means a striking picture to the common people; and I think, fine as it is, there are qualities about it that are artificial, and admired conventionally amongst artists. Its breadth and power are obtained at the expense of the figure and bed being *cut* out, and ready to tumble out of the frame; and the rotundity of the flesh without shadow has obliged him to circumscribe it with what looks too much like an outline.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Lungo l'Arno, Florence, 31st Oct. 1825.

As I am trying to write a letter now and then to some of my friends in England, my letters to you and Thomas must be a little shorter than before.

My last instructions from Paris, which I left on the 10th of September, were — write to me at Milan first, and then at Florence; but I had no idea that you could have waited, both of you, till the 3d of October before writing. I reached Milan on the 2d of October, and left on the 7th, so there the letters remain. I am still in ignorance of what you have been doing. This alone I learn, that David has been fairly fitted out and packed off for India; a circumstance that, for himself and for his family, is a fortunate event got over.

Since coming here I have had a cold hanging about me, which, having so many things to see, I could not nurse as I ought. It has therefore led to a sore throat and a violent swelling in one of the glands of my neck, for which the doctor has put on leeches, &c.; but this is now subsiding, and, after being kept in for three days, I am to get out to-morrow. In other respects, the head remains much the same.

Your letter of the 18th has just now (1st Nov.) arrived, and we are most glad to hear so good an account of you.

Our society here gets very pleasant. A Mr. Burmaster, a young man of good family, a barrister

with a carriage, has been most kind. He has taken me to Lady Dillon's, and to the French play at a Russian nobleman's of the name of Demidoff, where the English assemble in great force. He has also been most attentive to Phillips; and to-day Phillips, Hilton, and I are to dine with him.

We have got a comfortable enough sort of lodging with a Mrs. Clark, who finds us breakfasts, dinners, and teas, with a snug sitting room and two bed rooms, for 12 pauls (that is, about 6 shillings) a piece each day. Phillips and Hilton wished much to be accommodated with us, but there were no more rooms unoccupied; so that they are in another house, but not so comfortably off. Indeed, compared with the hurry and bustle, and the bargaining of travelling, we feel quite relieved by living here; and though we follow the tide of friends to Rome, I am in no hurry to leave.

David has just heard from his father, who appears to be much pleased with his travelling, and with the accounts he has sent home of it. This journey is, I think, fortunate for him, for he is an attentive observer. As we live somewhat more expensively than he would possibly do were he alone, and as I require the preference as to rooms and other things, I have generally paid a larger proportion of the bill, that it may come as light as possible to him. But I hope, for all this, that his father will not stint him in supply, as it is not every day he can be in Italy.

I have written to Sir George Beaumont, — the first letter I have written to a friend! Does Mr. Callcott come to Italy this winter?

4th November.

Since Phillips and Hilton have joined us I have gone about a good deal with them. We go to the Gallery to compare ideas about the pictures and statues, and to the Pitti Palace, where is a most admirable collection. By seeing each picture, and discussing its merits together, we get better acquainted with its qualities, and make a better selection of those pictures we ought to study. We have examined many of the pictures of early masters in the churches, which has occasioned us to be there at all times, during masses and vespers, and among priests and monks. The ceremonies appear to be going on at all hours, and the attention they inspire in the minds of the people is extraordinary. This is the most religious place we ever were in; Sunday and the fast-days are better kept here than even in Edinburgh, and Scotland itself is not more devout than this dukedom of Tuscany.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Lungo l' Arno, Florence, 9th Nov. 1825.

My researches after works of art have been chiefly in company with Phillips and Hilton, in which we have been to one another a mutual assistance, both in finding out and selecting matter. Here the multitude of works of art is quite distracting; all over Italy it is the same. One feels at first as if a lifetime were necessary to examine them; but, upon closer inspection, this becomes wonderfully simplified,

for, by selecting the fine things from the rubbish, our subjects for study come within a very narrow compass. The Pitti Palace of the Grand Duke, and the Gallery of Florence, contain all that is truly fine. Besides these we have found much to interest us in the history of art in the churches; but as to private collections, though every palace, every house, and the walls even of the streets, are filled with pictures, we have found scarcely any thing that is not far below mediocrity. Indeed the great mass of art in Italy seems produced during its decline. The great works of those who revived and raised the arts to their height are comparatively few, and seem to be the result of a demand for art which appears no longer to be felt in this country.

An artist here has no great difficulty in being introduced into society. Phillips and I had letters to the Charge d'Affaires, but they have been of no avail. The American Consul (Mr. Ombrosi) has, however, been most kind. Mr. Crokat gave me a letter to him. He introduced me, with Phillips and Hilton, to the soirée of the Prince Borghese, whose palace is the most handsome in Florence. Here we met an elegant party — two thirds English, and held in rooms most elegantly and comfortably fitted up. I could have fancied myself at a rout in London.

The English are, in respect to the notice taken of them here, greatly obliged to the Prince Borghese, and also to a M. Demidoff, a Russian gentleman of extraordinary wealth, who opens his house two evenings in the week, and has for entertainment a French play, performed by French actors, whom he keeps in

the house — and a dance. His house is therefore thronged by all who can gain admittance. I had been once myself introduced by Lady Dillon; but a few nights ago, as Phillips was to be there, I wished if possible to take David, and, by the kindness of Mr. Ombrosi, an invitation was procured; so we all went together. A grand hall is fitted up with a stage like a theatre. Here we were ushered in where M. Demidoff, a very infirm man, with a most elegant assembly, were seated, and two French pieces were represented in very fair style before us. These done, a dance, with waltzes and quadrilles, began in another room, and in one apartment were laid out for the inspection of the curious, in glass-cases, the costly treasures in jewels of this great Don, where were diamonds, turquoises, and emeralds, to an enormous value. When told of their worth we admired them like the rest.

I wish to give myself all the time possible in Italy. I am quite unable to sketch or to make memoranda, but feel equal to any sort of bodily fatigue. Seeing pictures, with leisure to judge, compare, and reflect, is more beneficial than any copies made from a few of them. If I should regain my power of applying to work, the time spent here will be far from lost.

Among the modern painters employed here, the most eminent is Beneventi, a man of knowledge and power in drawing, but lost, according to our notion, from being a disciple of the French school, while the great masters of his own country are forgotten. The sculptors, again, are more like our own; the two most celebrated are Bartolini and Richi. The former received us with great heartiness; he is employed, like

Chantrey, on busts, and has much of his good humour about him. As I was introduced into his studio, he exultingly pointed to my prints he had got framed round his room. He has since called upon me, and seems disposed to show me much kindness. He is very successful in his employment among English people. At Richi's studio we saw a large monument to Dante. The figure of Dante seated on the top of a pedestal struck me as very fine; but M. Richi's not knowing French limited our communications with him. We have also been to call on Raphael Morghen, the engraver, but did not find him at home.

13th November.

Phillips, Hilton, and I dined yesterday by invitation with Lord and Lady Ashburnham, at their villa, two miles from Florence. We were received with great kindness, and had much discussion upon the object of our pursuits.

Mr. Dawson Turner has joined us here on his return from Rome, and now proceeds on his way back to England. I regret he is leaving us, for he has a faculty of collecting information quite singular. As his line, books and extraordinary men, is not ours, we find him most entertaining; and every time we see him he seems to have found something new, and that a little of the marvellous. Phillips starts today; but, owing to our vetturino not getting his complement of passengers, we delay till to-morrow.

D. W.

The calm and equal mind of Wilkie was moved as he passed on his way to Rome: on all sides he saw,

instead of imperial greatness, decaying cities, desert roads, and temples the haunt of owls: instead of proud consuls and tribunes issuing from her gates, he met beggarly monks and Jews with shorn beards; and for a general returning in his chariot of victory from the Rhine, or the Seine, or the Tweed, he found Punch and his puppet-show!

TO MISS WILKIE.

Buonconvento, 16th Nov. 1825.

After passing a most pleasant time for *four* weeks at Florence, we started yesterday on our way to the ancient seat of empire and of arts—Rome. The weather seems to have broken up. It has rained greatly, and is quite as cold as it was when I travelled from Scotland last year. The situation of Florence itself is, to my eye, by no means agreeable; —the moment we lost sight of it we got among hills; and, though covered with the olive and the vine, the country becomes poor. The houses are built on the tops of hills to escape the malaria, and, from the want of large trees about them, are neither sheltered from the sea nor the storm. Scarce a traveller to be seen but English, nor any house sufficiently good for a gentleman to reside in. Yet this is the centre of Italy, the land that has taught refinement to the rest of the world; and this is on the confines of the far-famed Sienna, where its language is spoken with the greatest elegance and purity.

Sienna lies upon high ground, is cold and bracing, and though the country around is subject to malaria,

Sienna is free from it. About forty English families reside here: there is a public library for their amusement, the Tuscan dialect for their study, and there are fewer mosquitoes here than in any other part of Italy.

The cathedral is one of the richest Gothic buildings in this country—marble entirely, both inside and out. Even the floor is inlaid with stones of different coloured marble, to represent historical subjects. But what pleased me the most is the sacristy, which is painted in fresco entirely from designs of Raphael, by his condiscipulo Pinturicchio. These, unlike other frescoes here, not being exposed to the open air, are as fresh as when painted; and form in the whole, as ornaments to a room, the most beautiful works I ever saw. The first of the series is said to be painted by Raphael himself; the figures indeed have every appearance of it. His own portrait is often repeated in the set, as a young man, with others who were fellow-students about him. They are evidently in his earliest manner of drawing, and are considered among his earliest works, after leaving his master, Pietro Perugino: as such, they appear to me the most pleasing and the most extraordinary works I have yet seen in Italy of this divine master.

We are now so far as Buonconvento, sixty miles from Florence; and no French being spoken, we are mustering up what Italian we can to put over the night.

17th November.

The town of Buonconvento is like many others in this quarter. It consists of a few houses huddled

close together, with a high wall built close around them for defence, so that it may either, from appearance, be a city, a castle, or a convent. It is much like the cities one remembers to have seen designed in the chart before Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

The inns here, like others in Italy, are large and commodious enough to contain stables and every thing underneath. The staircases are large, and lead into enormous halls, from thence into corridors and chambers, too large to admit of comfort. They are indeed much like the rooms represented on the stage, and also remind one at every turn of the descriptions of Mrs. Radcliffe. The kitchens are also in character, of a great size, and so murky and black, that they seem as well fitted for a band of banditti as a habitable house.

Montarosi, 19th Nov.

We are now within one post of the Campagna. From our last stage, we have traversed a dreary, volcanic, and unwholesome district, a land of pestilence, and, from what we saw of the inns, almost of famine too. The towns, excepting Viterbo, which has a bustling look, are all of them deserted and declining; the houses, though built like palaces, are ruinous and neglected, and seem as if they had belonged to an earlier world. Last night, in a villa celebrated for its wine, we could get for a supper the leg of a turkey only, and two dishes of roasted sparrows. At breakfast we can rarely get either butter, sugar, eggs, or milk. Yet this is the land of the Medicis and the Cæsars, and these are the comforts of

the people who considered all people but themselves barbarians.

D. W.

He now entered the city of Cæsar and Virgil, of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and he entered it with feelings of pity and commiseration. The abject state into which this once proud mistress of the world had fallen pressed on every sense: her head was uncrowned, her robe soiled and rent, and she sat amid dust and ashes. Yet, though the sceptre of rule had been wrenched from her gripe, and the pen and the pencil had fallen from her hand, a royal air was about her, and a never-to-be-forgotten glory hovered over her; and, on passing her threshold, the artist felt that he walked where the heroes of the two-fold empire of arms and arts had lately ruled: his first steps were directed towards the Vatican.

CHAPTER V.

ROME.—WORKS OF ART THERE.—LETTERS TO WILLIAM COLLINS, R. A., MR. AND MISS WILKIE, SIR JAMES M'GRIGOR, MR. RAIMBACH, AND OTHERS.—LETTER FROM MR. LISTER.—WILKIE STILL A GREAT SUFFERER.—CANOVA AND THORWALSDEN.—FAILURE OF HURST AND ROBINSON.—WILKIE A LOSER.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Rome, 20th Nov.

After many inconveniences, and, in addition, much colder weather than you can have in London at the time, we have at last reached this extraordinary place. In approaching it, we had to pass an immense plain, uncultivated, unwholesome, and yet beautiful. The snow was on the distant mountains, and Rome appeared by degrees behind the sloping banks of the Campagna. The Tiber, though muddy, presented a cheerful scene, from its lively motion and its cultivated banks. We now began to enter the great city by the Porta del Popolo; and, from the silence of the Campagna, were at once immersed into the bustle of the place. We have made our home at the Hôtel de Paris.

As there was an hour's light left, we sallied out to see the great church of Rome; and after crossing the Tiber at the well known castle of St. Angelo, we came in front of the façade of St. Peter's, which, from

its clean appearance and its great magnitude, at once perceptible from the smallness of the people near it, impressed us greatly. We entered the church, scarcely believing but that all this was a dream.

21st November.

I have just been to call on Mr. Cook, R.A., and other friends; all in their reception have been kind beyond measure. Phillips and Hilton arrived the day before us. All agree with me in the opinion that this is a horrible country; and as for cheapness, which they all urge, I say that if, in England, you are satisfied with the same inns and the same accommodation, you can live as cheap at home as here. Rooms, with coarse brick floors, shattered windows, such as you would not tolerate even in a wash-house, gain nothing by arabesque and fresco ceilings: and if this were on the confines of Norway or Siberia, allowance might be made for it; but in boasted Italy, the ancient mistress of arts, it shows only the degeneracy of her present people.

I have been to-day with Phillips, Hilton, and Cook, to the Vatican and the Sistine Chapel, where we have been gratified in contemplating for several hours the consummation of all that is high in art in the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Rome, Nov. 22d. Went to the Vatican. Traversed part of the Loggie, admired some of the slight pictures, but did not like the accompanying ornaments in the

ceiling compartments. Was led into the first stanze. Impression unfavourable, from the grey chalky look, and want of richness and depth. Proceeded into the second, when the Attila caught my attention as a light elegant work; then The Miracle of Bolsena, which, for the arrangement of material, colour, and story, seemed an extraordinary work. The next I was taken to, was The School of Athens and The Dispute of the Sacrament. All these looked smaller than I expected, and suffered in consequence. They also lôoked in worse condition; but as frescoes, though not so vivid as some I have seen, they have both tone and depth, and, if wanting in juice and richness of oil, it is nearly made up by the silvery freshness of the material. All, however, were less finished than I expected, being much the same in this respect as the Cartoons at Hampton Court, to which they bear a great resemblance, both in colour and in the manner of working. As works of art, independent of the mode of painting, they take the highest rank, being arranged, designed, and detailed, upon much higher and more correct principles than the Venetian pictures; less technical, far more natural, and I am confident, if less injured by the effects of decay, would, to the common sense and understanding of mankind, be far more elegant and expressive.

Was taken to the Sistine Chapel, which we entered by a door under The Last Judgment, and on proceeding onwards turned round and beheld that extraordinary work. The first impression of the ceiling was an effect of greyness; but this gradually wore off, and The Last Judgment itself, from the deep blue

background, the rich tone of the flesh and brown shadows, giving to the figures great rotundity and relief, produced upon my eye an effect of great grandeur. We proceeded to examine the groups in detail with the avidity of those who are sure of a high treat. We got upon a high scaffolding, half-way up the picture; here Phillips, Hilton, Cook, and I, stood, holding by one another's shoulders for an hour. The group opposite was a number of men driven down by the angels on the right-hand side of the picture. They looked as if they were all alive, writhing with mental and bodily pain, like the work of a demon who exulted in human misery. As an instance of M. Angelo's power, the combination of mind and science seemed here greater than any thing I had ever witnessed. Comparing it, on the other hand, with our preconceived notions, the technical execution was far beyond my expectations. It is painted with more body and finish, and perhaps even with more delicacy, than the *stanze* of Raphael, and with more dexterity than any other artist could do that ever lived. As to colour, I will maintain, though subordinate to higher excellencies, it is still of first-rate quality, remote from all that is gaudy, flimsy, white, or meretricious; lurid and terrific, if you will, but never disagreeable; in parts of the ceiling where it is wanted, often approaching the beautiful as well as sublime. While animated with these impressions, and while we could not but acknowledge defects in the arrangement of the whole, and even of the drawing of individual parts, we allowed it was done with great finish, delicacy, and feeling, — qualities which all copies of him

have failed in giving; and when doubts arose in our minds as to colour, we still, in adverting to the parts the best preserved, acknowledged that Titian himself had never surpassed them. Regarding the ceiling, where beauty is attempted as well as grandeur, we allowed that in point of colour even it was eminently successful. On demanding of my companions whether Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his practice and his aim, was justified in his professions of admiration for Michael Angelo, all replied by pointing out the resemblance in heads and figures, and even in groups and hues of colour, to portions of this great work; and one and all declared that in his recorded wish that the name of Michael Angelo might be his last words from the chair of the Academy, he was and must have been sincere.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Via Tritone, No. 9; Rome, Nov. 28. 1825.

I have seen an immensity of objects of interest since arriving in Rome. My brother members of the Academy, Phillips, Hilton, and Cook, have been occupied with me from morning till night. St. Peter's is a most extraordinary and impressive building: the Coliseum, in point of quantity and effect, is the greatest ruin now to be seen on the face of the earth.

David Lister and I have got a most comfortable lodging—two good bed-rooms, with good wholesome furniture, and a sitting-room. We can dine out at the *traiteur* or get our dinner sent in, as we please, and upon terms that would astonish a Londoner for

cheapness. We have also met with a most kind reception from all our acquaintances, who, from the accounts they had heard of me, from Mr. Dawson Turner chiefly, were quite surprised to see me alive. You may tell Helen I have found here Mr. Beaumont, nephew to Sir George, and his young bride. He has called, and I have seen him once or twice. Mrs. Beaumont seems a very nice woman.

Great doings are expected here in the Holy Week, though the Pope himself is infirm and constantly in bed. Multitudes of pilgrims from all parts of Italy are assembled in the streets, in costumes remarkably fine and poetical. The dresses of the women are splendid, and not unlike the dresses we were trying to imitate at Kensington in our fancy balls. Each party of pilgrims is accompanied by one whose duty it is to give music to the rest. This is a piper, or pifferaro, provided with an immense bagpipe, of a rich deep tone, the drones of which he has the power of modulating with notes by his fingers, while another man plays on a smaller reed, the melody or tune answering the purpose of the chanter. Their music is religious, and resembles in sound the Scotch bagpipe. In parading the streets they stop before the image of the Virgin, whom they serenade, as shepherds, at this season, previous to Christmas, in imitation of the shepherds of old, who announced the birth of the Messiah.

Opposed to these indications of simplicity and poetical feeling in the Italian character, are those of a less amiable kind. A secret sect, called Carbonari or Radicals, were alarmed by one of their members ex-

pressing a wish to secede. They at once determined to despatch him, drew lots who should do it, and, two being selected, he was waylaid, and while one held, the other stabbed him in two different places. The man, though severely wounded, is not dead, so the whole set have been apprehended, and, by a secret tribunal appointed for the purpose, two were sentenced to be guillotined, and the rest sent to the gallies. A few days ago the decapitation of the two took place. Their deaths, it is said, were most heroic. The first, who is said to have stabbed in his time above thirty people, and, of that number, to have killed five, met his own death like a Regulus. On mounting the scaffold he said, in a firm voice, *Io moro carbonari;* and though both seem to have fancied that they were acting the part of the younger Brutus, they have died without much sympathy.

I was most happy to hear that Allan has at last been elected into the Royal Academy. We have talked of him frequently here, both Phillips and Hilton being favourable to him; and I am glad justice has been done at last.

D. W.

To Phillips and Hilton the artist did not express all the surprise which he experienced on visiting the pictures, and statues, and palaces of the Eternal City: he remembered his friend Collins, to whom he addressed the following letter, containing, amid much valuable information, these memorable words:—

"From Giotto to Michael Angelo expression and sentiment seem the first thing thought of, whilst those

who followed seem to have allowed technicalities to get the better of them, until simplicity gave way to intricacy, and they painted more for the artist and for the connoisseur than for the untutored tastes of ordinary men."

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A.

Dear Collins, Rome, 3d Dec. 1825.

After hearing, as no doubt you must have heard, that I was laid up under the doctor's hands in Paris, where no good was gained, and after hearing also that I had been taken ill at Parma, where I have never been, you may be surprised to find that I am still in the land of the living. Of health, however, I have no great store to boast about, nor do I wish to complain of the anxiety of friends. Glad, indeed, should I have been to have seen the wonders of this Eternal City with greater powers of benefiting by the sight. If I am, however, unable for serious occupation, I have still the satisfaction of thinking that I can write and communicate my ideas and impressions to distant friends.

My first project of travelling with Phillips and Hilton being thwarted by my detention in Paris, we entered Italy at different times; and, while they took the road by Venice, Parma, and Bologna, I, with my cousin Lister, took the western road from Milan by Genoa and Pisa, and arrived at Florence, our place of rendezvous, three days before them. Among us three, or rather between the two and myself, when in this cradle of revived art, there was naturally a collision

of opinion; but in one thing we had formed, before we met, the same conclusion, and that, too, from objects seen on our different routes,—that the only art pure and unsophisticated, and that is worth study and consideration by an artist, or that has the true object of art in view, is to be found in the works of those masters who revived and improved the art, and those who ultimately brought it to perfection. These seem alone to have addressed themselves to the common sense of mankind. From Giotto to Michael Angelo expression and sentiment seem the first thing thought of, whilst those who followed seem to have allowed technicalities to get the better of them, until, simplicity giving way to intricacy, they seem to have painted more for the artist and the connoisseur than for the untutored apprehensions of ordinary men.

Such I think must be the impression of a stranger. The multitude of works pressed upon him at all hands would be distraction itself but for the selection you learn to make of the best, till every thing common-place, affected, or academical, you reject by a kind of instinct. But in this selection many a weighty name is, I assure you, thrust in the back-ground, and many unknown and unscientific names brought into view. But this is a classification upon which all progress in the art must depend, inasmuch as a new power over the mind or feelings of man, added to the art, is of more value than all the changes that can be made, however dexterously, upon that which has already been invented.

After seeing, with extreme interest, at Pisa and at Florence, the series of works of art, from Cimabue

and Giotto down to Pietro Perugino and Fra Bartolomeo, I was all expectation to see, on reaching Rome, the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo. The Vatican and Sistine Chapel were therefore my first objects of attention. On first entering, I was struck at once by the greyness of the frescoes, and some time elapsed before this wore off. The Raphaels resemble much the Cartoons: they are less finished, and a little more damaged, than I expected; but in colour they are admirable. They have, indeed, this high quality—that the subject is uppermost: and they have more excellencies addressed to the unlearned observer than any works I know of; and, when in the freshness of their first existence, they must have been most attractive to the common people, which I doubt is more than could have been said for Titian or Rubens.

Michael Angelo's works I visited with greater apprehensions, prepared almost for disappointment; but when the first impression of the greyness of fresco was over, they grew upon me with overpowering influence. The composition of The Last Judgment and of the ceiling you know perfectly: the colour, effect, and expression are all that will be new to you, as they were to me. As a colourist, people seem to apologise for him; but, I assure you, quite unnecessarily: his colouring is always appropriate, never offends, and in many parts is as fine as Correggio or Titian. Broken tints, with most agreeable arrangement and harmony, with all the suavity of richness and tone we are accustomed to exact from the Venetians, seem to have been quite familiar to him; and,

high as his other qualities are for composition and mental intelligence, his colour rather adds to than detracts from them. Sir Joshua Reynolds seems to have overlooked this quality in Michael Angelo, where he says that severity and harshness are necessary to the grand style. I still give Sir Joshua credit for unaffected sincerity in his admiration of this great master, between whose works in the Sistine Chapel and his own we have been tracing many resemblances, not only in the high aim, the something unattainable, and the profound feeling for the indescribable thoughts of the inward man, but even in the more obvious qualities of light, shadow, and colour.

The wonders accomplished here in fresco suggest the question whether it should not be tried in England? Damp climate is objected, but Italy is damp too; and the difficulty of the work is stated, but this vanishes when we see the artists here doing it with perfect facility. Several Germans, namely, Overbeck, Fight, Schadow, and Schnorr, have painted two palazzos, in the early German manner, imitating not Raphael, but Raphael's masters, and with great cleverness and research. But they have not hit the mark: their style, wanting so much of modern embellishment, cannot now be popular, and can neither be admired nor followed, as Pietro Perugino and Ghirlandajo were in that early day. This has given occasion to the wags to say, that Overbeck had overreached himself, that Fight is shy and timid, that Schadow has neither depth nor softness, and that Schnorr is without repose! With all this, however, in our country of novelty and experiment, why do those whose aim

in the higher walks is so cramped and confined by a measured canvas and a limited commission, not try at once to revive the art of fresco?

After the above crude thoughts, I now come to consider what your dear lady (to whom I beg to be most kindly remembered) and yourself will see in the postscript, and therefore the most important part of my communication, viz. whether you should not come to see and study in this land of promise. For my own part, I am thankful that I have seen it; and, if I should recover my health and powers of application, shall bless this present affliction for having put this long-looked for gratification within my reach at a period I hope not too late for benefiting by it; so much do I think I gain by seeing art, however different from mine, yet exerted with an aim capable of being infused into any style. It is for you to judge whether a similar advantage can be derived in your line; with this difference, indeed,—that while I see pictures of figures, you can see no pictures of landscapes, in this country. From my leaving Paris, not one landscape has presented itself, either good, bad, or indifferent, of the Italian school. The art of Italy, therefore, except by analogy, can be of no use to you; but even in this way it would enlarge your views, and in respect to the country, as a new material to work from, the country of Claude and the Poussins, what might it not furnish to you? for, in spite of the scanty verdure, the stunted trees, and the muddy streams, still this is Italy; and until you see this and the mountains of Switzerland, you can have no perfect idea of what Nature is like. Here every thing is seen clearer than

in England; the sky is bluer, the light is brighter, the shadows stronger, and colours more vivid, than with you. Besides, in the course of a long professional career, which I hope you still have before you, may not a change in the effect of your pictures be a thing of consequence to you? May not the change of subject develop your own powers, and keep alive public interest? Remember what Wilson and Turner have gained from Italy and Switzerland. Though, as a family man, your coming here will require a sacrifice, I think it well worth your deliberate consideration.

In writing the above, let me not throw the apple of discord between you and your good lady: her approval is necessary; but she has Mrs. Phillips as an heroic example; and it would be an advantage to your family exactly in the proportion it would benefit yourself. Pray what would Sir George Beaumont or Sir Charles Long think of such a project?

Now, dear Collins, in answer to this monstrous long letter, which I can only take up at intervals to avoid fatigue, you must write to me, and give me a detail of *all the news* about London art. We have heard of Allan's election, &c.; but this is almost the only thing we have heard of since we started: therefore write me every thing, and do not be long in setting about it. I have no other way of hearing about these matters than through you, and therefore depend much upon your kindness.

Here is quite a colony of English artists, and also many Scotch. Sculptors are very busy. Gibson has just finished a group for Sir George Beaumont of The

Zephyrs bearing Psyche. Joseph *ought* to come here: he will be lost in Edinburgh. Rome ought, of all places, to be seen by a sculptor. *Urge him to it.* Phillips and Hilton desire to be kindly remembered. Having little time, they are most active. Their visit has been far too short, but must be useful to both. Eastlake has laid aside his Banditti, to paint an historical picture, Roman history, Poussin-size. Lane's picture not yet visible to mortal eye.

With sincere esteem,

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

DAVID WILKIE.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Rome, 3d Dec. 1825.

I have just received Helen's letter of the 17th November, full of interesting news. I have written Collins a long letter, and requested him to tell me what is doing. Allan's election has pleased us all here. Callcott has been expected, and we hope to see Lord and Lady Holland here. The weather has become milder, and Rome much more agreeable. We have seen many fine pictures, many in a ruined state, and many not worth looking at. All, however, form a subject of interest and speculation with me and my brother academicians. We meet frequently, and have many a subject of deep discussion.

You mention that Hurst and Robinson were in want of more impressions of The Rabbit on the Wall and The Letter of Introduction, and that you had

found the plates. They may perhaps want 250 of each, and, if so, it must be understood to be on the same terms as they had former impressions, and Mr. Burnet must be asked to look over the plates and put them in a state to bear it.

Helen tells me that Raimbach was handsomely entertained by Baron Gerard when at Paris. I am most glad of this. Indeed, I urged him to call on the Baron at his soirée, fully assured that he would be well received. It appears that Burnet has taken a house in Cadogan Place: this, I trust, is done with judgment; and if so, is a sign of prosperity. I was also glad to hear of Collins's having been at Court, and so much noticed at Windsor. I had just written him a long letter, filled with Rome and Italy, but sent it off before receiving the news.

10th December.

The above has been written some days, but has been delayed to find something more to say. Being stationary, less occurs; but our time passes very agreeably between sights in the day and parties in the evening. We have been invited twice this week to meet at dinner Cammucini and Thorwalsden. The former we found one of the most accomplished artists we had ever seen. I was taken last night to a party at Lady Compton's, entirely English and Scotch; and was gratified by the people I met with. I have been over many of the palaces to see the galleries, which are very fine. The Vatican Gallery of Sculpture I saw yesterday for the first time. The splendour of its apartments is like a description in the "Arabian Nights."

We were surprised lately to see placarded in the

streets a paper, in which Cobbett's name appeared in large letters. This was an advertisement of his Storia delli Reformatore Protestante, offered publicly and under high sanction for the good of all true Catholics.

D. W.

Wilkie left friends in England, besides his own relations, who were solicitous on account of his health, and who sought to cheer and comfort him. Amongst these, the most conspicuous was Sir George Beaumont, who, on the 8th of December, wrote to him from Coleorton Hall:—"Endeavour, by attention, to secure and improve the little which in health you have gained. Take as much, but no more exercise than you can bear without fatigue: be careful of the sun, and avoid contrasts of heat and cold, which I think does more mischief in Rome than the malaria. I remember a physician recommending me to apply myself to Doctor *Horse* and Doctor *Cow*, who, he said, were equal to all the rest of the faculty put together; and I beg leave to add Doctor *Donkey*, when you go to Frascati, Tivoli, &c.; as you will find many members of that respectable family who practise in those parts, to the great advantage of invalid travellers: do not fail to apply to one of them in time, namely, before you grow weary. I knew how you would be touched by heavenly Italy: your interesting descriptions make me sin in envy. I was not surprised so much as you at the more than Gothic rudeness of Cimabue and his compeers. You must consider the extreme ignorance of the times, the more than Egyptian darkness in which the arts in particular were involved. They

had neither precept nor example to direct them, but had the art completely to begin. It was a great thing to revive it, and set it a-going: we must regard their labours with indulgence.

"You must not expect to feel the full powers of Michael Angelo at once. Visit him again and again. Sir Joshua is right in saying that taste for such art is an acquired taste; and there is a severity in him which makes him, I think, more difficult of access than Raphael, whose infinite grace beguiles the labour of the ascent. But Michael Angelo is severe and lofty; and, notwithstanding some extravagances, take him all in all, I think him the most wonderful, sublime, and original genius of them all. What pleasure it will be to you to investigate their excellencies with such companions (Phillips and Hilton)! instead of being annoyed with frivolous and shallow objections, you will with one accord seize upon the beauties with alacrity. Whenever a man is anxious to discover small faults, it is all over with him: I never knew one of those cavillers come to any thing. Faith is as necessary in art as in more sacred subjects. If we begin with doubting, we shall never be certain: we must take something for granted, and, above all things, receive with reverence the decided opinions of ages. I think Giulio Romano will rise upon you. Do you remember a little picture of The Muses by him in the Pitti Palace, from which Guido has borrowed his famous fresco in the Aurora? Whilst Raphael lived, his genius seemed rebuked; but after Romano went to Mantua he burst into originality, as I think you will allow, should you return that way.

I take for granted you have seen all that remains of poor Canova. How do you like his Pieta?"

The following letter respecting the state of Wilkie's health will be read with interest. It is written by his cousin, who seems informed in more matters than those of his profession.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Cousin, Rome, 20th Dec. 1825.

* * * Our journey, as you probably know, was commenced, if not with the disapprobation, at least without the consent, of one part of the medical men consulted; and though sanctioned by the most celebrated, and probably by those best meriting confidence, still the contrariety of opinions made it with me a matter of some anxiety; and it was with increasing delight that, during our slow progress, day after day seemed rather to confirm the opinion most favourable to our wishes, than to give any apprehensions of bad effects. And now that we have finished our journey of nearly 1200 miles, have been out in all sorts of weathers, have been started at most unseasonable hours in the morning, have been subject to the privations of travellers, and sometimes have not enjoyed the comforts that an invalid might require—when all this has occurred without any evident increase of symptoms, and even without any occasional illness, excepting a slight cold at Florence, we may surely be permitted to presume that some people have been over-hasty in their conclusions; the more so as there are good grounds for believing that improvement

has taken place. Mr. Wilkie, however, is slow in admitting this. Conceiving the possibility of deception, it may be well (as it is agreed on all hands that a perfect recovery must be very gradual) not to press our belief and hope that the measures adopted and steadily pursued will imperceptibly have the desired effect. Dr. Clark has been consulted, and considers the affection as connected with the stomach; and recommends attention to diet, with as little medicine as possible. So far as regards good looks, good appetite, and capability of bearing fatigue, all is as favourable as can be; and, from several attempts with the pencil in the evenings, I argue well of our residence in Rome.

Ever yours affectionately,
DAVID LISTER.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Rome, 27th Dec. 1825.

By the time this reaches you the new year will have come in, and I only hope it may find us and leave us with better prospects than this has done. These reflections, however, can do no good. Events must be taken as they come; and as, in the long run, the good, even in our own case, has predominated, we may still hope, after what we have suffered, that good may still be in reserve.

Forgetting, as I try to do, my present inability, and surrounded, as I am, in this place of relaxation, by those who search for amusement, this great emporium of the arts of former ages, with modern

society, becomes very agreeable. The day is occupied in visiting the galleries of the Vatican and the Capitol, the various churches containing art, the palazzos of the great families, and the studios of artists; while the evenings are occupied at conversaziones and parties, where antiquities and art are the great subjects that insure a welcome. In our society there is a sprinkling of nobility: the Marchioness of Bute is here, and has invited me to see her at her palazzo. She suffers much from her head, is a most kind person, and has had much talk with me. Her daughter, Lady Sandon, is extremely handsome, and Lord Sandon I found an acquaintance of former times.

I have since dined at the palazzo of Lady Bute, with a most splendid party of nobility, mostly Scottish: Lord and Lady Compton, and Lord and Lady Binning, &c. Except a reverend priest, the head of the English College here, I was almost the only untitled person. The entertainments here are very fine; the apartments magnificent; and, what you will think peculiar, the gentlemen and ladies leave the room at the same time.

We met Mrs. Rennie, who, as well as her husband, have been most kind; she is an excellent person, and seems much liked. She has a little boy, of whom she seems very proud.

For parties, the French Minister and the banker Torlonia are the most distinguished; but I have not yet put myself in the way of either. I mean to go, however, to the next fancy ball.

Phillips and Hilton left this on the 20th. The

former anxious to get home for the London season, but the latter seemed to leave Rome with regret.*

Our great subject of interest in this place is the occurrence of the Holy Year, which happens once in twenty-five years, and is now, at this time, nearly completed. Religious observances seem the whole business of this people, and every third person you meet is a priest or monk, or other lay-person, occupied as a religious functionary. Of these, the most surprising are the multitudes of pellegrini; men and women, who crowd at this time the streets and churches of Rome. The number of these is so great, and they are all of the labouring classes, that under any but a despotic government, and for any other object than one enjoined by a government, such an assemblage would be truly alarming. The great church of St. Peter's, and the rotunda in front, are every day moving like a cried fair. The pilgrims are, in character and costume, highly picturesque.

* It was a great pleasure to me to visit the galleries of Rome and Florence with my lamented friend. Numerous and earnest were the conversations and friendly controversies we held on the wonderful and beautiful productions we saw. One of these controversies was, I remember, on the general tone of shade; I averring with Mr. Hilton that it was cool in colour, while Wilkie espoused the opposite view, and regarded it as warm. Another was a contest about the propriety or impropriety of placing warm or cold colours in the front and principal groups of figures in pictures. Wilkie stated that it was a matter of indifference; I, that the most powerful and pleasing relief was gained by using warm colours in front.

Earnest we all three were in our *one* pursuit; and I sometimes wonder, when I reflect upon the restless activity of our proceedings, how we went through it with so little discomfort. Would it were to do again! but that is a vain thought. Two, alas! are gone; and the third must expect in a short time to be gathered to them. The will of God be done.—*Letter from Mr. Phillips, of 14th September* 1841.

The common dress of the country, surmounted by a broad cape over the shoulders, to which, on the left breast, is fixed a crucifix, and in the hand a long staff topped by a cross, makes the common appearance of these sojourners, to which, in some cases, is added various wooden bottles, or barrels, for cigars, by their side, and sometimes a heavy bundle of luggage on the back, giving them the perfect appearance of the Pilgrim, with the bundle of sins upon his back, which John Bunyan has so aptly described, on his way to the gates of heaven. With such a motley crowd, fatigued and swarthy, presenting to some senses any thing but the agreeable, but in dress, in colour, and in purpose, to the eye and to the fancy all that the painter or the poet can desire, are the confessionals of St. Peter's every day beset. It is highly wonderful, indeed, to see hundreds patiently waiting their turns to unburden their minds, and to receive from their holy confessor the paper of sealed pardon which he doles out to them, accompanied by what appears some wholesome admonitions for the future.

But what renders this remnant of the assembling of the tribes of old more striking, is the patriarchal custom, revived on these occasions, of entertaining them for three nights at the Convent of Santa Trinita, with the previous washing of their feet! We went to see this sacred ceremony, found a great multitude, between 2000 and 3000, for whom suppers were laid out; soups, fish, and vegetables, in great abundance; and in another room were ranges of seats, and buckets, where they previously underwent the rite of ablution.

This was performed by a fraternity of citizens, clerical dignitaries, and even princes, arrayed in a loose red gown, with sleeves tucked up, and bearing towels upon their shoulders for the work. There had been a heavy fall of rain on the day we went, and the look and savour of these lowly guests were anything but seemly for religious service. As they took off their sandals and stockings, much as washing seemed needful, it yet seemed so severe a task, that from the hands of their noble serviteurs the mere willingness to perform would, one would think, have been accepted in lieu of the duty itself. But quite otherwise was the fact. I saw a young person, of respectable appearance and education, proceed, in real earnest, and with bare hands, while this pilgrim was crossing himself, and muttering a prayer: he washed one foot and then the other, dried them carefully with a towel, and, after pronouncing a benediction, *kissed with his mouth each of the pilgrim's feet!!* This is a ceremony that princes perform, and even the Pope himself, during Easter week. Nay, more than this, the female pilgrims, who are washed and entertained in separate apartments by themselves, have this kindly office of service rendered unto them by a sisterhood composed of the first ladies of rank, and princesses of the place. Let not, therefore, our fair neighbours at Kensington arrogate to themselves all the merit of Christian humility in their wonted attentions to the instruction of the poor at the National School; for here they will find themselves much outdone by the severity of the duty, by the humbleness of its object, and even by the *zeal* of the Catholic sisterhood.

On Sunday last we went with Captain and Mrs. Weltden to St. Peter's, to witness the ceremony of a beatification. We saw many cardinals, with the archbishop, but were not much struck either with the show or the music. When this was over, we were greatly surprised to hear that the Pope himself was about to enter the cathedral. His entrance with the whole of his court, cardinals, priests, and soldiers, was very fine. He is a tall, elderly person; looked, as he is, very sickly; and, as he knelt on the same kind of stool which Raphael has painted before Julius II., with all the court kneeling behind him, their appearance was extremely imposing, and made the previous ceremonies look like acting.

Rome is now at the full, both of English and of pilgrims. It is singular, now that Christmas and the shortest day have arrived, to compare the difference of the winter here with the winter in England. We have daylight till 5 o'clock (the sun sets at half past 4), and, except when the north wind sets in, the air is so mild that we light a fire only at nights, and go out in the day without great-coats. We see oranges growing on the trees, and many a flower, seen with you only in the hot-house, here growing wild in the fields. We have had much rain lately, but no appearance of snow, except on the distant mountains. The sky is of the clearest blue; the atmosphere so thin, that distant objects are seen most distinctly; the sun's light is brighter, and its shadows are darker, and all colours are stronger and more vivid, than in the misty air of England.

I told you I had written to General Phipps and to

Sir George Beaumont; I have had answers from both, and most kind as can be.

D. W.

The health of Wilkie, though amended a little, experienced relapses now and then which alarmed his friends: he felt that the marvels of Rome kept his mind in a sort of slow fever of admiration; while the constant exercise of judgment which was called for formed a mental toil equal to the composition of a picture. He saw, too, that looking to the art of one country only, was depriving himself of the grand range of vision which the great painters had taken: while he studied the varied and lofty excellence of the Italian schools, he became gradually aware of the importance of the best examples, and of the impulse which studying in places hallowed by the undisputed presence of a genius commanding the admiration of the civilised world gave; and though he was not a man of sudden resolutions, but one who thought long, that he might think rightly, we may date from the day that he entered Rome the dawn of a determination to modify, if not to change, his system of painting, as well as to give the students of the Royal Academy the advantage of a more extended study of the great artists of Italy, in the presence of their chief works, and on the spot where their easels stood.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Rome, January 7th, 1826. Among the artists settled here from all countries, as professors or

students, nothing surprises me more than the profusion of sculptors. Every day discovers new names, and, in visiting one, the chisels and hammers may be heard of a variety of others, with names yet unknown. This is probably one of the results of the extraordinary success of Canova. His brilliant genius has the merit of creating in Italy a new style, instead of the deviations from true taste left by Bernini and his followers. Canova has introduced a stricter adherence to the antique, which, accompanied with his originality and power, has become fashionable, and it is now less difficult to follow than to diverge from the course which he has trod with so much success.

The taste of man is ever changing. What in Canova was severe and chaste, and in his zenith was adored by all as perfection, is, now that he is gone and a new name in his place, reverted to only as a style that has gone by, too soft and too mannered for the dignity of sculpture. Amidst all this we forget the real qualities which gave Canova his pre-eminence. It was not his purity of form; it was not his dexterity even in working marble; it was not his skill or experience in composition. In these he is equalled or surpassed by those who are now living; but it was the expression of thought and sentiment—the first object in all his works, the first to attract the attention of the spectator, and, while it made every inferior object subordinate, gave intelligence to every head, and life and grace to every limb.

In wandering over the deserted studio of Canova, filled chiefly with plaster-casts of his larger figures,

and marble copies now making by his élèves upon speculation, one could see at a view the bias and compass of his genius, and this seems confined to the grace and elegance of the female form. As specimens of manly or heroic dignity, I saw only Washington and a cast of the colossal statue of Napoleon. The former, both in dress and attitude, seemed a failure; the other, though full of commanding style, also failed in its purpose, giving no likeness or resemblance to the personal appearance of Napoleon. But this involves a question whether a diminutive form is compatible in sculpture with the representation of a gigantic mind; whether the apostle Paul, who was of mean stature, should be represented so, or dignified by enlarged form at the expense of historical truth. In other words, should a lion, to convey a power of nerve and strength, be represented larger than the elephant? To do so it will be allowed will argue, not a want of material or of means, but the want of skill in the artist; but this refers to the proportion only of the individual as a man, and not to the size, larger or smaller, of a colossal statue.

Canova seems to have excelled all of his time in the working of the marble. No one appears to have got more completely rid of its weight or its hardness. Under his hand it has all the pliability of a yielding material. His heads seem full of life and intelligence. His flesh pliable and soft, and his draperies, so light and floating, have that subordination which prevents their interfering with more important parts. In purity of style he far surpassed those who immediately went before him; but this is not his ex-

cellence, for in this he is surpassed by those who have followed him, but who are still far his inferiors in that internal feeling, spirit, and soul, which seems to animate his works.

The most formidable of his rivals, and now his successor, is Thorwalsden, with powers essentially different, aiming at greater severity, with more style and composition, and with not more finish in the marble than can be done by his pupils. This great artist seems now to introduce a style independent, and in some measure the reverse, of that in which his predecessor was so successful. To this he seems to have added a knowledge of composition of bas-relief scarcely known to Canova, and, excepting the bas-reliefs of Flaxman, superior to any thing that has been attempted in this way in his own time. Grandeur of style and of composition is his forte; and in his attention to this, he seems to have neglected that in which Canova excelled—human character and expression. The actions of his figures in the general are often simple and fine, but the faces attract less than the flesh, and his flesh and limbs sometimes have less attraction than his well-adjusted and highly-finished draperies. His series of statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles is a great work. So also are his groups intended for the pediment of a church. Of St. John preaching in the Wilderness, the St. John seems to me more didactic and less suited to the character of that saint than the listeners are characteristic of that eloquence which has drawn them together. His statue of the Prince Poniatowski in marble is a work of a high class, showing in what way the costume of

a modern general may be evaded, by representing him in drapery best suited to sculpture by being adapted to no particular time; a method of generalising common to the ancients themselves, as exemplified in the Roman equestrian bronze of Marcus Aurelius, and by the Greek marble figure of Demosthenes.

Sir James M'Grigor, to whom the following letter is addressed, was an early and attached friend of the artist: his face, a very expressive one, Wilkie had studied with much attention, for, in after years, when he painted his portrait, it took rank at once among the happiest pictures of that class. Nor did Wilkie think less of his heart than of his head, for he named him one of the three executors to whom he entrusted the fulfilment of his will.

TO SIR JAMES M'GRIGOR, BART.

Rome, 1826.

In this land of former greatness, but of present decline, I have found every thing I could wish to interest me; and if not enough to make a sick man forget his malady, it is enough, in my case at least, to satisfy me that sickness does not now produce the loss of time. I passed from Milan, by Genoa and Pisa, to Florence, at which last place I remained a month, chiefly to observe the works of those who revived painting and sculpture in this cradle of modern art; and in remarking the ingenuity and intelligence that led to their improvement, I have tried to distinguish

these from merits of a more doubtful kind, that have since led to their decay. It is in Rome, however, that all the best qualities have reached their zenith. The works of Michael Angelo and Raphael possess more of the great and the estimable than those of any other master; and, though now so decayed as to be judged of only by making allowance for what time has done, must, when new, have been in the highest degree striking, even to the ordinary observer. For the last fortnight since my arrival, my time has been chiefly occupied with the great frescos, the ceiling and Last Judgment of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel, and the stanzas of Raphael in the Vatican. The galleries in the Capitol, with those in the Borghese, Doria, and Corsini palaces, also furnish much subject for attention, and present such a multitude of objects, that, but for the power which experience has given one of making selections, I should feel lost in an endless circle of attractions. To add to all this, the labours of the living artists now assembled here are of a sort not to be overlooked: we have of our own countrymen, from Scotland, not less than nine studying here — four sculptors and five painters: of English there are, of course, more: of French quite a host of pensionnaires; and of the Germans, there are a numerous sect that have excited an interest by reviving the almost extinct art of fresco, and by a process of study in which not Raphael, but Raphael's masters, are imitated, with all the laborious minuteness peculiar to their countrymen. With all these, and the interest natural to this enduring city, you may believe time does not hang heavy; such is indeed the gratifi-

cation, that, but for ill health being the cause, I should consider it fortunate that such a treat has been brought within my reach; but as it is, I am with every faculty alive, stout and active in frame, yet as unable as ever to make even the slightest study or sketch of what is to be seen around me.

This state of nervous debility has now lasted for nearly ten months, and every thing that skill can suggest has been tried; even opposite systems have at different times been resorted to; periodical bleedings and low diet at one time, and repletion at another; at one place the confinement of a sick room enjoined, while, by other advice, the journey of a thousand miles has been permitted. In short, such is the uncertainty of human judgment, that this malady has unfortunately displayed to me, that no remedy has at any time been urged as indispensable, which has not at another been condemned as injurious: and, with all this, time is going on, the complaint remains the same, and, if not diminishing, must be on the increase. In this uncertainty, may one not ask, Is the disease really understood; or, if it is, have sufficient remedies been hit on? Bleeding, I admit, is severe and powerful enough, but the advantage of this, from repeated experiments, is thought doubtful; and, besides this, though constantly taking medicine, nothing sensibly efficient, nothing but palliatives have been tried. Does that *art*, therefore, which must often do so much in a few hours, admit of no active measures, when so many months have been allowed? In health, in strength, and even in good spirits, and in soundness of mind, I feel as well as ever; yet still that want of

energy for continued thought remains, which, though it does not much diminish the enjoyments of life, must, while it lasts, unfit me for all its active purposes. * * * *

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Rome, 7th January, 1826.

Mitchell, who engraves the Alfred, is employed by Hurst and Co. I have no share, but, if at home, would have looked at it. The bills on Hurst, Robinson, and Co. will be falling due shortly. These will be a help, as my whole dependence is upon them, and the sums very large; the panics in London, which have created anxiety here, have given me also uneasiness. Your letter affords an excellent and satisfactory account of them, the only reasonable one I have seen. I had no doubt of my own bankers, but did not know what other people I am depending upon might be driven to; and, from the six names of houses you mention, the disasters must be tremendous.

Finding my letters, for the present, derive a certain interest from what I can describe of the works in Rome, I have felt it a duty to write to various friends, and mean to write to others in high stations, who have been important friends to me. In this case my correspondence with you and Helen, though regular, must be helped, as this is, by David.

D. W.

The first of the series of letters thus promised to distinguished men, was addressed to Abraham Raimbach, whose graver, succeeding to that of Burnet, aided largely in spreading the fame of Wilkie over foreign lands.

TO ABRAHAM RAIMBACH, ESQ.

Rome, 10th January, 1826.

From Milan, by Pavia, we passed to Genoa, a splendid city without, but loathsome within; where a few, and but a few, pictures reward the search. Thence by the coast of the Mediterranean, along the tops of the Apennines to Pisa, where the Falling Tower and Campo Santo attract attention; the latter presenting upon its walls a series of early efforts before painting reached its maturity, evincing at once the lowness of its infancy with the high and spiritual aim which even from that it attained in its growth. From Pisa we went through Leghorn to Florence, where Phillips and Hilton soon joined me from Venice, and where our joint researches from gallery to palazzo, and from chiesa to convent, among the early matured and the latter masters, formed full occupation for a month. One object with me, though defeated, was to see and converse with the venerable Raphael Morghen. His bottega, for such his studio partly is, is a resort for many travellers, who buy, at first hand, impressions of his works, which, numerous and exhausted as the plates must be, still sell in tolerable, though grey, condition: besides this continuing source of wealth, he is said to

be a man of considerable substance. From Florence we went to Rome, where even the most extravagant of our expectations were realised. I felt now, that after my fatigues, after all the sorrow and sickness with which I have been afflicted, a great event was at last accomplished,—that I was now in Rome, and one of the brightest dreams of my youth had come to pass.

The labours of Michael Angelo and Raphael have since been the chief objects of my study. By far the most intellectual of painters, they make other works appear poor and limited; and, though high in all that is great, they are still an example, and a noble example too, of how the accessories of a work may be treated with most advantage. No style can be so pure as to be above learning from them; no style so low and humble as not to gain, even in its own way, by their contemplation. They have that without which the Venus and the Apollo would lose their value, and with which the forms of Ostade and Rembrandt become instructive and sublime; namely, expression and sentiment. To some of the younger artists here, however, I find they are a stumbling-block; things to be admired, but not imitated, and less to be copied than any flat empty piece of Venetian colouring that comes in their way. The effect of these works upon the unlearned public at large deserves attention. Frescoes, when old, get dull and dry, and cannot be repaired or refreshed like oil: their impression, therefore, upon the common eye is not striking, and many people acknowledge this who still are delighted with a new print from Raphael or

M. Angelo. Vividness is perhaps necessary to make any work generally impressive; and, suppose these fresh as they were at first, and as I have seen some recent frescoes, I believe they would be the most beautiful things imaginable—popular beyond a doubt, as it is upon record they were so.

In modern art Rome is the school for all other countries, though opposite styles are here to be found suited to each. In painting, the Italians and French are alike followers of David: the English students, excepting Lane, are chiefly occupied with subjects of Roman costume; while the Germans for a devotedness (more like a sect than a school) have attracted much attention by their novel experiment of copying the masters and precursors of Raphael (not Raphael himself), in hopes that, by passing over the same course, they will arrive at Raphael's excellence. They have also revived the art of fresco, which, as they manage it better than they do oil, proves it at least as easy; and though their system scarcely admits of originality, it yet has so much of expression, and discards so much that is meretricious, that I wish their feeling were infused a little into ourselves. Their names are Schnorr, Fight, Schaddow, and Overbeck. Schnorr takes the lead, has married a catholic, and changed his religion, to feel more devotedly the scriptural subjects of his art.

But it is sculpture here that is the great object of attention and encouragement. The number of hewers and cutters multiply by every day's further knowledge of Rome: the chisel and hammer are heard in every corner. Amidst such competition great talents have

risen and are still rising. True it is, that seeing at all hands statues and groups growing into life with almost faultless form, and in pure Greek taste, diminishes not a little one's notions of imitating the antique — while it lessens in some degree our respect for the antique itself. But knowledge of the figure and of correct form will not of themselves make high art. Canova had much more than this, or he never would have impressed us as he has done: he added grace and intelligence; and, although his taste as it were is passing away, and Thorwalsden, with more severity, more style, but less expression, has risen in his place, a blank is still left: — draperies prevail over flesh, and flesh over feature; and sculpture will, like painting, become mere decoration, if the inward man does not occupy some share of its attention.

D. W.

The grace and flexibility of Canova's marbles made an impression on the mind of Wilkie, which he loved to describe as a species of fascination arising from the union of unconstrained postures, exquisite chiselling, and the lustre of polished marble. His taste required on further acquaintance more manliness in the forms of his heroes, and a more modest austerity in those of his women.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Rome, 21st January, 1826.

The Holy Year being concluded, and the pilgrims and other visitors to the number of 60,000

having disappeared at the conclusion of it almost in one day, Rome now wears another aspect. The restrictions upon gaiety have been taken off, the theatre and opera have opened, *festas* and balls have commenced, and the carnival is in a short time to begin with its shows and its merriments. The English are here one great family: all ranks associate together, and, being all idle, are driven into the society of one another for amusement. Dinner parties are numerous and very pleasant. Then there are private soireés at the houses of people of wealth, and the *conversaziones* and balls at Torlonia's, at the French and Portuguese ministers', to which all seem to go, and all are made welcome, whether invited or not. It is said that there are 170 English families now in Rome, with almost all of whom one gets acquainted. They make the evening parties here, like those at Kensington, a repetition of the same faces. Amidst all this, as there are many young ladies and many mothers with their daughters, and many young men of expectations or of fortune, you may believe the flirtations are without ceasing; and never was there a place better adapted for this kind of work, for meetings, introductions, and all sorts of coquettings, with this advantage on the female side — of more gentlemen than ladies. But for all this, Rome does not seem to be the place either for marrying or giving in marriage. We hear of no matches, no persons ever laid out for one another; and, whatever may be projected here, I have only heard of one English marriage fairly got up in Italy. This may be a consolation for some of our fair countrywomen, whom want of taste, or more settled habits,

have kept at home in England, where they have still a chance of not being forgotten by those who are abroad.

We went three nights ago to a grand party at the Portuguese minister's, where all Rome was assembled. We have also been to a concert at Madame Catalani's, where we were taken by the young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont, who have been most kind.

D. W.

TO —— ——.

Rome, 23d January, 1826.

Art being my object of pursuit, The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci drew my attention at Milan; but here Time has even been more unsparing than is his wont: a shadow is now all that remains of this once great work, and that so faint, that even the substance of the original picture has become a question; whether fresco, tempera, or oil: but, to show the immortality of mind, when such a thing does exist in a picture, over the frail material in which it is embodied, this masterpiece, in its very ruin, has been revived, and seems destined to enjoy a wide posthumous existence in the well-known admirable engraving of Raphael Morghen, long after the wall upon which it was painted has crumbled into dust.

The masters who preceded the time of Da Vinci, whom our friend Northcote used to speak of with such respect, attracted my attention at Pisa and at Florence; and to those who have seen art in its declension, it is interesting to observe the qualities which distin-

guished it in its infancy and its manhood. The works of Cimabue and Giotto, humble almost as those of the Chinese and the Hindoos, had yet the living principle of expression and of thought, which, down to the time of Masaccio, furnished their only means of arresting the sympathies of man. The refinements of fore-shortening, of contrast, and of intricate composition, with which the followers of the Caracci have so incumbered art, were to them impossible. In sentiment alone they excel. To this they appear to owe their advancement, and to this even the mighty men who brought art to maturity appear to owe their pre-eminence.

The great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo in Rome (my chief study) evince this in a high degree. No artist can either be so high or so humble in his aim as not to be benefited by their contemplation. The divine Raphael, indeed, though shorn by time of his original freshness, *all* can understand, and *all* would wish to imitate. With M. Angelo it is different: his works, incapable of being repaired or refreshed, present with their high reputation a great enigma to most people. Dulled with smoke and natural decay, the admired contour and relief, the great inspiring cause of grandeur and of deep thought, which Raphael imitated, and which drew forth the dying eulogium of Reynolds, is lost entirely to the common eye; and it is only by making allowance for these that the artist can see their great qualities, and, combined with them, what I least expected to see, a refined light, shadow, and colour.

D. W.

It is not known to whom this letter is addressed: that it is to one of the brethren, there seems little doubt.

TO B. R. HAYDON, ESQ.

Rome, 1826.

The objects you mention I had already seen. The Last Supper, in the Dominican Convent, is a shadow beyond the power of revival. The material, which has been questioned, I doubt not was oil. On examining it, I found it cracked, like other pictures of that date, *regularly*, as oil always is, and the spaces of colour all chipped off, leaving the plaster tinged only with the colour it may have absorbed out of the paint. In this state the head of Christ, which, though faded, is fine in expression, and a few other parts, alone retain the original surface. Part of the table-cloth has been ineffectually tried to be restored; but the whole gives no scale whatever to judge of the effect of this once full-toned picture. In the Academy at Milan is a copy (recent, I suppose); gaudy. In a convent near to Milan is another; but this I have not seen. Ours at Somerset House, which came from Pavia, has, I should think, the full effect of the original in its early state; and if so, it could not have been fresco. Leonardo, from the head of himself in the gallery at Florence, and other things extant, seems to have luxuriated in depth and richness; in these—fresco would not have served him; and copies never have—and I have observed this—more richness than the original picture.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Rome, 31st January, 1826.

Amidst the gaieties of society and the Carnival it is still difficult for me to abstract myself from our cares at home, how the interrupted income is to meet the uninterrupted demand. With me health is the only thing that can improve or get worse, and delay in either of these, whether advantageous or not, is yet all I can boast of. The doctors seem to depend all upon time, and will neither do nor try to do any thing of the slightest benefit for me by medicine. Your letter is most satisfactory as to accounts. With the bills in anticipation from Hurst and Robinson, I shall do very well; and, instead of regretting that they cannot be laid aside, and saved for a future occasion, must content myself that I have such a resource in our present unexampled emergencies.

From this state of things Rome presents much to divert the attention, if any thing could divert it. Day after day is taken up in a *lionizing*, or acting as a cicerone for others, and the nights at dinners or at evening parties. These last David takes a greater interest in than I. We have been to the balls given by the French and by the Portuguese ambassadors, where I even went so far as to join, as heretofore, in the quadrilles, because, as I said to some, the dance gave me much less fatigue than the perpetual effort of being talked to by the by-standers. The palazzos where these are given, as well as the company, princes, dukes, and cardinals, are much more splendid

than any we poor folks can get admitted to in London. In the quadrille we were in, of twenty-four persons, David and I happened to dance just in front of Madame Catalani, seated like a queen with a tiara and girdle loaded with diamonds. But the Carnival has now commenced, and the ball and masquerade given at Torlonia's has excited the greatest degree of interest. For this week past all has been preparation, and I, an idle man, have had consultations with male and female about their dresses, and a varied set-out, both stately and grotesque, has been prepared.

Every thing gave way to the grand masquerade at Torlonia's, where all the world was invited. After many whispers I was let into the secret of what friends were doing, and some of us laid our heads together with Campbell, Westmacott, Severn, and Rennie, to get up something in concert with one another. Often did I wish that I had brought George Young's Dutch damask coat; with this I could have done wonders; however, David and I resolved to make the best of our want of materials rather than go in domino. Accordingly, after ranging through numbers of shops of pawnbroking celebrity, and even the wardrobes of the theatres, we succeeded in getting, after a tawdry fashion, things to suit us. David was in the fashion of William III., or rather as Lord Dundee; and I in a Vandyke dress, such as the Marquis of Montrose might wear. With these, after a great deal of trouble in putting on, &c., we sallied forth to the Duke de Bracciano's, a splendid palace truly worthy of such an assembly. Characters of all sorts, dominos, and plain ladies and gentlemen, were

there. The whole was rich in appearance, and fine beyond description. We kept on our masks for some time, and spoke to many friends perfectly *incog*. I had borrowed a scarf from Mrs. Rennie; her I accosted, and remained unknown till I tossed the end of her scarf at her, which made her start with an exclamation of recognition. Grotesque, various, whimsical, elegant, masked and unmasked, were the parts assumed; stately old ladies played by gentlemen, Dr. Faustus and Mephistopheles by two Germans admirably dressed, an English jockey by Mr. Beaumont, the Twelve Hours following Aurora by a set of beautiful girls dressed from Guido's picture of that subject. But the finest of all was Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, by Rennie and Severn. The two upon horses galloping about, played it to the life, and to the delight of all present. Rennie in armour, and with the basin on his head without mask, looked it admirably.

Last night several characters and dialogues were attempted, chiefly by English; among them none was more capitally done than that of an old Scottish lady by some countryman of ours, whom no one could find out. I had myself a long chat with the honest woman in presence of about a dozen Scotch. The person did not seem to know any of us, or, if he did, concealed it surprisingly, leaving us in a mystery who or what he can be from Scotland at such a distance without our knowing him.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Rome, 4th February, 1826.

Your letter of the 24th has just reached me. After being in hopes that the disastrous events which have hovered round us were subsiding, you have related another which, unless its mitigations prove real, is almost with its consequences as great as any that has occurred. It was upon my claims on Hurst and Robinson I was depending, not only for my journey here, but for support, to see whether time might improve my health: still, however, both Coutts and the Bank of England must fail, and the Ordnance must exact the uttermost farthing, before I can be entirely destitute. With health I could surmount every thing; and feeling strongly, as I do, what I said to you in my last, "that it is in health alone I can be either better or worse," I really must say that I am less affected by this new threatening disaster than with any former one by which we have been afflicted.

Disasters, however, do not come single. This same day, and by the same post with yours, David has received a letter from his father, stating the heavy intelligence that the Cupar Bank, in which he has two shares, has come to a close, or, to say the least, had stopped. This appears to have oppressed my uncle greatly; and, fearing his health might be affected, he desired that David would leave Italy, and come home! This we both agree is impossible at present, and would be most unwise for any reason short of Mr.

Lister's state of health being such as to require the presence of his son. With all these perplexities, our situation is far from agreeable; and, for me, anything but what is fit for an invalid.

The accumulation of evils that are said to have had a share in bringing on my illness have now come to such a height, that one would doubt whether recovery is possible. All however here assert, doctors as well as others, that I am recovering. This I am slow to believe, limited as I still am in my powers of attention. But I look in health, am stout and active, and my head troubles me less; and, though unable for any continued occupation, I have written, I believe, more and longer letters since coming into Italy than I ever did when in health. I have also begun of late to make some drawings in colours in the Sistine Chapel, from The Sibyls of Michael Angelo. I have also been engaged in the revelries of the Carnival, to a degree to make our sober friends stare. With all these objects of study and amusement, the reward of the travel of 1500 miles, it will be extreme cruelty should circumstances require me to return before I intended, knowing how little I can do were I at home. More letters will soon, however, come from you, and I hope with more comforting accounts of my prospects from Cheapside and Pall Mall.

In all these difficulties I feel no want of resource in my own mind. With any thing like returning health, I can contest the whole of them, inch by inch. It has been suggested that I should remain abroad another winter. If able to work, people here have

requested to purchase whatever pictures I do: of this there is time enough to think.

It appears that Hurst and Robinson's difficulties cannot be extensive. They have not been long enough set up, and certainly had money to begin with. In prints, they have the *best* property in England; and the best talents in the land must suffer if they fail. Sir Thomas Lawrence and the Author of "Waverley" must alike lose.

D. W.

The above is a melancholy letter. The unexpected failure of Hurst and Robinson laid "the last sad copestone" on the woes of Wilkie when seeking to mend an impaired constitution in the mild air of a foreign land. But that lovely Italy, which has so often caused health to return to men less worthy, or at least less famous, was not allowed to work miracles on the shaken frame and perturbed mind of its distinguished visiter. Yet he did not resign himself to despair: he looked forward to the return of health, and with health he hoped for happier days. He never lost confidence in his genius.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL, M.P.

Dear Sir, Rome, 13th February, 1826.

Upon this distant journey, so often desired for study, but now undertaken for health, I am frequently led to think of those friends at home whose kind offices, while they helped me on in life, now the better enable me to hold out in the time of sickness and

untoward events. Among such benefactors you, Sir, are conspicuous; and, although your many and important avocations scarcely admit of such intrusions as this, still, being in Rome, and surrounded with objects so congenial to your taste, I may perhaps be excused for detailing to you a few of those first impressions the wonders of this place inspire.

Italy and its different schools of Art have, doubtless, been visited by yourself. These as yet I have but partly seen. Entering by Milan and Genoa, and not by Venice, the Florentine and Roman masters have alone occupied my attention; but these, from Cimabuè to Michael Angelo, comprehend the infancy and highest attainments of Italian art; and one is, perhaps, as much surprised by the untaught Chinese-like simplicity it arose from in the one, as by the power it assumed when animated by the accomplished genius of the other. One thing alone seems common in all stages of its advancement,—the desire of making all other excellencies tributary to the expression of thought and sentiment; an aim alike redeeming to the mean forms of Ostade and Rembrandt, as it is ennobling to the style and beauty of The Apollo, The Madonna della Sedia, or The Chapeau de Paille; but which, as Italian art began to decline, seems to have been the last thing thought of.

It is in this way of reviewing them that, in my humble style of art, the great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo can be of any use. A departure from my accustomed subjects, or even a disregard of the models of execution the Dutch and Flemish schools present, would be most unwise. Indeed, without at-

tempting to combine qualities incompatible with one another, the intelligence so conspicuous in the highest may be infused into a lower walk, and whoever tries to give human expression may learn much from the frescoes of the Vatican and Sistine Chapel.

These I have visited with intense interest, and, much as my expectations had been raised, with no other disappointment than at the decay to which they seem fast hastening. Brilliant as they doubtless were at first, Time has so obscured them, that to the common eye much is lost: but Raphael, with his elegance and expression, all can admire. His School of Athens, his Miracle of Bolsena, and his Heliodorus, beautiful as the colouring is, though obscured, are, from their composition and telling of the story, the most adapted to general taste of any works in existence. But with Michael Angelo it seems quite different. His great works, the Creation, Progression, History, and Last Judgment of Man, though arranged in a highly ornamental style, are necessarily so abstract in their qualities of excellence, that of the few who visit the Sistine Chapel, a small proportion only appear to take much interest about them. This indifference appears to have extended itself to artists also; for of all the various modes of study practised here, there is not one that ventures to imitate Michael Angelo.

When his works are studied, however, and with due allowance for damage and time, none have ever come nearer what may be called inspiration. His Prophets and Sybils have that sort of dignity which makes all other styles look little. They are of the true epic; and, like the Apollo and Jupiter in sculp-

ture, have served as models for all since done of the superhuman kind. The lower compartments also in The Last Judgment are most striking for the magical power, though it looks like the power of a demon, by which bodily and mental agony are expressed. These have had the homage of being imitated by Raphael: they seem also to furnish an essential part in the vigorous style of Rubens; and from our own Reynolds not only have they drawn forth his memorable eulogium, but in his happiest efforts appear to have suggested to him that power of expressing the deep thoughts of the inward man that now gives to his works their greatest value: when I add to this, what one least expects to find in M. Angelo, his feeling for colour, which, in parts the least affected by the mouldering plaster, is often such as Titian or Rembrandt might have chosen, it may be truly said that these works, as a whole, are the most dignified and impressive that the art of painting has yet produced.

With the high powers of mind it is impossible not to think also of the material — fresco — in which they are embodied: without which, Italian art could not have had a fifth of its occupation, and might never have had its preeminence. Fresco, which is clearer, less heavy, and more easily lighted than oil colour, can exist only with the higher qualities of painting, and cannot, like oil, with its beauties of execution, supply their place. It also admits, from its greater space, of combinations, to which oil, in a limited form, is a stranger. This art, though less difficult than oil, has since the time of Mengs been entirely extinct; but it is now undergoing a revival

by the efforts of some Florentine and German artists; and such is the encouragement that fresco meets with in its revival, that the Florentines are employed to decorate the Mausoleum of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and the Germans to paint a hall in the Palace of the King of Bavaria at Munich. Seeing what is effected here, one cannot help fancying that fresco might be used with advantage by our own artists in England. It is true that neither West nor Barry, nor any of the most zealous, have thought of it, the frost, damp, and smoke being objections; but in Chelsea College Chapel, I believe, there is a fresco by Marco Ricci that has stood unchanged for one hundred years.

With the highest esteem and respect,

I have the honour, &c.

D. W.

This is the first of a series of letters addressed by the artist to a statesman whose merits all have united to praise, from Lord Byron, when a school-boy at Harrow, to the distinguished statesman Guizot, ruling the destinies of a rival empire: nor has the influence of his patronage been unfelt in the ranks of literature as well as in the realms of art.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Rome, 15th February, 1826.

Two letters have been received from Thomas, giving accounts of the threatened disasters yet hanging over me, from the difficulties of Hurst and Robinson.

His statements, however, which are most clear and well reasoned, give me encouragement, and, what he tells me he has done about the drafts I sent, most sensible. Assure him I feel much satisfied by his promptitude and judgment.

To us, who have for the last three years encountered so many misfortunes, this last, were it to come to the worst, great as it would be, would make less impression on me than any of the former. I felt resolved, therefore, to make no change in my views and even amusements here; and feeling in good spirits, and at the time in the middle of the Carnival, both I and David, who was also affected by news of his father's losses, with philosophic ardour scrupled not to join in all the diversions, and even folly, with which we were surrounded.

The masquerade at Torlonia's exceeded in splendour and variety of character and amusement all our expectations; and the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, excepting that he mistook a colossal statue by Canova for a giant, and Lord Dudley Stuart in his armour for the Knight of the Mirror, is thought, with his squire Sancho, to have crowned all, and to have been the most successful masque for that evening. The Carnival having thus begun with masques in the evening, and the still more grotesque revelry in the Corso by day, and finding nothing done or thought of but the Carnival, we were forced, in our own defence, to join in it; and old and young, Catholic and Protestant, seemed to give in to it with equal glee while it lasted. One day, when dining with Mr. and Lady Katherine Halkett, where we numbered about ten altogether, it

was agreed that we should all rig ourselves in masks and dominos, and proceed in a body to Lady Compton's soirée; a scheme no sooner hinted at than acted on; and I with the rest was furnished with a mask, and pressed into the service. We entered her ladyship's party, to the surprise of every body; and, after puzzling the party for a time, retired, unmasked, and were each then announced as if just arrived for the evening.

The last night of the Carnival was celebrated by a brilliant and crowded party at the house of Mrs. Starke, where we went, with Captain and Mrs. Weltden. For some days before, all was preparation: Captain Weltden, who was quite full of it, and determined to play a principal part, joined our secret doings with an alacrity showing well that he had been at this kind of work before. We took him to our repository, and the character he selected was a mountebank doctor, which we dressed him in with splendour, and still genteel enough for a drawing-room. David could not find his former dress, and was, after much puzzle, obliged to put up with one of his own choosing, a Spanish peasant, but not half so good.

My dress, though but indifferent in condition, I resolved to take some pains to make perfect. It was a black velvet Vandyke, with slashes and lining of red silk, but far too frittered, and wanting plainness. With the assistance, however, of a handsome collar trimmed with lace, which a lady made for me, and a black velvet waistcoat to cover the frippery of the body, and, above all, with a pair of cardinal's red stockings, bought on purpose, to come up over the knee, the foundation of

the dress was complete. In addition to this, I had, what most other dresses wanted, decorations. On the mantle I had a large row of bugles, and finding a good Scottish lady willing to assist, a splendid star was made of jewels, &c., and suspended on the breast by a blue ribbon. This, with a gold chain and a Turkish sash of Mrs. Weltden's, wrought wonders. But what most identified the dress with a former period were the side curls, which our padrona (the landlady) gave me of her own juvenile head-gear, and which the barber opposite put in order for me. We dined with the Weltdens on the night of the party, and their carriage, after taking the ladies, was to come for the captain, that we might enter with a splash together, and surprise every body.

Every thing went on as well as possible. Our whole house (padrona and all), for every one is alive about the Carnival, was in uproar till we were ready; when at last Weltden, in most complete style, arrived, dressed as a charlatan, with a box suspended in front, with bottles, gallipots, pigments, washes, perfumes, liqueurs, eau de Cologne, and, as a *corps de reserve*, a great Bologna sausage concealed in his pocket. In this guise we got into the carriage, and drove to the palazzo of Madame Starke. Neither the captain nor I wore masks; but as we proceeded through the crowded assembly, I found myself scarcely recognised by any, and the captain, who soon drew the people around him, played his part so well, that even to those who knew him, he remained an incog. His speech was addressed particularly to the ladies, for whom he had restoratives of beauty and even of youth, and said so

many pleasant things, that of all characters present he became the favourite. I was assailed by an antiquated lady in a mask with remarkable wit and sarcasm. She said such things to those who accosted her that never failed to produce bursts of laughter. Being in her gait, however, a little lame, many teazed her, and particularly Weltden, by asking her to dance. You will be surprised to know that this was a Kensington person, the heir apparent of Holland House, who played his part with a wit and an address worthy of his noble descent. Another person, dressed as a French emigrant, disguised simply with a nose and chin, accosted me in French as an old acquaintance, and puzzled me greatly. He referred to our conversations together in the Louvre, and in such a style, and with such fluency of French, that I could make nothing of him. I presented him to a Mrs. Seymour, a great beauty, whom he complimented as an English lady in a manner worthy the ancient noblesse. Observing him, too, a little lame, I found him out, and, being an English friend, admired greatly his admirable French and his masterly address in the character. He happened at this time to come in contact with the charlatan, whose drugs, nostrums, and compliments he politely declined, when the produce of Bologna was produced, and, to his great annoyance, thrust in between his protuberant nose and chin. This drew from him a torrent of anathemas against the empiric, which, for fluency, and characteristic French fluency, was admirable; and working himself up into a storm which amused every body, he turned to another part of the room.

In the course of the evening a *tableau* was tried by several ladies to represent a picture by Raphael. This was not successful, though it amused. But what surprised me most was a mysterious mask, who had already spoken to me, but who wished me to speak in an outer room, where this unknown wanted to unmask. After being teazed a great deal, I was obliged to follow. On reaching the outer room, I told the mask I had found him out; but on seeing several servants come round to assist in taking off the domino, and beholding then a splendid tiara on the head, I said, "You surprise me: I do not know yet who you are." "How dull you are! am I not speaking in my own natural voice?" said the mask, discovering the countenance and gorgeous dress of Lady Compton, who, after enjoying a hearty laugh at my expense, and adjusting her costly dress, accompanied me again into the entrée room, as if just arrived. After a humorous scene with our friend in the mountebank character, who insisted on her ladyship and some friends about her tasting, not the sausage, but certain delicate liqueurs concealed as drugs in his repository, we, at the late hour of 4 o'clock, left the party, more amused than with any thing we had seen of the masquerading kind. I have only to add that my dress, whiskered and decorated as I was, was admired as most effective and splendid; scarcely any knew me at first; all said they had seen it in a picture, and wished to know what picture it was. We had a most merry and amusing evening, and thus ended the Roman carnival. Lent has begun; and, from an

excess of foolery to sobriety, all is quietness and meagre living.

D. W.

Tell our good friend Geddes I intend writing to him, but prefer delaying to write till I have seen the *great works at Venice;* a reason he will perfectly understand.

I learn that Charles Mathews is with his son at Abbotsford. The laird, I suppose, is passing his time merrily, notwithstanding what threatens him from Archibald Constable being in a similar predicament with Hurst and Robinson. I feel disposed to follow his example; and so long as I can remain on this side the Alps, wish to enjoy all that is going on, and am glad I have spirits to do so. The Will has, I doubt not, been a successful bargain for Hurst and Robinson, whatever it may be for me. But their successful hits were always swallowed up by their losses upon trash they were constantly buying upon their own judgments.

D. W.

CHAPTER VI.

ROME. — MEMORANDA MADE THERE. — NAPLES. — MEMORANDA MADE THERE. — LETTERS TO CHANTREY AND GEDDES. — BOLOGNA. — MEMORANDA MADE THERE. — PARMA AND CORREGGIO.

MEMORANDA.

Rome, Feb. 14. 1826. Went a few days ago to see Signor Minardi's drawing in chalk from The Last Judgment of Michael Angelo; done for Longi, of Milan, who is to make an engraving from it of the same size: a most beautiful and elaborate drawing, almost a restoration of what the picture must have been at first; has considerable effect in the arrangements, and in the light and shadow of the groups. As a whole, it partakes a little of the bas-relief, and wants much to make it a pictorial composition.

In examining the lower parts of the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel, the difficulty Phillips has in making out any story in them being fresh in my recollection, I thought the subjects in the eight triangles over the windows were obvious. They consist each of a group of a Man, Woman, and Child; and as the space is subtended by that on which the Prophets and Sybils are painted, all of whom foretell the coming of the Messiah, may not these be each *a Nativity* — the actual fulfilment of their predictions?

Feb. 16. 1826. In *The Last Judgment* it is often observed that the Christ is the least successful figure. Had Michael Angelo seen the The Apollo Belvidere,

one cannot fancy but that a different idea of the great Judge would have been suggested to his mind. He is in too much action for his high character and situation. I have frequently asked for information, Did Michael Angelo and Raphael ever see The Apollo and The Venus de Medicis? I have asked this of Thorwalsden, but he could not tell; and Mr. Burgess, so learned in Roman antiquities, says it is not known when either were discovered. Bernini being the restorer of the hands of The Apollo, makes it probable that it was not found long before his time.

The sculpture apartments in the Vatican are doubtless the most splendid in the world. The works themselves have, with much of the first-rate kind, much also of a most inferior quality. Expression is what is chiefly wanting in the antique; the face itself is often far from being principal: form is with them every thing, and that of so fine a class as to become a standard and test of excellence.

The Demosthenes lately acquired seems, for sentiment, one of the finest: it combines the portrait with the great orator; and so perfectly in the act of speaking, that one might fancy him in possession of the attention of an assembled multitude. This does not seem a highly-finished statue, the style scarcely above common nature, the attitude simple, and drapery rough. There is a kind of severity about it, without hardness; and in the air of the whole, a spirituality that arrests the attention at the first glance.

Facing the long entrance gallery is the statue of Meleager, remarkable for the perfection in which it has been handed down. The figure, the boar's head,

and the dog, all of one block, are entire, without fracture or restoration. The left hand, the only part wanting, appears purposely left unrestored, that the integrity of the state of its preservation may not be disturbed.

But the Apollo is the most elegant, the most expressive, and the most sublime of all statues. Alike admirable in composition, and beautiful in detail, he seems ready to shake the heavens and the earth, and to come down. The head, though still, is full of expression: to this the placing of the neck a little out of the centre of the breast to the right perhaps contributes; and the form of the hair, with the two bunches of curls on the forehead (resembling the pricking of a horse's ears), perhaps adds as much animation to the figure as any thing. With the distortion of the neck, it has been observed that the body itself is not in a fine style, and that one leg is longer than another, and both below the knee longer than their right proportion; still the movement, the exhibition of thought and sentiment, prevails over every thing, conceals every defect, and places this god-like statue above every other effort of human art, as the happiest creation of man. In Paris, and seen in competition with a saloon full of the finest statues, it looked finer, and more commanding, than it does in its present situation.

Feb. 17th. Have been engaged for some weeks past in making drawings in the Sistine Chapel. The Sybil, Libyca, and that entitled Delphica, are those I have tried; and, to give as much of the appearance

of fresco as I could, have done them on coloured paper, with water-colours worked up with chalk. Their style of design does not arrive at what the French would call purity: they are often incorrect, and in parts want both imitation and detail, and have scarcely an approach, in men, women, or children, to our notions of beauty; but as an abstract likeness of what they are intended to represent, they perhaps come nearer the mark than if they had all the above supposed excellencies combined.

The fine combinations of figures and groups in the lunettes are still to me obscure in their intention. They refer, doubtless, as the names affixed to the tablets indicate, to the genealogy of Christ; but how far the figures, either in character or in action, in event or costume, have any thing to illustrate the chronological descent of the divine Saviour, is still a doubt that would require further inquiry to solve.

In making the above drawings I find that, with rests every five or ten minutes, then walking from one end of the chapel to the other, I can go on working for an hour, an hour and a half, and even two hours together; and though at no period do I allow much earnestness, yet in this way an hour's tolerable steady work is gone through, and in a certain number of days a drawing is completed.

Accompanied Mr. Western to the Braschi Palace, to see the colossal Antinous, and a picture, The Assumption of the Virgin, by Murillo. The Antinous is a splendid work; the head, shoulders, and feet alone are antique, the drapery and arms restored. It seems in a very high style of sculpture, has much grandeur,

and far more beauty and elegance than any colossal statue I have ever seen. This is said to be for sale, and that 6000 guineas are asked for it. The Murillo is not a first-rate, though a true picture. Went from this to see the Corsini Murillo—a first-rate, rich, and beautiful picture, but a little touched and stippled upon like the other, but the head of the Virgin and the Child are most luxuriously painted.

Was told at Lady Compton's that in consequence of Archibald Constable's failure Sir Walter Scott is involved to the amount of 70,000*l.*, and that he had nothing left but hard working. In this way literary success is nothing—the reward of the poet must still be fame, and not riches. Hurst and Robinson cannot go on after this, and their failing in their engagements must be to me another great disaster. Still, had I a chance of the restoration of perfect health, all this could be got over.

Feb. 18th. Received a letter from Helen. Hurst and Robinson resuming business, as a proof of which, Burnet had received money from them. How fortunate for me if they can weather the storm!

Feb. 19th. Dr. Clark, whom I have consulted since coming to Rome, appears to treat my case as they all have done before; as if time should do every thing; palliatives, and nothing else. The stomach, diet, and every thing but the real seat of the disorder attended to, and nothing tried likely to come within reach of the disorder; proceeding, as we do, in our art, upon exclusive principles and received notions. An experiment of burning what is called moxham on my neck was tried some days ago; but this, by way of

active treatment, is less effective than the bite of a mosquito would be, and, like all other things hitherto resorted to, quite inadequate to the fixed nature of the disease.

Met this day Signor Cammuccini at Mr. Cook's, and find him one of the best informed men in the history of art that I have ever met with. He tells me the Apollo was found in the time of Raphael, and almost by Raphael himself. It was discovered in a villa of Augustus Cæsar's, near the port of Ostia. Raphael was informed of it about mid-day; he repaired immediately to the sea-side, was delighted with it, and came back before night; waited on the Pope (Julius II.), who was undressed, ready to go to bed; requested to be admitted, when his Holiness was so elated with the news, that orders for the journey were issued that night to Ostia, and this great discovery was examined and admired by torch-light. Signor Cammuccini says that the Venus de Medicis, as well as the Apollo, were discovered in the time of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and of course were seen by those two great men; that the Venus of the Capitol, The Dying Gladiator, and most of the sculpture in that place, were found more recently. The Apollo was discovered in a very perfect state, wanting only the left hand and the fingers on the right: all else is antique. A Bacchus, in the Vatican, but not yet shown, is, he says, the most perfect ever found. The majority were dug up out of the earth; some, particularly The Torso of Michael Angelo, were built into walls, while others, such as the Laocoon, were found undisturbed in subterraneous apartments, in the niches where they had

anciently stood. The antique pictures are comparatively few, but all those found in the baths of Rome were found in the time of Raphael, and the Aldobrandini Marriage was, with the rest, known and studied by him and copied: witness that which remains in the Doria Palace by N. Poussin. The Torso was taken out of the wall of a house close to where Michael Angelo lived on the Capitoline Hill, was discovered and dug out by himself, the flat place on the back being cut as a facing to the exterior, the rest immersed within the wall.

Feb. 20th. Visited the Baths of Caracalla; a vast ruin stripped of every thing but its massiveness. Here excavations have been attempted; nothing found of value to repay the expense, but persisted in as a pursuit rather than with the hope of gain. The Pope, and his cortège, came by us in full cavalcade; two dragoons ordered us to dismount as his Holiness passed, which we did, making a profound obeisance, most graciously returned. Had an excellent view of him.

21st. It was on this day last year that, in painting two hours longer than I ought to have done, the fatigue from work was brought on that has occasioned my almost entire inability to work ever since. This appeared the immediate, though there may have been other and previous causes. About a week or ten days before, a violent pain in my right shoulder, with a slight weakness in the right arm, and numbness in two fingers of the right hand, gave warning of something of the sort; but this warning, though urged upon the attention of the doctor three times,

was unattended to, was treated as rheumatism; and the relaxation from work, then so much pressed upon me from family disasters as well as from increasing business, was never thought of, till it was required from sheer inability to go on, and when it was unavailing. Since that time my complaint has been one undeviating course of mental inactivity, possessing still every power of faculty, that alone excepted—the power of continued attention, without which no faculty can be applied to any useful purpose.

After reading twenty pages of a book it must be laid aside; after writing ten lines it must be discontinued: a sort of confusion comes on; a want of power to proceed that rest alone can remedy; and this requiring hours, little of any thing can be done in a day. By doing nothing else I have sometimes got through one hundred and twenty pages in a day, and have in like manner written a letter of some length by return of post; but a regular account seems kept against me, and only a certain quantity of thought, whether expended in reading, writing, seeing objects of interest, or conversing in society, is allowed to be exerted in the course of the twenty-four hours. Though told by doctors that these symptoms have diminished, and that I have improved in general health, I am myself quite unconscious of any change. In bodily strength, in appetite and spirits, in the feelings of health, and the powers of enjoyment, I am nearly as well as ever; yet the inability of continued mental effort is felt at every step. The operations of mind and of thought are perpetually interrupted; and, like the body when enfeebled or

imprisoned, are rendered unfit for the active purposes of life.

Feb. 23. Saw the frescoes by Domenichino, in the church of S. Andrea della Valle. The effect of these—most striking, light, brilliant, even rich, and fully as complete as oil-painting could be; perhaps they are the most finished of any frescoes I have seen. The accompaniments of stucco and gold to the compartments has a most splendid effect. They have all the effect and clearness of an English water-colour drawing; and any oil-picture in their place, however brilliant, even from the hand of Rubens, would fail in the comparison.

Signor Cammuccini says that the Murillo at the Brasci is a known picture—came from Sicily, but has been retouched upon, and is not a first-rate picture of the master. The finest Murillo in Rome, he says, is in the collection of the Prince of the Peace, where are also a Rubens and a Spagnoletto of first-rate quality.

Feb. 24. Received yesterday a gratifying letter from Mr. Raimbach, (London, Feb. 7.), in which he relieves my apprehensions about Hurst and Robinson, by the assurance that Hurst from Longman and Co. had lately joined them with a large capital, and that the belief is they will be able to weather this commercial hurricane.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Rome, 21st February, 1826.

I have often thought of remaining another year abroad, but whether as a matter of health or of art, it appears to make no great difference whether I do or not. If I am able to work, London is the place where work would be most effective. Any thing done here might only interrupt what I could do at home, and it is therefore as a matter of expense that it requires to be considered. I must wait the progress of events, finding in the present juncture the calculations of prudence and forethought of almost no value.

Your information of the expected stability of Hurst and Robinson is as yet somewhat encouraging; but after hearing of the failure of their ally, Constable, with the sacrifice of such a man as Scott, what is not to be looked for? One would have thought, with the Waverley Novels, the Edinburgh Review, the portraits of Lawrence, and, though in a humbler degree, the works I have sold them (no mean criterion, I believe, of their run of profits in larger concerns), their success would have been undoubted. It is useless, however, to speculate; when the mighty have fallen, the lesser must be content with the same venture; and give me but health—professional and personal reputation still remain: with these, and with my wonted power of using them, I feel equal to any thing that may occur.

Feb. 22. One thing has occasionally struck me, and is impressed upon me more by the above, that

but for my illness obliging me to start when I did, I should never have seen Italy. Being here, however, and being able to travel, to see, to admire, and to enjoy, and what is more, unfit for any thing else, I must make the most of it.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Velletri, 25th February, 1826.

We started this morning at 8, in a Vettura carriage, traversed the dull and trite Campagna, which, nevertheless, presents in the blue distance some of those mountains one is familiar with in the pictures of Claude. From Albano to this place we passed through scenes that realize all that Salvator Rosa conceived or Poussin drew. The towns, always on an eminence, are solemn and grand, the acclivities wild, rocky, and covered with rich woods, and with such grandeur of foliage as I do not remember to have seen before in Italy.

Tell Callcott from me, he ought on no account to delay seeing Italy; the composition and the colouring are on an improved scale to any thing in England for landscape-painting. Collins has written to say he is contented with what he sees at home. Never was such a mistake; variety of subject ought to induce him; and what has formed the basis of Titian, Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa, ought at least to be seen by an English artist.

Naples, 1st March.

This is a most splendid city. The streets are like

the High Street in Edinburgh, and the Trongate in Glasgow—spacious and well paved; the houses high and substantially built, unlike, in this respect, the towns in England, and even in Italy, where they are often like houses of paper, ready to be blown away by every wind. Out of the city, the first thing the eye goes in search of is Vesuvius, or, as we used to call it, *the burning mountain.* Fire, however, at present, it has none, and we are even disappointed at the absence of smoke. It is grander and larger than I expected.

This city has 300,000 inhabitants, and certainly has in it a greater appearance of bustle than is to be seen any where but in London. The Toledo, the chief street of business, has all the hurry and multitudes of Cheapside.

D. W.

The fine air of Naples, and the fame of its school, influenced Wilkie, and he resolved to taste of the one, and look at the wonders of the other, in the place where they were wrought. He had heard the enthusiastic Fuseli speak rapturously of the antique Greek marbles, and of the pictures of Correnzio, who, with "matchless celerity of pencil, embossed his glories in dropping clouds," and gave such expression to his hand as Venice, with all its rivalry, seldom reached;—of fierce Ribera, the Spaniard, who loved to exhibit the terrors of evil passions—paint the spasms of Ixion on the wheel, and the agonies of St. Bartholomew under the knife;—and of the implacable Caracciolo, a follower of the Carracci, and one of their ablest, who

scrupled not to call in the aid of the stiletto where art failed: but Salvator Rosa was the name on which he loved most to dwell — who delighted in scenes of savage magnificence and ruined grandeur: whose spirit loved, like that of the poet's Satan, to stray in lonesome glens, and contemplate ruined castles. Salvator's style, his ideas, and his handling, were all his own, and Wilkie wished to look on his works in the place of his birth, though he had often been warned that he was a sort of Will-o'-wisp, whose light seemed sent only to mislead and bewilder.

MEMORANDA, *continued.*

Naples, Feb. 28th. Arrived at ½ past 4, after a most interesting journey of four days, from Rome — presenting instances of the finest colour and composition of the mountains — with shapes the grandest and most beautiful I have seen. That part of the route, recently so much the haunt of banditti, appears the same spot Salvator must have studied his effects from, of rocks, trees, and mountains: — farther on, where the country becomes more open, are to be found the beautiful banks, woody eminences, and blue distant hills of Claude.

Before leaving Rome, saw the collection of the Spanish Prince of the Peace. The Murillo is in admirable condition; but, in subject and colour, I think Signor Cammuccini overrates it. The Rubens is a duplicate, and inferior to Mr. Angerstein's. The Spagnoletto rich, but disgusting. One of the finest

pictures there is a Velasquez — a martyr in a red dress — the tone and execution most superb. Saw the Prince himself — somewhat of a rough character.

March 1st. Repaired to the Museum. Saw the Greek and Roman marbles in the Lower Apartment — the Hercules, Aristides, Flora, Venus, the Torso of Phidias, and the Psyche of Praxiteles: the bust of Cicero from Herculaneum, and some alto-reliefs, peculiar examples of dexterity in this kind of sculpture. The Greeks were remarkable for the softness with which they worked in marble, and also for a knowledge of the powers of light, and shadow, and half-tint, in giving effect to their figures. The whole of these interested and gratified me extremely.

2nd. Met with Mr. Uwins and Mr. Woodburn — went with the latter to see the Museum, first the bronzes, then the pictures. The bronzes are the finest antiques in the world; they seem to require a different kind of work from marble, but less effective. Durable as the material is, the figures, though more entire, do not preserve their shapes so well as the unyielding stone.

Most of them seemed Roman, found in Herculaneum and Pompeii. The Seneca very fine. A little figure with wings — appears Greek — very fine. A Mercury seated, and Head with hair, remarkably worked (called Plato), and many others of first-rate quality; but still, for colour and effect, inferior to marble sculpture. I have my doubts whether some of the deviations from strict truth, in the working of the features and extremities, are not defective rather than necessary to effect. A Head of Scipio Africânus,

entirely bald, impressed me greatly. The Infant Hercules with Serpents, the origin of Sir Joshua's picture, is very fine.

The pictures we next examined—a great rubbishy collection that for place and arrangement looked the worst of any collection I ever saw. There are, however, a few gems. The Titian Venus—very fine, but a little touched—the white drapery dull, too much of it, and wanting brightness,—the flesh, though in parts, true and beautiful, was in others, a little like a red-chalk drawing. We thought this inferior to the Florence Venus. But the delight of all are the Correggios, particularly The Virgin and Child: this is one of the most delightful specimens I have ever seen, next, if not equal, to the Duke of Wellington's Christ in the Garden. The Marriage of St. Catherine is also fine, but a little rubbed, and wants the richness and zest of the other, which is like Rembrandt. The blue drapery is in this toned down to the same depth with the rest of the picture, and not raw as one often sees in works that have been cleaned.

The largest of the Raphaels is of a very fine quality both in expression and colour. The Claude a little cleaned, but beautiful. The Parmigianos of Columbus, of a Female, and the one in tempera, are very beautiful.

In an ante-room is a beginning by Titian,—said to be water-colour; but this is doubtful: indeed it is more like oil, though painted in a dry and absorbent manner.

3rd. Saw Uwins—found he had been employed

in painting portraits here in oil. He tells me there is in Naples a prevailing superstition like what we have in Scotland, but carried to a far greater extent—of the influence of an evil eye. This belief is so universal, that, as a charm against it, the horn, either in shape or in material, is worn by almost all persons of rank; that wanting this, the putting up two fingers, the fore-finger and little-finger, is resorted to, in presence of one known from appearance or reputation to possess this baneful aspect. To be accused of such a power, however, by having presented to you the mystic horn, is considered the greatest insult, for which no revenge can be too great; for as the family of such a being share with him the dread and obloquy, the relations join in repelling by violence such an insinuation.

This was shown lately by the fate of a dramatic writer who made the ridicule of this direful prepossession the subject of a comedy. He was indiscreet enough to introduce a lawyer or judge suspected of this power, almost by name, as a leading character in his piece, and marked it by circumstances so strongly that all could trace the likeness. The day after the first representation the author being in a café, was respectfully called out into the street as if on business, when in an instant he was assailed by half a dozen persons with bludgeons, and had his scull fractured so severely that he died a day or two after. The play, if played a second time, was never played a third, and even the police allowed the outrage to pass unpunished and unnoticed.

Mr. Uwins stated that one day, when passing down

a lane, a stone was thrown past him with great violence, at a youth, who was running away; and on looking to the quarter from whence it had come, a little man, with a most angry and agitated countenance was heard exclaiming "Questo ragazzo ha fatto un corno a me!" and that, to revenge the insult of being suspected of the evil eye, he had launched the stone at his affrighted accuser.

So general is this belief, that the highest in rank are suspected of this blasting influence, and none are exempted from the dread of it. The sovereign himself is said to be so impressed with it, that he will not encounter any one of those families in which it dwells —will turn his carriage back if meeting them, making horns in all directions, and will not proceed from home the same day after such an encounter. A lady lately married, of a family so gifted, is suing for a divorce, and her alleged cause for obtaining it is attributed to the mysterious power of her own enervating and destructive eyes.

Went to view the Egyptian antiquities in the Museum. Observed that, though without contrast or action, they are, both in limbs and features, of elegant shape and form; so that it appears the standard of form was fully established long before Greek sculpture had an existence, leaving that people to add only composition and the variety of position to carry sculpture to its perfection. The sculptors who revived the art after the middle ages have had a more difficult task in perfecting their art than the Greeks themselves had.

Dr. Robertson, whom I conferred with to-day about my complaint, says he objects *in toto* against any system of starvation; that living moderately might do good, but low living nothing but harm. In his own case mercury has been tried with *advantage;* that his leg has been rubbed with it, and the system so far affected as to benefit his head. He thinks in my case that mercury, to the extent of affecting my mouth, might be tried. Does not know how it would act more than this: that, as a poison, it produces a new disease, capable of staying the action of that now existing, but which would cease of itself with the cause that produced it. At the same time, the original complaint, being incompatible with it, would, according to medical analogy, be mitigated or subdued by its action.

4th. Salerno. Started at five o'clock, with Mr. Woodburn and Mr. Uwins, for Pæstum. Passed through Portici, under which the ancient Herculaneum lies buried: from this we proceeded along the Mediterranean, and struck off for Pompeii, which we left for our return, and after passing through a defile of hills for three hours, we came again to the sea-coast, and soon reached Salerno. Observed that the country differs less from England than one was led to expect, and that the people and their dresses, though now and then distinct, have the majority of them a general character that belongs to all the countries we have passed through. As we set out, the top of Vesuvius exhibited the appearance of a great furnace; but not by actual smoke: it rather seemed that the cold and humid atmosphere passing over it from the east was,

by the heat of the crater, converted into a white vapour, which passed across like smoke, but again vanished into air as it got away from the heat, and was again condensed. I have seen a damp brick-kiln show, on a smaller scale, the same appearance. This, I suppose, except in extraordinary cases, is the only sign it gives of the volcanic action.

Naples, March 6. Beyond Salerno is said to be the country in which Salvator studied. The mountains are rugged, grey, and wild, and the people perfectly in character with them. Karl du Jardin and Berghem appear also to have taken their scenes and figures from this spot. We were reminded of them by every shepherd and muleteer we met. The country is said to be infested with banditti: the foul deeds that have occurred on the way to Pæstum, and the precautions taken by stations of soldiers, show this; but the rude inhabitants we saw, with their sheep-skin coats and sandals, appear to treat strangers with abundance of civility and respect.

Pæstum presented to us scarcely a new idea. The size of the temples impressed us when close to them. The stones are immense; their size and weight, and distance from other towns, perfectly explain the durability of their structures. A cork model conveys every thing but the size of these buildings. The texture of the volcanic stone, though hard as flint, is so porous as to be perfectly represented by that spongy material; and the very simplicity of their parts, the gigantic scale of shafts, capitals, and friezes, takes away all the impression of extent or magnificence from these monuments as a whole.

On going to the summit of the southern wall of this antique city, which is washed by a small but clear stream, *we and our party reached the utmost extent of our continental* tour; and every day we now travel must bring us *homewards*, and towards *England.*

But if Pæstum can be perfectly conceived without being seen, far different is it with Pompeii. Of this I had seen models, drawings, and descriptions; but the actual presence of the habitations of an ancient people, preserved with so many circumstances of identity, must be seen to be appreciated. Of all ruins, those of Pompeii are the most striking I have ever seen. A city is here, by its sudden immersion in lava and ashes, saved from the danger which time has brought upon all other cities. The whole place wears an air of enchantment: it is as if a city, like the seven sleepers, had lain for a certain term in a torpid state, free from any immunity of change, that it might revive to the astonishment of some future age.

7th. Amphitheatre, theatres, temples, courts of justice, prisons, streets, with causeways and pavements; shops, dwelling-houses, mills of stone for corn, ovens for baking, the palaces of the rich, the tombs on the highway, and even the villa with its wine-cellar; its garden and its terrace, commanding a prospect of the country; all these are to be seen, as if the ruin of the city had taken place but a few months before. But from these, so qualified to interest all minds, I pass to that so peculiarly striking to an artist, viz., the paintings on the walls of the houses.

This mode of decoration appears to have been used

as much in ancient times as it is still in modern Italy, and, instead of being done by stamps as here, or by printed paper as in England, entirely by the hand of the artist. The ornaments consist of arabesque, with panellings, architectural ornaments, and square or round medallions, representing subjects of poetry or of fancy; in other places, stucco bas-reliefs (the grounds painted of a deep blue, or other colour, like cameos) take the place of pictures; and sometimes the architectural ornaments are put in a kind of perspective. For all this only one sort of material is used, water-colour or tempera; neither oil, varnish, wax, or fresco, seem at all to have been known or used by them.

In the decorative part, the colours are very unbroken, so much so that one may tell the colours used. The ochres, yellow and red, are very strongly marked. Indian red, or something like it, is very perceptible. A green, of coppery origin, is also shown by its partial changes. The blues, dark and light, have much vividness, and much of that airy purity that belongs to Lapis Lazuli. There is a red too possessing much of the quality and brilliancy of Chinese vermilion. The material on which these are laid is white stucco or plaster, which seems to imbibe, from its absorbency, a faint shade of the colour to the depth of the eighth of an inch below the surface.

One thing that presses itself very strongly upon me, after seeing these Greek pictures, both at Pompeii and at Portici, is their *sculptural* character. They are little more than coloured bas-reliefs. Of those qualities distinct from sculpture and peculiar to paint-

ing, they have little. The arrangement of the figures, their position (so often in profile), their almost ignorance of foreshortening, their want of distance, the receding of groups, and, above all, their want of mathematical perspective, seem to deprive their works of all that gives to painting in modern times its right to be considered distinct and independent among the sister arts.

It is true that, taking these as specimens, such as an inferior Roman city could furnish, the arts in the capitol must have been distinguished for much higher qualities. Expression, thought, sentiment, colour, and even manual dexterity, appear eminently conspicuous; and some of the figures, for beauty, elegance, and for composition, indicate a power to have been common then, that even the happiest efforts of modern art have never surpassed. Add to this, that these works run into none of the defects which the superabundance of sciences in more recent times has given rise to. Yet it may be asked, are not these a branch of sculpture, rather than of painting in its distinct class? or may it not be that painting, in its infancy, is a child of sculpture, which, unlike the early perfection of its parent, comes only to maturity and independence in the most advanced stages of society?

8th. Started at 9 o'clock for Resina, from whence, with the assistance of mules and guides, we proceeded in our ascent, and at last reached the summit of Mount Vesuvius. The first look down into the crater was tremendously fine: it exceeded much all my expectations. This immense cavern is in circumference three miles. The brink upon which you

stand seems very insecure; large cracks are seen, stones are falling down, and the whole, in colour and substance, looks the most like what is called a draw-kiln for burning lime, when the lime is nearly burnt out and emptied almost to the bottom. It is indeed, for the terrific and the grand, the most remarkable sight I have ever witnessed upon earth.

9th. Received a letter from Thomas. Bill upon Hurst and Robinson presented upon the 13th, but not honoured. This, after all the reasons Thomas gives for hope and confidence, looks bad, makes all my claims upon that firm uncertain at the time when I am totally unable to retrieve or supply any thing by exertion.

Met Dr. Milne, who urged me in the strongest manner to remain in Italy another year; and for the summer recommended even the climate of Naples. This has been all along my wish; but what can be done amidst the disasters that threaten me in London, and even with the daily fear that my cousin may be recalled from me to Scotland? My journey, however, I do not mean to hasten; nor for the present shall I make any change in the plan I have laid down. My great hope is from time bringing a change, from waiting events, and from taking such advantage as they may offer.

Saw again the paintings in the Museum. Both the Correggios fine, but to me The Virgin and Child with the Rabbit is a first-rate specimen. The white is of a rich cream colour, the flesh like Rembrandt's, the blue drapery toned into complete harmony, and the greens are (some fresh colours) glazed into great

depth, and the leaves of the trees behind the Virgin's head like the deepest emerald.

12th. Went again to see the Museum at Portici. Was again satisfied, from minute observation, that the ancients knew no rules of perspective. The want of it was felt, and attempts were made to supply its place, but without any approach to a fixed rule. So far as the bas-relief goes, they go, and no further. Of foreshortening there are few attempts; that of a foot, a thigh, a lower arm or hand, are tried; and in some instances successfully, but in most it is evaded by covering the part with drapery.

In the Palace of the Prince Leopold saw two small pictures by Salvator Rosa—very fine: one, The Angel leaving Tobit and his family.

TO FRANCIS CHANTREY, ESQ., R. A.

Crater of Mount Vesuvius,
8th March, 1826.

Dear Chantrey,

This is an odd place to begin and date a letter from, and it is only to such an odd person as yourself such a letter can with propriety be addressed; but from Vesuvius to Herculaneum, from Herculaneum to Sculpture, and from Sculpture to Chantrey, the transitions are obvious; and in poring over the treasures of ancient art, which the lava has spared and preserved to us, I have been not unfrequently led to revert to those which your chisel and hammer have in our day produced.

Rome, 19th.

I suppose you consider Greek sculpture as preferable to all other. It seems to me as if the artists in that time began as you did first, to learn to paint, and then to work in marble. There is here such an artist-like freedom every where apparent in the working of their material, that it reminds one of what we call surface in a picture, such a perfect knowledge of the effect of light and shadow on that surface, that the hard stone is made to indicate sharpness and softness with as much ease as we see it done in a picture by Correggio. You once showed me the effect of the chisel alone, without filing or polishing. I see basso-relievos and statues here, that seem, with certain varieties, to be worked so entirely, — this, with the absence of cutting lines and angles, makes an essential difference between them, and those bordering on a French taste, where all is definite, precise, and polished. Do not think that I am reading you a lecture, — I am, on the contrary, making these observations rather to encourage you in what you have, in common with the greatest works, and which, let me assure you, I saw with pleasure exemplified in a plaster head I met with of yours in Rome, of Lord St. Vincent, a work which, seen with a fresh eye, and in *Rome*, even made an impression.

In Naples I have been highly interested with what remains of ancient painting as well as sculpture, arts much less allied now than they appear to have been in the time of the Greeks, when statues and bas-reliefs were painted or wrought in party-coloured marble,

and when pictures were coloured sculptures in every thing but the flat surface. Now, the division of labour has separated them widely. The marble is confined to form alone, and the picture, with the help of foreshortening and of linear and aërial perspective, belongs now to an independent art. Thus are we disposed to extol the craft to which we are attached. It is for you to show that sculpture has improved in modern times; I think I could demonstrate that painting has.

Suffering, as I have done, so long from a tiresome and incapacitating disease, I feel interested in knowing how Mrs. Chantrey is, — reduced and enfeebled as she was by, I suppose, a similar malady. If there be a grace beyond the reach of art, it would appear there are disorders beyond the reach of medicine. The doctors are never wanting either in liberality or in kindness, but *they*, like *us*, have too many received notions, and are apt to fancy that a theory well explained is as good as an effective medicine, leaving, as our present painters do, too much to time. In this state Italy has been a consolation to me, though, of its impressions, except on the memory, I can make no record, and being still unfit for the occupations of London, it has been recommended that I should remain another year abroad.

Pray remember me to our good friend Turner, of whom I was reminded in Switzerland at every turn.

D. W.

This letter was very welcome to Chantrey, who felt the truth of the artist's remarks; he had not failed to

observe, during his own visit to Italy, that its painters had not only imitated the antique sculptures, in shape and sentiment, but in colouring also; which, he said, gave a sort of spectral hue to their works, and carried them away from nature, which it is the duty of art to imitate.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Crater of Mount Vesuvius, 8th March, 1826.

This extraordinary phenomenon is now before me, and, in the midst of every inconvenience and a crowd of people, I must still write to say that it surpasses all our expectations: it is like looking down an immense mortar, or the interior of a deep draw-kiln for burning lime. It resounds to the halloo of our guides with a remarkable and sonorous echo; to the ear it occasionally gives a hissing sound from the gallery of rubbish, while the smell is regaled with the sublime effluvia of burning sulphur and brimstone.

Naples.

We remained on the top of Vesuvius, on the brink of the terrible abyss, for nearly an hour. Uwins, David, and I had made a party, and were filled with wonder and astonishment. Now and then an avalanche of rubbish took place; showing, from the time the rocks and stones took to fall, the immense size of the cavern. Our own footing seemed insecure, and in a crevice close by a thermometer was immersed, and rose to 220 degrees. An egg was roasted in the sand in four minutes! This yawning gulph is 3000 feet in

circumference, and is said to be 1200 feet in depth. It appears as if it could hold Arthur's Seat within it.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Route from Naples, 14th March, 1826.

We have completed our visit to Naples and its environs in thirteen days, have seen an immense deal of art in that time, and have seen what we could see in that time of the Neapolitan people; but man, his habitations and climate, differ less in appearance than one would have expected. An activity and liveliness seem to prevail: trades such as we carry on in garrets and back-shops are pursued in the open streets, &c.

Rome, March 16.

The painting and sculpture dug out of the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii interested us greatly. The sculpture was not so new to me as the pictures were, which, although common ornamental decorations only for the walls of their rooms, are highly curious, as the only remains left of what the ancients did in the art of painting. It is from these only that we can judge of what Apelles and Zeuxis may have done, and it is from these that we may gather what these celebrated painters could *not* do. This has suggested to me a theory, which has staggered some of my friends; but to ascertain it four of us went to Portici the day before I left Naples, that I might explain better what I meant. We found reason to agree in this—that if Greek sculpture remains paramount yet, that Greek painting, as an art, has

been decidedly *improved upon* by the ingenuity of modern times.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Rome, 31st March, 1826.

Hurst and Robinson's embarrassments, accompanied as they are by the bankruptcy of Constable, and almost the ruin of Scott, cannot pass lightly over me. We must, therefore, till their bills are regularly honoured, act as if the worst had occurred. The engravings of Engleheart and Smith must, for the present, be delayed, and perhaps the pictures returned to their owners. About letting the house in Phillimore Place, you had better consult some of my friends knowing in these matters,—Chantrey, Rice, or any one practically conversant in what we want to ascertain. My expenses for the eight months I have been abroad do not exceed 160*l.* I believe it would have been as much at home.

The distresses in England have excited great interest here, as well as with you at home. Several people have been obliged to leave Italy, and some families have been entirely changed in their circumstances. Of all the sufferers Sir Walter Scott excites the greatest sympathy. I sent a note, on receiving Helen's letter, to inform Lady Compton of what it contained about him; upon which she showed me the copy of one from Sir Walter himself to her sister at home, upon his late distresses. He states his surprise that

he could bear his loss with so much philosophy; that having his dog, his gun, and his book left, few of his comforts could be diminished, and he was only now annoyed by the sympathies of his friends. Indeed, he says he has felt more annoyance on losing his hat on a windy day, than he now does on losing the greater part of his fortune. She is glad to find him even affecting this, and well it is if it does not take deeper hold. But his family wealth is saved,—his talents and reputation remain untouched; and let him only look to his health, and be content without retrieving what he has lost. His exertions ought to be made with ease to be successful.

D. W.

The clouds which had so long darkened the realms of literature and art in England now suddenly collected and burst in a storm, which all but overwhelmed the highest and brightest names in the land. Scott and Wilkie were rudely shaken, but not broken: they stood the shock with astonishing calmness and courage.

MEMORANDA, *continued.*

Rome, March 25th. Sent a letter to General Phipps on the 22d, and requested to know whether, as a friend, he would not advise that the claims of the Ordnance in the case of my brother might be settled without further delay. This I was the more induced to propose, having been advised by Dr. Clark to remain abroad another year.

April 1st. In leaving this interesting capital, un-

certain whether to go to England or to return, I must still leave it with regret; having found many friends, many objects to admire, to amuse, and to instruct; and with all the grievous inability to study or to note down memoranda of objects so worthy of being retained and remembered, I have still passed a pleasant winter, and, while memory lasts, have still a vivid remembrance of the excellencies in art which Rome has exhibited to me.

Tivoli. Was not more struck with the picturesque situation and appearance of this place, than gratified by remembering that it had been the haunt of the Poussins and of Wilson, many of whose happiest efforts may be traced to its varied scenes. The Temple of Vesta (admirable in situation), with the cascatellas under it, reminded me of Gaspar Poussin and of Claude, who on many occasions have introduced it like a coronet on the brow of a hill. Lower down, one comes in view of what Wilson has painted in his picture at Dulwich. At another turn the picture in Sir George Beaumont's collection was brought to mind. The scenes this place presents,—its romantic situation, with rocks, houses, and ruined palaces, intersected and undermined with waterfalls,—are, for picturesque arrangement and effect, the first in their way to be found in any part of the world.

The Falls of Terni are, for the quantity of water, for situation, and other accompaniments, considered the most beautiful in the world. In this only they differ from most others — they are artificial; the channel having been cut in ancient times, changed and

renewed in modern times, in order that it might be perfect. We saw the Falls with the sun setting, making a rainbow in the spray. Waterfalls are what I anticipate but little from: one is much like another; and, however different in height or in size, they seldom differ much in effect, and, except at Tivoli, have no other object combined with them to relieve their sameness.

TO ANDREW GEDDES, ESQ.

Dear Geddes, Rome, 2d April, 1826.

No artist should proceed through life without seeing Italy; not that Italian works are so much beyond all others, but to ascertain a correct estimate of what they have aimed at, and of what they have done, and this can only be gained by seeing them. The early masters at Florence, and the old ones here, have a soul and a sentiment about them that we, with our modern improvements, would do well to recur to; and as we do hope to have *a new school*, let us avoid those errors and backslidings that have led to the degeneracy of the old one.

From Giotto to Raphael, while art was looking upwards, it seems only used as a vehicle for story and expression; but in its decline, from the Carraci to Mengs, the display of art in all its intricacies seems to take the lead of every other sentiment. But an attempt to detail to you what the great masters have accomplished (which you may know better from copies and prints than you can from any description) would be mere exhibition of what you already know.

Their soul and mind, therefore, I shall pass over, to consider only the material part, which to those who have not crossed the Alps must be entirely new. I mean the fresco in which they are embodied.

Fresco, when seen newly done, or if well preserved when old, has all the brilliancy of an English water-colour drawing; but though durable as oil painting, it is not capable of the same restoration in its decay, and becomes grey and dull: powerful as The Last Judgment and The School of Athens doubtless were at first, they can now only be felt by the experienced eye of the artist. Fresco, however, for the space it allows, for the high qualities it demands, has many advantages; it can be seen in any light, and in less light and at a greater distance than oil painting; and for the decoration of buildings beats it all to nothing. It is true it has not the variety of execution that oil possesses, and can make up for no deficiencies or oversights in plan or drawing; but I am assured by those who have tried both, that it is less difficult than oil painting. At Florence the Grand Duke has been getting two halls in the Pitti Palace ornamented in this way, and has also ordered the mausoleum of the Medici family to be done in fresco. At Rome a whole sect of German students have been engaged in restoring the long lost art, which they are to carry across the Alps with them. M. Schnorr, one of the chief, I have been to see at work in fresco in an apartment of a villa he is decorating with subjects from Ariosto: he was painting the naked back and arm of a fore-ground figure; used a palette; colours

moist and liquid; with brushes of very long hogs'-hair, so as not to rub up the wet plaster. The process was like oil painting much more than distemper: the colour sinks in, but remains wet all day; admits of repetition, softening, and even glazing. I longed much to have a touch at it. I would have tried more solidity in the lights, and more grey in the half tints, than this enterprising though methodical German seemed disposed to do. I was, however, pleased to find that the material served him in every thing he wished; and his work, besides great talent, bears evidence of great dexterity of imitation.

Bologna, April 15th. When Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his lecture, said that the works of Mr. West rose in his estimation on visiting Italy, he said what will equally strike others; and I assure you I not only thought more highly of West, but of various other English painters, on seeing the works of the Bolognese school. The Gallery here is, with the common traveller, more admired than any in Italy; but to the eye of the artist it appears a thing that other countries might equal or surpass. Bologna has produced no such genius as Rubens and Rembrandt, as Claude and Poussin, or as Hogarth and Reynolds. Annibal Carraci, the greatest, sometimes approaches Correggio; Domenichino, the most laborious, is scarcely ever above common nature; Guido, the brilliant, often leaden; Guercino always confused; and heaviness runs throughout all of them: yet for the completeness and creditable look of their works, they must always take a high rank as gallery pictures; and I wish we had in our day somewhat more of the zeal or the en-

couragement that produced so much in theirs out of this single province.

Parma, 18th. But for the artist *this* is the place. I have this morning been perched up in a pigeon-hole on the cupola of Correggio, perhaps the most beautiful work I have ever yet witnessed. Around the top of the dome is a garland of angels, in forms and combinations the most elegant, and in expression the most fascinating to be conceived—luxurious and brilliant even amidst the decay of the material. This is the most original of all the works I have seen of this great master. And here, I observe, *hot shadows* prevail, and not *cold*, as some with us would have it: this he has to a fault, making parts of his figures look like red-chalk drawings; but the sunny and dazzling effect of the whole may be attributed perhaps to this artifice. This, though painted to be seen from the body of the church, is, except for general effect, lost unless seen near. Besides frescoes in various other churches, the public gallery here has *five* pictures by Correggio, of which three are of quality sufficient to form each the attraction of any collection; but the famous St. Jerome (or The Day) takes the lead: this, for force, richness, beauty, and expression, makes every thing give way. Hundreds of copies have been made; but all poor compared with the fearless glazings, the impasted bituminous shadows of this picture. Yet who that could paint like this would venture to exhibit at Somerset House!!! The Holy Family,—Madonna della Scodella, is here, but has suffered much: blues rubbed to the bone. The trees behind

the Virgin are most rich and lucid, scarcely any thing but asphaltum; the whole picture more thin and transparent than is his wont. The drapery about Joseph is of the brightest crome and orange; and though parts of the picture are out of harmony, it is still most captivating in its effect.

Venice, May 1st. This, after all I have seen of pictures and descriptions, is a most remarkable city—the Amsterdam of Italy. Houses smaller than I expected; but cleaner, neater, and more comfortable than any on this side the Alps. Trade, as well as houses, declining doubtless; but such bustle, and such crowds of people, that one wonders at every step that this should be all going on in the middle of the sea. The remaining works of art were my first object. I have seen the Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian: with this even, had I not been told it was his masterpiece, I should have felt disappointed. This is a severely damaged picture: it has, on the face of it, evidence of a complete scouring; indeed its history says so. It, however, neither wants in tone nor force. It is tremendously powerful — scarcely any thing could stand by it; but the colours are too much cut out, too unbroken and artificial, giving to the whole a coarseness unlike others of this great master. The Peter Martyr appears his best-considered and most successful work: this, in its place, looks duller than it did in Paris. Oil pictures in churches suffer from lights coming in front of them, and this, besides, is much sunk in; but it is a work of great power. And here, if this be the standard, what a scale of colours! The whites are yellow, the blue sky is a green, and the

green trees the deepest brown. I have seen Ostade often on this scale; and if successful effect constitutes authority, how practically terrible is the tone of this great work,—but how removed from the practice of modern times! The Miracle of St. Mark is the great favourite with the artists; and for richness and depth of tone nothing could more effectually correct the errors now going than this masterpiece of Tintoretto. But this is mere technicality, the workshop of art; cleverness in the highest degree, but without sense or sentiment, and to all but the artist incomprehensible.

May 2d. On seeing the Assumption a second time it improves: besides being a strong, it is also an impressive picture. The great Crucifixion of Tintoretto I have also seen: far more sketchy than I expected, being vigorous and clever in the extreme—the Taking of Seringapatam in Venetian art; but if this is what English artists are to follow, then farewell to our influence on the public mind. Titian seems here lost and alone, in addressing himself to the thinking part of our nature; and I never felt more strongly the justness of the estimate Sir Joshua makes of Venetian art, as compared with the other schools of Italy. The rest seem merely ornamental painters. I cannot help observing, too, that for the decoration of apartments the rich style of oil is too heavy — even Titian looks dull and black, when expanded over the whole side of a room: fresco alone is suited for this — oil paint requires the gold frame.

But of these and many other things let me advise you to come and judge for yourself; and come before it be *too* inconvenient for you to leave London:

every year this will be more difficult, and the time more precious. I find in my own case that had my illness not sent me abroad, other things that have occurred might have prevented me ever seeing Italy.

D. W.

From contemplating the works of art in Naples and Rome, and looking at the united beauties of nature and art at Tivoli and Terni, where he did not fail to remember that his countryman Wilson, on beholding how much the majesty of the fine Fall excelled the grandeur of temples and towers, exclaimed in ecstasy, "Well done water, by God!" Wilkie turned his steps towards Bologna,—where Francia, for his saints and his angels, had obtained a name second only to that of Raphael, and where Tibaldi tempered the style of Angelo with such grace and softness as induced the Caracci to call him the Reformed Michael. Nor was he without hopes of seeing some of the productions of Sabbatini, whose works have been sometimes mistaken by critics for those of Raphael; but, more than all, he desired to see the labours of the three illustrious Caracci, hanging, as he said, like fruit on the trees whereon they budded and grew. But he seems to have entertained an idea of Bologna much too lofty: the St. Jerome of Domenichino, and the Three Maries of Annibale Caracci, are the best, he thinks, which the school has produced.

MEMORANDA, *continued.*

Bologna, 11*th April*, 1826. This day we reached Bologna, the earliest commercial city in Europe, and now the cleanest we have seen in Italy. The streets are built from one end to the other with a colonnade or covered way, like the piazza in Covent Garden, running under the houses, and kept beautifully painted and clean; so that when you walk along you seem to be in the courts of palaces, protected alike from the sun and the rain — a mode so suited to the climate, that one wonders that other states and cities in Italy have not adopted it.

The Academia or Gallery of Art I have just seen, comprising the finest specimens of the Bolognese school — the Caracci and their followers; who lived much later than the masters of the Roman, Florentine, and Venetian schools, and tried less to be original in themselves than to unite in theirs the excellences of the schools that went before them.

April 12. The gallery of this city consists, with the exception of the St. Cecilia of Raphael, of the best specimens of the Bolognese school only. They are here, in point of effort and preservation, the first of their kind; but after the St. Jerome of Domenichino and the Three Maries of Annibale Caracci, one has perhaps seen the best the school has produced.

One observes here a number of large pictures, done with great study, labour, and effort, each artist taking pains to do himself justice; and, after all, the

result is what an artist can learn the least from. Nothing is neglected. Academical knowledge, the living model and common nature, are everywhere staring you in the face, — seldom a poetical thought or effect produced; and, except in Guido, and now and then in Guercino, the colouring seldom rises above commonplace and weariness. This school, of which I have heard and read so much, when seen here in its strong-holds disappoints me. It might be equalled in any country; and I certainly agree with Sir Thomas Lawrence in what he said in his discourse upon the merits of the works of our own President West, that they rose in his estimation after seeing the works of the Italian masters. This they undoubtedly must do, when compared with those of Bologna.

The picture by Guido is perhaps the most striking picture. There is a style and tone about this highly poetical; still his colours are too unbroken, and have a tendency to slatyness, which the want of breaking increases. His single figure with the mitre and priest's dress is brilliant as a piece of colour; but in other respects not of high quality. By far the least successful is the San Pietro Martire by Domenichino — a palpable copy from Titian's picture of the same subject — once placed here, and styled by the Caracci *the picture without a fault.* But what a falling off! Here are faults without number, with vulgarity among the rest.

The St. Cecilia of Raphael is the best preserved picture of the master I have seen. As a piece of colouring, it is less imposing than his frescoes. The

sky is not in complete harmony with the figures, and the colour of the flesh less abstract than is consistent with that high style of art; but, for expression, the head of St. Cecilia and the female on her left, and that of St. John, are such as none but Raphael could give.

April 15th, 1826. *Annibale Caracci.* Virgin and Saints: dull, but harmonious in colour. On the principle of Correggio; not wanting in poetical sentiment, though wanting a little in elevation of character.

Guido. A Pieta: splendid, but heavy in the shadows.

Parmigiano. Holy Family: expression fine, but greenish in colour.

Guido. Murder of the Innocents: more rich than usual for Guido.

Guido. Virgin with Protecting Saints of Bologna.

Guercino. St. Gulielmo changing from the Knight to the Monk.

Guercino. St. Bruno: strongly painted, but violent in colour.

Domenichino. Two large pictures — Martyrdom of St. Agnes, and Madonna de Rosario. Both painted in too corporeal a way for the allegory they are made to contain. Perspective in the building of one bad; and composition of figures as well as drawing out of perspective too deployé; wanting in depth, and too much as if ready to fall out of the picture. The expression, however, though not elevated, always true; and

the painting, though heavy, done with the greatest care, and most perfect imitation.

Annibale Caracci not so attractive to the common eye, judging from the few specimens here; but considerably higher in aim and attainment than any of this school.

From the state of art to his own condition the artist reluctantly turns. He had tried abstemiousness and self-denial, and in return was threatened with numbness in hands and arms: a generous diet his own sense seemed to desire, but learned advice prevailed.

"Before leaving Rome," he says, "I had on Sunday the 2nd a long controversy, rather than consultation, with Dr. Clark and Dr. Todd, in which they objected strongly to mercury being tried, and recommended me to go on as I have been going, — advice which, though prompted with much kindness, is by no means satisfactory to one whose complaint has hitherto experienced no diminution from the course pursued.

" Since leaving Rome the symptoms have become more alarming. On the first night I was awoke by a slight but continued numbness in the back of the thumb of the left hand, occasioned by a rheumatic affection of the left arm and shoulder, similar to that with which the complaint began in the right arm. The night before reaching Bologna I was alarmed on awaking by my left hand being cramped and asleep, and it was with difficulty that I recovered from it. What to attribute this to, or what course to pursue to prevent it, I know not. If it be attributed to high living, the low diet before leaving Rome is an answer

to that; and if it be for want of a drain upon the system, the constant action of the moxa in two places on the neck equal to two issues, for the last two months, proves this not to be wanting, or without effect. Indeed I have hitherto found the more that abstemiousness and debilitating means have been used, the more frequent the above symptoms have been felt."

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Bologna. Besides the Gallery in the Academia, I have been to see private collections. The Palazzo Mariscalchi, the Zampieri, and the Ercolano, we visited in succession; but without finding any thing first rate. Even the specimens of the Bolognese masters are indifferent. The St. Michele in Bosco, a convent of former times, has upon its walls some much defaced frescoes by the Caracci and their followers. The Campo Santo we also walked to see, but the church here contains nothing of any consequence. If there were pictures by Guercino or by Guido, they must have been removed. A Magdalen by the latter seems but a heavy picture.

Private collections in Italy do not promise much; but in the Zampieri the ceilings of the rooms are painted in fresco by the Caracci and Guercino (each his room); but even this, for commonplace, tasteless, and unpoetical labours, disappointed me sadly.

Parma, April 17th. The cupola by Correggio, like other frescoes of that date, is falling to decay. The plaster has cracked, and parts fallen from the dome. This is also one of those great works, however striking

when fresh and new, and however celebrated in all times by the artist and connoisseur, which must, in its present state, to the common eye, appear very unattractive.

18th. This great work of Correggio has all the harmonious colour of his oil pictures, but is notwithstanding conducted upon a plan quite different — lightness and freshness being the leading principle; and, as if to show expressly his disregard of the present professionally received notion of warm lights and cool shadows, the very contrary practice is here carried to excess. The flesh-tint, though never warmer than nature in the lights, is in the shadows hot to foxiness, giving much of it the appearance of a red chalk drawing. The effect of the whole is however extremely varied by different coloured lights and shadows, producing the utmost zest and harmony, and in point of colour, the most rich and beautiful fresco I have seen. The garland of figures encircling the top is truly a choir of angels. The resemblance this bears to the hue of Michael Angelo's ceiling and Last Judgment, though here done with an eye more delicately alive to colour, is striking. This is a remark both Phillips and Hilton made when in the Sistine Chapel.

Have been this morning to the Gallery, and also to examine the cupola from the sides of the dome — a morning of extreme interest. The figures in the cupola gain greatly when seen near. Groups most beautiful in composition, expression, and colour, so lively, so sweet, and elegant. Angels were never more nearly represented. This is a work that stands alone, the

earliest of the kind, and unequalled. It gives me a higher idea of the elegant power of Correggio than anything I have seen; and though beheld in its decay, and under every disadvantage, is yet a truly captivating work, and worthy of his high reputation.

In the Gallery are *five* pictures of this great master. 1. A fresco of a Madonna and Child; 2. A large picture, Christ bearing the Cross, in his earliest manner; 3. A Nativity, very rich and harmonious; 4. A Martyrdom of Saints; and, 5. The famous picture of The Holy Family and St. Jerome, of which there are so many poor and black copies, though it is rich and brilliant beyond description. This, compared with all about it, has a power quite extraordinary: the lights, particularly of the flesh, are mellow and rich, and the shadows transparent and clear; and some of them deep as midnight. The Magdalen, for character, colour, and expression, is the perfection, not only of Correggio, but of painting; and the head and body of Christ have that luminous richness that forms one of the greatest delights and one of the greatest difficulties of the art.

In looking closely into this picture, I find the lights generally the least loaded; the blues extremely loaded both in light and shade, and the thickest paint of all is that in the deepest shadows in the centre of the picture, where the colour appears both to float and to crack, from the impasted colour and vehicle necessary to the strength of his effect.

Fulness and rotundity seem generally the great power of Correggio, making other works look flat beside his. His lights are uniformly coloured with a

glaze, his whites toned to a yellow, his pearly flesh to a gold colour. His red on St. Jerome's drapery is of the most intense kind that vermilion glazed will produce; but if I do take an exception, it is to the quality of his brightest blues, being, in comparison with what I have seen in his other works, too intense and too cold for the harmony of the rest of the picture. The usual excuse in pictures of this kind is the ravages of the picture cleaner; but in a work so carefully preserved, this will not serve. The appearance in the blues of rubbing is not obvious; indeed, there being painted in a thicker body than the rest of the picture, would seem to show an intention that they should tell strong. Their effect almost amounts to harshness; but to question Correggio's harmony is like cavilling at sacred writ. In his Madonna at Naples, the blue is softened down to a greenish hue, like Rembrandt.

23rd. Two days ago found that another Holy Family, belonging to the Gallery, is now in a room of the Scuola for study. It is the Virgin and Child and St. Joseph, the size of life, painted in most exquisite style. Lights brilliant, shadows transparent. Trees behind the Virgin's head asphaltum entirely, and the whole glazed with a similar substance. The blues cruelly rubbed, but the whole effect of the most luminous kind. This picture is known as the Madonna della Scodella.

24th. A picture of the Martyrdom of S. Placido and Santa Flavia, though a disagreeable subject, has much to recommend it in the beautiful harmonious colour, and also in its perfect state of preservation. Indeed, in looking at the untouched state of this work,

one cannot help considering the St. Jerome itself as a damaged picture. Here are no raw blues or granular lights; all looks as if newly glazed, and resembles much the effect of a well-preserved Ostade. The large picture (an early and most interesting work of Correggio) of Christ bearing the Cross, has much of the same quality about it.

CHAPTER VII.

PADUA, PARMA, AND VENICE. — LETTER FROM SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT. — MEMORANDA MADE AT VENICE. — LETTERS TO MR. PHILLIPS, R.A., MR. AND MISS WILKIE. — MUNICH. — EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL. — DRESDEN. — EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL. — LETTER TO MR. PHILLIPS, R.A.

THOUGH ill, and alarmed by the cold numbness in his hands, and from weakness, occasioned by meagre diet, Wilkie continued to explore the wonders of Italian art with unrestrained ardour. He did not feel, that, in gazing at the glories of Correggio, he was labouring as much with mind and heart as now he laboured on a picture; and that, to use an every-day expression, he was taking, in this silent exercise of judgment, too much out of himself. That he could not resist so great a temptation as the galleries of Italy I can well believe; but even admiration wearies the mind at last. Pictures, while you pass before them, undergo examination and review, which silently exhausts a frame already worn out, and which needs repair. He turned from Parma and its miracles of art to look at Montebello, with its martial, and Padua with its scholastic, glories.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Montebello, April 26. Saw to-day at Verona, in the church of St. George, The Martyrdom of St. George,

by Paul Veronese, well known from prints and copies. The brilliancy and tone of this combined, form a perfect example of the freshness and richness that oil is capable of. The blues in the centre of the sky seem rubbed or painted on, but the rest is in an admirable tone; and, so far as the eye is concerned, it can scarcely be more gratified than by the imposing effect of this work. Splendour, and not expression, is its aim.

Padua, April 27. In the Chiesa de St. Antonio saw a chapel painted by Giotto—the best I have seen of that early master—with great feeling for expression and for character, though in the manner of producing the expressions, particularly of the eye, there is a sameness which a more advanced knowledge of his art might have led him to avoid.

In the Scuola attached to this church are a set of pictures in fresco, of which three are by Titian: the first I have met with in that material by this gr at painter. They look perfectly like his oil-pictures; the same choice of colour and harmony of tone, perhaps not so finished in details, and, from the hatched manner, differing in the work and surface, but in every respect, making allowance for the sunk colour of fresco, they are precisely like his other works; and, slight as they are, give a fine idea of the completeness, simplicity, and power, both in landscape and figure, of his art. In short, whether fresco was to him difficult or not, it seems to bend to his purpose with perfect pliability, imposing no restriction either in choice of tint or power of light and shadow.

I observe here that hatching is the very principle

upon which the blending and breaking of his tints is produced, and apparently not by retouching.

28th. The altar-piece, by Paul Veronese, of Santa Justinia, has not much to my liking: a very inferior edition of the St. George at Verona. The blue of the sky, much changed to a dingy green, takes even from the picture what it must have had in the way of show. The groups in the lower part of the picture much the finest.

Examined again the Titians in the Scuola. His excellence is of a first-rate kind, but it is not for the common observer. Story or expression of countenance is but a secondary object in these works.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Parma, 23d April, 1826.

My great objects of interest in this quarter are the works of the great Correggio, of which Parma boasts more than any city in the world; and with the cupola of the cathedral, and the contents of the picture gallery, I have been as much gratified and interested as with any thing I have seen upon my journey. The five Correggios in the gallery are mostly all first-rate works: the frescoes in the churches are masterworks of this kind.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Venice, 30th April, 1826.

I have seen The Assumption, by Titian; The Miracle of St. Mark, by Tintoretto; and various works

by Paul Veronese. If Phillips and Hilton had been with me, I should have had one of the toughest battles with them of any in all our peregrinations; convinced as I am that our own, as well as the medical profession, err much by our blind adherence to received opinions. At Parma and Bologna I should have agreed with them, however; and it is too much to differ with them after one day in Venice.

To Venice Wilkie now turned with right good will. The mystery of Titian's magic colouring he longed to learn, and he hoped to discover it rather by a close examination of the works of that great master than by taking one of his pictures, stripping off the colours coat by coat, and studying the materials of each succeeding strata of paint. He had a suspicion that much of the magic lay in the way of using the colours, as well as in the skill of preparing them; and he observed that, in the older times of art, the great masters prepared the colours which they used, and that it was only when painting grew too proud to soil her hands that the preparing of colours became a trade, and the miraculous brightness which Titian perfected degenerated and waxed dim. Under Fabriano, Bellini, and Giorgione, the peculiar lustre of the Venetian school began and grew, till in the hands of Titian it became effective and memorable. How his immortal tints were produced has been the wonder of artists of all schools. Ridolfi declared that they bore no resemblance to the hues which rendered the pictures of ancient Greece renowned, and as little to the tawny brown and startling azure of modern artists. His colours still retain

their original brilliancy; and Wilkie unites with Lanzi in attributing this to a strong mixture of colours, and to the full and liberal use of a well-charged pencil. His first picture, painted in what has since been called the Titian manner, was in 1507, when he was twenty-seven years old: its deep and lustrous colouring has been admired by critics as well as artists, who all agree in this, though some of them refuse to own either his skill in composition or his command over the human figure. Titian excelled in the ideal of colours. Tintoretto shares, according to some, in this glory: his colours are indeed brilliant, but his genius is of an inferior order. No painter since the time of Titian has succeeded in giving to painting that exquisite brightness and transparency which exalt and adorn beauty; casting over it a crystal atmosphere, which veils without concealing it.

A long kind letter from his steadfast friend Sir George Beaumont was following his footsteps through Italy. "I grieve to hear," says the accomplished Baronet, "so indifferent an account of the state of your health; but I am willing to hope that the opinions of medical men and friends are more to be relied on than those of the individual himself, who, from his sensibility, may think himself worse than he is in reality; yet I am willing to allow that perfect health cannot be mistaken; therefore I know you are not so well as your friends could wish you to be. Take care of yourself, therefore, and endeavour not to be too anxious. This is a hard task, for the thoughts are the most difficult things in the world to control: we can govern our actions with far greater ease. All I

hope is, that you do not fatigue yourself by drawing or painting; yet you must recollect that if you suffer your investigating mind to exhaust itself in research, and paint and draw with too great an earnestness in spirit, it will have all the effect of bodily exertion, which is nothing compared to that of the mind.

"I was pleased to hear that you were sketching from pilgrims, because I thought you might make such study matter of amusement, and that it would rather relieve than oppress you. But when I hear you are making such studies as I know you cannot resist making, with mind and body, from Michael Angelo, I am alarmed. In the first place, the situation of those works of his, in the Sistine Chapel, is most unfavourable, and must oblige you to look up continually, which I consider to be very prejudicial to your case; and on my mentioning this to Dr. Ashe, he told me it was the very thing he should be inclined to deprecate. By the way, I must remind you of what I once told you would save much fatigue: look at ceilings and objects far above you with a small pocket mirror, and you will find the contemplation easy.

"Pray tell me whether you have seen the colossal Antinous in the Braschi Palace, and what is your opinion of it. If I remember it rightly, it is very grand; but it of course cannot be Grecian, as you know he was Adrian's favourite. But if it be as fine as the famous one, which must be in the same predicament, that is enough to make it a great object, if it be to be disposed of, as I hear it is: but this is between ourselves. When I left beloved Italy, it was with the

most sanguine hopes of seeing it again; but the effects of age I feel more every year; and as Lady Beaumont's health is very delicate, I really think it would be presumption to run the risk of being one or both of us laid up at an inn. The thoughts, however, of passing a winter and spring with you at Rome and its environs is a strong temptation, which I feel great difficulty in resisting. I dine with the General (Phipps) to-day; of course we shall have a few joyous hours, in which you will not be forgotten. No man can be more anxious for your welfare; and, with his influence and the powerful weight of your own character, I am sure you can have no reason to fear. I entreat you, my dear Wilkie, to keep your mind tranquil. Remember that nothing will retard your recovery so much as anxiety, deep thought, and over-exertion. To govern the imagination, I know, is an arduous task: but think of the positive necessity of disciplining the mind. You are, I know, happily for yourself, possessed of the only resources which give sound tranquillity to the mind —a true sense of the importance of religion, and a firm reliance on that Providence who is constantly watching over us, and who, I humbly hope and believe, will make you ample amends for all you have suffered.

"From your knowledge of Canaletti you will imagine, when you see Venice, that you have seen it before; but this will increase rather than diminish your pleasure, for it is the most interesting place in the world, and to crown all, the works of Titian, Paul Veronese, and, Tintoretto, will afford you a treat such as you can find no where, save in Venice; but you ought not to

remain there later than the end of May; try Geneva. I have much more to say, but have now only to wish you health and happiness.

"Geo. Beaumont."

Journal, *continued.*

Venice, April 30th. Saw to-day the pictures in the Doge's Palace, and also those in the Academy. My impression, on seeing the Assumption (in the Gallery) by Titian is, that it has been rubbed and repainted, and cannot be considered an authority. It is, however, a picture of great force; perhaps, no picture could stand against it, but it has, from the strength and unbroken nature of the colours, an air of coarseness unlike all the other works I have seen of this master, and which, to my eye, destroys much the poetical effect of the subject. Both figures and colours are too much cut out of the picture, and though this adds to its vigour, an air of rudeness and of artifice seems to be the result—destructive both of the illusion and sentiment of the work.

May 1st. Go to the church of St. Giovanni e Paolo. See the St. Pietro Martire. This appeared duller than when at Paris; much sunk in; and lights coming in all directions preventing it telling with force. For grandeur, poetical feeling, and for deep-toned colour, this is without doubt a master-work of art. Here the only white, or light, is yellow; the chief half-tint of a deep-greenish blue, and the darks of the picture of a deep olive green and brown. Have seen often such a combination in Ostade. The impression produced is of awe and terror.

This being the day on which the Exhibition of the Royal Academy will open in London, one can scarcely view this great work but in contrast with what those walls produce; being almost an example of all that is the object of an artist to avoid when painting for that arena. Yet I have seen some of West's pictures look not very unlike this, and stand their ground well in that place. Some of the Sir Joshuas would now perfectly accord with this standard work.

2d. Visited the Scuola di St. Rocco. I saw various pictures by Tintoretto, of a slight unfinished and dingy appearance, calculated to be appreciated by the artist, but by no one else. The Crucifixion up stairs disappointed me, by looking less forcible and less finished than even the copies of it had led me to expect. This work is not without study in its arrangement and effect, but is executed in a slap-dash hasty style, more like the bravado sketch of a student than the completed work of a scientific master. The intention of colour it has; but even this is conventional and technical altogether, and for expression or sentiment there is scarcely such a thing thought of. Even the principal group, though in the centre and in the fore-ground, is so little attractive, that the back-ground figures in the middle distance become absolutely the chief attraction of the picture. Tintoretto's style of painting being slight—figures in the middle distance tell better with him.

3d. Santa Maria della Salute. In this church, in the sacristy, saw the three pieces in the ceiling, of Cain and Abel, Abraham and Isaac, and David and Goliah, smaller than I expected them, but simple and

unobtrusive in their effect. The flesh principal in all of them, and painted with so much rotundity and tone, as to make any thing look poor that could be placed beside them. Small picture of St. Mark and St. Sebastian in the same room—early manner of Titian—less grand, but painted with great truth.

Saw the St. Peter Martyr again. Sun shining on it. Blue sky, much painted on. The picture is understood, when in Paris, to have been much restored and painted upon; the right hand of the saint, in particular, and other parts; but the trees appeared very clear, and most beautifully and dexterously executed. The two children in the clouds, also, a masterpiece of Titian's art.

Saw the palazzo of the Doge again—with the ceiling picture of Paul Veronese—very fine. The Paradise of Tintoretto a huge mass of confusion.

5th. Professor Matteini took me to call on the Count Corniano—the descendant of a family of title, and still possessing the palazzo of the family, the chief apartments of which he uses as an atelier for carrying on his employment of cleaning pictures. He showed us many; a Pietro Perugino, though rubbed, appeared a fine work.

6th. Visited the church of San Sebastian, where I saw numbers of the works, and the tombstone of Paul Veronese. Received a most kind letter from Sir George Beaumont.

13th. Went last night to see the St. Peter Martyr by twilight; tried to make out which was meant as the principal light, but though differing in size and shape, no one seemed to predominate in

strength or brightness. When the light is strongest, the light on the two angels tells the brightest.

15th. Had a most kind letter from Mr. Peel, giving me an account of the late purchase for the National Gallery—his own acquisitions in art, and some of his own views regarding this subject.

17th. Wrote yesterday in answer to Mr. Rice, instructing him in the case of Edward Smith, the first case of personal hostility yet offered in my troubles. He is to propose a cessation of his work and his hostility for six months to see what may turn up. If this is refused, he is to advance as little of the second instalment as possible, and that little on this condition only—that he is to proceed with the work to completion: when, if tolerably engraved, it may (as times are) be worth perhaps the value he is to receive for it.

Sent Mr. Rice an order on Messrs. Coutts & Co. for bills on Hurst, Robinson, & Co., amounting to 1730*l.* 11*s.*; the amount of my very heavy and hard-earned claims upon their house.

18th. Went with the Consul General to see the Manfrini Collection again. Took Woodburn, who was most pleased with a female head by Giorgione. Went with Woodburn to see again The Pesaro Family by Titian, in the Frari: this is a first-rate work; seems in colour an assemblage of the finest qualities of all the great colourists, and on the highest scale of tone; reminding one by turns of the richest specimens of Ostade, of Reynolds, and Rembrandt, and in the most perfect preservation of any Titian I have seen. Went again to see Tintoretto's Crucifixion; of

which, about its cleverness, and, at the same time, unmeaning bravoura, I retain the same opinion.

19th. Visited with Woodburn the Salute, the Palazzo Pisani; thought the Paul Veronese first-rate.

23d. To the Marcilli, where is The Tobit and Angel, by Titian, small, but in excellent state, with full tone. Began to-day a sketch of the Pesaro family.

26th. I start to-morrow with Mr. Woodburn for Innsbruck. I have now been eight months in Italy, and have seen a world of objects for amusement and for study: every thing that, under happier circumstances, would have delighted and improved, but for one object of my journey have been quite unavailing—that of the recovery of health. The disease remains just where it did; and what is still more strange, the same medical advisers who think no medical remedies should be tried, recommend a second year in Italy, after one has been found unsuccessful.

Wheresoever he went, as will be seen by the succeeding touching letters, the memory of his brother's forfeited bond, and the ruin of his hopes in Hurst and Robinson, followed him, and scared rest from his thoughts and slumber from his pillow. He now meditated a journey into Germany to see the state of art there, and taste of its medicinal waters. Mr. William Woodburn, a gentleman of leisure, and, what was better, taste in the very art in which Wilkie excelled, accompanied him. He had heard that Germany, like an awakening giant, was trying her

strength in painting, and he hoped much from the enthusiasm of a great and original people. He did not hope for, nor did he find, the purity of form and the divinity of sentiment of the inspired masters of Italy; but he expected greater freshness of thought, and more unborrowed beauty of outline than he found.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Venice, 8th May, 1826.

So Hurst and Robinson have at last failed. This I had almost expected from the first. Their state was a nondescript, and in these times could not well be passed lightly over. I sometimes wonder if our troubles have yet come to a height, or if affairs are ever to take a turn. But it is of no use reflecting or moralising upon it; I have still to hope that such a dividend may in time be got, with what I have already received, as will cover the outlay; failing this, so far as money is concerned, there is still Mrs. Coutts, the Bank of England, and the King's Household for Scotland before me: while these exist I shall still try to hold up my head.

For the present you will put things in the best train you can for next year. The letting of the house to a proper tenant for such a sum as you mention will be a point gained, and we must try to make the best, if possible, to keep my funded property entire. I still reserve my determination whether I remain abroad or not till I get to Munich. David must return to Edinburgh, but the remaining by

myself is not a thing that gives me uneasiness. I find no want of society wherever I go; a coterie can always be made where there are travellers, idle like myself. The great question is, Can it be of use in point of health? If so, then exile is far preferable to home in the present difficulties.

General Phipps has written to me, with many expressions of kindness and good will, requesting me not to make myself uneasy about the affair with the Ordnance. This is, however, a thing I still have to meet, after all the difficulties I have gone through; and when I see the Rialto, and the Doge's Palace, I am more apt to picture to myself the lively scenes that Shakspeare has drawn of Antonio, with the pound of flesh and *the forfeited bond*, than to think of what these should alone suggest—the pictures of Canaletti and of Titian.

Hitherto medical treatment has done no good for me; the right remedy, if there is a remedy, has not been applied; and now that I am discarding all remedies, there is no perceptible difference. There must be a change in the system to produce any good; and I contend that no sufficient agent has yet been used to accomplish it. People with similar complaints have been cured, I am told, with mercury, when all other remedies failed with them, as they have done with me. Dr. Robertson at least, the best authority on this side the Channel, said it should be tried, and Dr. Milne agreed with him; but as I could not remain at Naples, nothing could be done. In this predicament I think of London, where I know of some by no means inferior who will try it, and satisfy me

whether such a malady as mine is within the reach of cure.

D. W.

TO THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ. R. A.

My dear Sir, Venezia, 14th May, 1826.

Your letter from Paris gratified me extremely, and enables me to satisfy your inquiring friends in Rome regarding your progress towards England. It will not be paying either yourself or our good friend Hilton too great a compliment to say you were often inquired after, your opinions often referred to, and that, for myself, no new object either of nature or of art has presented itself to me when I did not wish, for evil or for good, to have had you both present to discuss the matter over. Two things in particular do I wish you had waited to see with me, the Carnival at Rome, and the antiquities at Naples.

The first of these, for enjoyable mirth and humour, went much beyond any thing I had expected of it. The triumph of misrule seemed the order of the day; and Protestant as well as Catholic were alike infected by it. But if such scenes could be dispensed with as inconsistent with your pursuits in visiting Italy, I am not sure that the same thing could be said of what you missed seeing by not proceeding to Naples. There, after all that we had seen at Rome, the Greek sculpture, and still more the Greek pictures, formed quite a new subject of speculation. The sculpture, of which the Greek examples are very numerous, seemed as if fresh from the hands of the artist, and more imbued

with the painter-like feeling in the work (though that is the reverse of what is called picturesque), than any thing we had witnessed; but for your present object, the pictures would have been found an important branch. They appear to be done in tempera, and necessarily with the quickness and freedom that material requires. Minute details are not tried, but they are not deficient in truth of imitation; and one specimen of a wreath of vine-leaves is done with enough of deception to justify the fable of the birds mistaking it for real.

But in the works of so accomplished a people as the Greeks, it is interesting to trace what they wanted as well as what they possessed, though actual inspiration is the only proof upon which the defects of such a people will be admitted; for after the descriptions and copies one has seen of these, one must see and judge for one's self to admit any thing in disparagement of them. They are without grouping, perspective, or foreshortening; and might be considered as much in the infancy of the art as Cimabue or Giotto, were it not for their address in evading these difficulties, and for the elegance of design with which their own sculpture has supplied them. In drawing such conclusions as these, which may be almost said to be forbid, and ought scarcely to be uttered, I am quite aware of the common remark that these are inferior specimens of Greek painting; but it is the advance of the art, and not the merit of the artist, I am considering. Painting in modern times is no longer a flat surface. Depth, relief, and distance, as exemplified in the most inferior works even, form its

essential elements, independent and even opposed to sculpture; and if Titian, as his tombstone says, be the emulator of Apelles and Zeuxis, the inventions of his own time have enabled him to enter the field with new powers.

The Sistine Chapel, being a frequent place of resort, your theory of the story of that great work came often across me. The genealogical compositions in the Lunettes are still, as I believe you left them, inexplicable; but a notion which may not have occurred as to the triangular compartments over the points of the arches, eight in number, I may mention: they are all the same subject. The Virgin and Child, and St. Joseph; *The Nativity of the Messiah*, which, being the great object of prediction, of the range of Prophets, and Sybils close under them, may they not be meant as the repeated *emblems* of the fulfilment of their prophecies?

The Bolognese Gallery I visited with some curiosity, finding the impression it had made upon you and Hilton at variance with its effect upon ordinary travellers. Of the two, I felt as you did. It is not the gallery for an artist; but, as well-conditioned pictures, the best I have seen in Italy. I thought the better of our own doings at home when I saw them; but, though not the fountain-head of art, the qualities that render these popular, I have the highest respect for. Their aim is far more intellectual than the mass of that school I am now visiting. The works at Parma, however, have quite delighted me.

I read with interest your remarks on what you saw at Genoa. Rubens would there impress you

more than Guido, whose manner of painting appears to give heaviness to his work, even more than the placing of his colours. I feel assured that you could, following your own feeling for colour rather than any theory, make blue look well either in the centre or in the light of a picture. The St. Peter Martyr of Titian—The Holy Family of Correggio—The Blue Boy of Gainsborough, have blue forming both the light and the centre; and I think there is a certain blue boy in your own room begun on the same principle.

But there is this difference between the actual practice of artists and a received dogma, that the first is tried by its own merits, and the second will often go on flourishing after the errors which it justifies and occasions are condemned. I know no one to whose judgment the task of sifting and weighing opinions could have been better entrusted than to your own; and much shall I regret if such discrimination is to be employed in your approaching undertaking, as you have almost threatened it would, in palliating, if not supporting, the very errors in light, shadow, and colour, to which our school is approaching, the real backslidings of Israel. Were I present with you now, I should be disposed to assume a privilege (sometimes granted to those who can do nothing else) of rallying you upon the supposed honours a professor, known to be complimentary to the body, may hope to arrive at in our Academy; but to such as you such a joke would be quite inapplicable, you being the last man in the world on whom the late vote of silver plate to a retiring professor could have any influence, parti-

cularly as neither Sir Joshua nor Fuseli, whatever they may have deserved, ever received any such acknowledgment. But, in sober seriousness, it is not for me or any one to advise you, who are deputed by the body at large to advise and instruct us. Yet, can I be of use in any other way? I mean to be in Munich till the 20th of June, and then to go to Dresden. Can I get any thing for you there, or can I make any observation for you, which, knowing as you do the degree of bias I have, you might still with due allowance use with certainty? I still wish you had seen the Herculaneum pictures. They have neither been accurately copied nor described.

Our friend Cook was to follow me by the same route with his family about three weeks after I left Rome; perhaps he may overtake me in Germany.

Give my best regards to my good friend Mrs. Phillips; perhaps you may write again, and give me the news; or, as this is the busy time, might not your good lady, who has been before this my correspondent? When you see Hilton, pray give my remembrance to him, and say the colouring here is at least as deep as I expected.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Venice, 26th May, 1826.

Your letter on the opening of the Exhibition gratified me much. One year at Somerset House is much like another, and the days of opening the same. I can therefore perfectly conceive the whole. Indeed,

when at Padua on the Friday, and when crossing the Lagoon to Venice on the Saturday, I frequently thought of what would be doing and saying within the walls of the Royal Academy. One thing alone was unexpected, the allusion which you say was made by the President at the dinner to my absence. This was most kind, being a pleasing consolation in one's troubles to be remembered at such a distance by such a man, and in such presence.

I have had a most kind letter from Mr. Peel — a *long* letter for a secretary of state — full of interesting news about art, and written as if he were pleased in writing to me. This I mention to you, as a set-off against less pleasing occurrences; but, as it is a private and confidential letter, it must not go further, and should not be mentioned.

The city of Venice and its works of art have been a continued source of amusement to us. By land and by water the town is full of intricacy, full of St. Martin's Courts, of Maiden Lanes, and Cranbourne Alleys, interrupted at every corner with canals and high bridges. Street there is none; nor horse, nor carriage, nor any animal larger than a dog; nor any bird but the pigeon and sea-gull: foot passengers have it all to themselves — all is pavement, and, though in crowds, you walk clean, without either mud or dust. The Piazza of St. Mark is the largest open space to be found; this, with the Byzantine Church of that saint, and the palace of the Doge, is splendid, and finished beyond any place or buildings I have seen — a perfect picture. But the most novel change in one's peregrinations in Venice, arises from

the water-carriage: in gondolas, instead of coaches, we move silently along through narrow lanes, creeks, and turnings, and can be set down at any palazzo, and almost at any shop, with equal facility, and at a cheaper rate than can be done by coaches in London or Paris. A well-appointed gondola, with livery-servants to row, is here the criterion of wealth.

The Consul-General, Mr. Money, is almost the only English resident. He and his family have shown me considerable attention. Of late, more of the English have arrived from the south; amongst others, Mr. Woodburn, with whom I have been about to see the leading pictures, interested alike in estimating their merits and defects. It is somewhat refreshing to have so good a judge to speak to, finding as I do among travellers few that know any thing about art.

I have just received Thomas's letter, stating further particulars of the great failure. If the amount of debts be so great as 500,000*l.*, they cannot pay five shillings in the pound. Their stock at this time will go for nothing; will depress printselling and engraving, and even art itself; for if it comprises the most saleable things now going, it has likewise all the unsaleable things of former ages. If their own acquisitions include such works as Lawrence's, it also includes the merest trumpery; if it includes the Waverley Novels, it includes also the great French gallery, for which they paid 10,000*l.*; and even in their dealings with me they were not satisfied, but must buy my picture of Alfred, to engrave themselves. With these instances as a specimen, their affairs must

turn out, in the event of a sale at this time of stagnation, very poorly. All engravers and all publishers must suffer, whether creditors or not. Even Raimbach, both in his dealings with them and with others, will suffer for a time, as Thomas informs me he has done. The only person who seems to fancy himself exempt from all this is Smith, thinking, as he does, that he can push me with safety. I can, however, estimate as fairly his powers of annoyance as I can his talents, and shall recollect his display of the one as long as any display he can make of the other.

We start on the 27th for Innsbruck and Munich. Mr. Woodburn is to join us in our party. I shall determine on getting there what steps to take. David is remanded home, that is, no more money can be remitted to him. He has been very useful to me to read at times, and to transact intricate business, &c. You need not be under any apprehensions about my being alone. The doctors recommend moving about; and my illness, after fifteen months' experience, does not appear to threaten any thing sudden.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Route from Venice to Innsbruck.
Primolano, 28th May, 1826.

Venice, however interesting in point of situation and the art it has produced, is considered by all as a dull residence, a place where exercise is interrupted, and where the easy and cheap conveyance by the gondola is too luxurious to be wholesome. I passed, however, a very pleasant time in Venice; and

were it not for the disastrous accounts from home, and my own state of health, should have considered my visit to Venice as a happy conclusion to my Italian journey.

In travelling through this wild and interesting country, the affairs at home cannot but occupy my thoughts. These, it appears to me, nothing can amend but the chance, however distant, of my possible recovery to health. It is true that nothing but a complete recovery will serve my purpose; but if the slightest change for the better were begun, one would then have some cause to hope for the best. Talma told me when in Paris that he was affected in nearly the same way as I am for a period of three years: he disapproved of the starving system then in progress. Leigh Hunt, I am told, was affected in a nearly similar manner the greater part of the time he was in Italy.

With such reflections as these uppermost in my mind have we been passing through the interesting wilds of the Tyrol, in which the new people, the new language, and the new face of things, now all German, have given quite new life and expectation to our journey. All is different from Italy; habits, accommodations, and perhaps also the character of the people, improved. We are reminded of the Dutch, and of our own people, by all we see. The distinct dress which we missed in Switzerland here remains in perfection. The towns and villages are beautiful; houses clean, with deal floors instead of brick, and feather-beds instead of straw, so common among their southern neighbours. The people seem severe, and

even gloomy, Catholics. They have the *Ecce Homo*, or crucifix, in every field, and in their demeanour resemble our Methodists or Quakers, with every appearance of the thrift, industry, and sobriety belonging to those sects.

3d June.

We yesterday stopped half a day at Innsbruck, a small but interesting and well-built city. It is upon the Inn river, which runs into the Danube. Germany delights us the more we see of it. This seems the stronghold of the fashions and customs of our ancestors. All is here picturesque, without being tawdry or mean; the houses comfortable and clean, with the appearance of both wealth and plenty. We passed through a district which, in 1809, was the scene of some severe contests between the Tyrolese and French. Though mountaineers in their habits, and wild and solitary in their abodes, the industry that pervades all classes gives quite a different aspect from the savage and bandit look so remarkable in the lower ranks in the south of Italy. We are upon the whole extremely delighted, and unexpectedly so with the country and people of Germany. Woodburn, whom I induced to come with us, instead of crossing the Alps, is highly pleased with all we have seen. We three are by ourselves in the vetturino; and, as his object is pictures both at Munich and Dresden, we expect both of us to be extremely gratified when there.

We expected an uncouth, uncivil, and uncultivated race of people, living on sour krout and smoking tobacco in dirty hovels. On the contrary, we find them obliging and respectful beyond example. The

inns we find luxurious, and even the meanest cottage a model of comfort and cleanliness. It has rained incessantly since we entered; and fir trees and the other vegetation of Scotland prevail. The language amuses us much, difficult as it is, from its occasional analogy to our own. It is quite new to us, but we try what we can; and what with a dictionary, with Woodburn's Dutch, and our Scotch, it is surprising how well we blunder on.

Sunday, 4th June.

We were quite delighted with the approach to Munich, as we saw it, with its cathedral, on the winding Isar, looking magnificently, like Westminster as seen from Battersea Rise. As we approached, its beauty struck us more and more; and, compared with the towns of Italy, its cleanliness and neatness quite captivating. The streets are wide and spacious; the houses stately, and richly ornamented in the old German style.

I have been to call on Mr. Brook Taylor, by whom I was most kindly received. I have also been greatly interested with the Gallery, but have not yet been to see the Palace where my own picture is.

D. W.

At Munich a sad change had ensued. The good old King was dead; his galleries of pictures were shut up; and it was rumoured then, what time has since confirmed, that The Reading of the Will, which princes contended for, would to a certainty be sold to the highest bidder. It was pleasant, however, to the artist to find that his Majesty, as well as his people,

had united in admiring it; that a frame, designed by the royal pencil, had taken the place of the English one, which was thought too plain and homely; and that it was hung in a place of honour in the royal palace.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Munich, 5th June, 1826.

We are quite delighted with what we have seen in Germany. Here we have every comfort we can have in England, and the people bear a character of greater honesty and respectability than the same class in Italy. The language is the great difficulty with us; this we must learn, but at present the difficulties increase at every corner.

The Baron de Cetto has most kindly sent me letters to the Chamberlain of the King's household, Comte Richberg, who, knowing Woodburn, received us both very kindly. The Baron also requested that I would call upon his father, near Ratisbon, who would receive me, he said, with great kindness.

The Comte Richberg talked with a tone of much regret of the death of the late King. He had a true love for pictures. He told me that my picture had pleased him greatly, and was often referred to among his choice Flemish pictures in the palace; adding, "Had you come here during his Majesty's lifetime, how well you would have been received!" The present King has gone for a short tour into Italy. He is of a different taste from his father, more for architecture and sculpture than for paintings. Munich is, therefore, comparatively quiet, and more suitable to

me, as it does not require any display; at the same time one can see all the rich stores of art in the place.

We have seen the public gallery, but not the apartments of the late King, where my picture is. Since the King's death the apartments have been shut up, and the door sealed, under a commission for the disposal by sale of the late King's private property. In this case, my picture must be put up for sale; and what is most provoking, after coming all the way to Munich on purpose, I cannot be allowed to see it. As my claim to have a sight of it, however, appears to all very strong, Mr. Brook Taylor is to use every exertion that I may see it, and that Woodburn, with a view to its future sale, be admitted with me. The value of the property is to be divided between the present King and his brother; this requires that it should be sold, but I have been assured that it is his Majesty's intention *to buy in* my picture, in which case it will most likely be placed in the Picture Gallery.

At the royal palace of Schleisheim, a hunting-seat of the King's, there are pictures to the number of 2025, many uninteresting, but still a place worth seeing. The director, Mr. Dillis, accompanied us, and we dined there at an albergo, and passed a pleasant day. The public gallery in Munich has interested us greatly —the finest collection of Flemish pictures in the world: one entire room filled with pictures by Rubens, of first-rate quality for the master.

David Lister is to leave me here, he says. This is to me a subject of great regret. He objects to my

advancing him money, and does not wish to encumber his father with further expense at the present time.

8th June.

To-day, by the kind and considerate consent of the commissioners for the management of the property of the late King, one of the commissioners being present, we proceeded to the apartments in the palace, guarded by a sentinel. After the seal upon the door was broken, we entered to view the pictures, now nearly in the same state as his Majesty left them. In the room where the jewels, swords, and other articles of value were placed, and where were also the most choice of the works of art he had acquired, and in a choice situation, was placed *my picture*, the whole scene and story of which was remarkably in accordance with that which we were now witnessing. Its look and hue gratified me extremely. It is surrounded by a Teniers, a Wouvermans, a Ruysdael, and various other good specimens of the Dutch masters; is remarkably in harmony with them, looks rich and powerful, stands its ground well, and, if sold with them, looks as if it would bear as good a price. I feared it might look dry, and poor, and white; but quite the contrary: I have not seen any of my pictures look better in their place. They told me here I would be satisfied with it, and I really am so. The frame I sent with it was thought too large and heavy. The King had the present one made, very handsome and delicate; and the other now hangs in the Public Gallery, with a fine portrait by Rubens in it.

This visit to the royal apartment has been a matter of extreme interest to me, though, considering the

death of the possessor, and the circumstances under which we found the rooms just as he had left them, it was a melancholy visit. The party with me were also greatly pleased at being admitted; and after Woodburn had examined and pronounced upon the various works, we left these to me interesting rooms, when the doors were closed, resealed, and the stout German sentinel, with his carbine, again put in charge. Although my seeing this picture has not been accomplished under circumstances so happy as I once hoped, the sight of it, considering its state or appearance, has left no unfavourable impression, either upon myself or those that were with me.

D. W.

We expect a high treat at Dresden. The gallery there has not been visited by any English connoisseur of the present day, and scarcely by any painter. We shall therefore have the start of every body in our decisions upon it, and, coming fresh from Italy, we have in our own minds the best known standards of comparison. Phillips wishes much that he could have met me here. Howard is the only member of our Academy who has seen the gallery at Dresden; even Sir Thomas Lawrence, in all his travels, did not reach the capital of Saxony.

JOURNAL.

Munich, June 5th. Was this morning greatly interested with the gallery; in Rubens's it is very rich. Admired much a half-length, a man in black; also

some fancy subjects; one of himself, his wife, and a youth in red, walking in the garden before his house.

6th. At the gallery with Mr. Dillis. The late king, he tells me, had shown a great fancy for pictures, so much so as to place one frequently before him for an hour together, and used to allot a considerable sum annually for the encouragement of living artists.

8th. Saw my own picture of The Reading of a Will. It had been put in another frame made on purpose, and within a twelvemonth varnished for the first time. It is hung in company with Teniers, Wouvermans, Ruysdael, &c. I was gratified to find it in complete harmony with them, particularly in the shadows, which, being painted with more oil and vehicle, looked deep and rich. The lights do not look raw, but would have been improved if painted in a fatter manner, and perhaps with more tone. The old lady at the door, and the strong-box and table, appeared to be the best painted, and most harmonious. I feel satisfied that, if sold with the others, it will bring a fair price.

Observed that the picture had been varnished about a twelvemonth ago. Made it look all the better; but, on looking narrowly, I could discover the beginning of small cracks in the varnish.

10th. The proof engraving of The Reading of a Will was received by the late King, Mr. Dillis tells me, two days before his death. He appeared to approve of it, and requested that Mr. Dillis would get it framed, and carry it as a present to the Queen. Some days after the death of the King, when the

frame was ready, Mr. Dillis waited upon the Queen with the framed engraving, and said, "Madam, the King commanded me to present this to your Majesty." The expression of her countenance, Mr. Dillis said, on seeing the subject of the print, is not to be described.

At the gallery privately with Mr. Dillis. The Lion Hunt and The Fall of the Angels, by Rubens, appear two first-rate works; and in those particulars in which he excels all others — movement and action. The Fall of the Angels is, I think, the most surprising of his labours. It combines, in first-rate excellence, his powerful imagination, his daring composition, and his deepest and richest tone of colouring. Its shiny surface and diminutive size are its only defects.

Was accosted on the promenade in the English Garden by an elderly gentleman who called me by name, spoke in good English, and who I found to be Mr. Hesse, who engraved The Mountebank of Gerard Dow, and The Battle of the Amazons, by Rubens, for the Boydells. This encounter appeared to me the more singular when he informed me he was acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was constantly with him on his visit to the Gallery of Dusseldorf in 1784, where he then resided. He liked Sir Joshua greatly, received a presentation copy of his discourses from him, and remarked one peculiarity, that he took great notice of children, whom he would address by saying pleasant things to them as he passed along.

Baireuth, June 14th. — The resemblance discoverable on first entering between the Germans and English increases as we come to the north, — and Holland and

the Dutch pictures one is reminded of at every step. The very dresses that Ostade and Jan Stein painted 200 years ago are here extant; the houses remain the same, and, for picturesque beauty and character, one can scarcely imagine either the one or the other finer.

My state of health, though never the subject of conversation with my companions, is to me, at times, a matter of serious reflection. In the important criterion of the power of study it appears the same as at first. I can read or write only a certain number of pages or lines, and in this neither time nor bodily health makes any improvement. Since I reached Venice I have changed the system pursued when in Italy, of low diet, which had to a certain degree reduced my strength. With a better diet, and with travelling, I have become fuller and stouter, and have certainly not suffered from it in other respects. Travelling, by exposing me to the least mental fatigue, and giving the greatest exercise, seems the pursuit the best fitted for me, and except for two hours in the middle of a hot day, that pained my head greatly, I think myself better on the journey. Travelling, however, though it may do much, cannot do every thing in so deep-seated a disease. A something appears to be felt on the brain requiring to be removed or absorbed, which time has not hitherto changed, and which, as it appears to me, some active medicine alone can reach, and which the sixteen months' continuance of the malady would form some reason for using. Being for the present not stationary, and having no medical adviser, this cannot be tried, and some months

must yet elapse before it can. In the meantime, my determination is to proceed through Germany, and as I return to the Rhine, shall direct my course towards Switzerland or England.

June 17th. Since entering the frontier of Saxony, the ancient relationship of the Saxons and the English has frequently come across me, by observing the resemblance the common people bear to our countrymen at home. This is so remarkable that there is scarcely a face, and here we meet with many a pretty face, but recalls some one I have seen or known at home. They look like people of our own family, without a foreign trait, or any thing to indicate that they do not speak English. I have also remarked that the general face of the country — the houses, barns, gardens, and villages, are essentially English.

Of the German school, which disputes with Italy the merit of first lending to religion the helping hand of art, Wilkie had heard more than he had seen, and what he had seen he felt did not reach the divine productions of Italy, neither in shape nor sentiment. That the genius of Germany, felt by the world in her poetic literature, was equal to the noblest flights in painting, he had no doubt; but he regarded the fame of her high historical pictures, with which the land it is said once swarmed, as he did the fame of her eleven thousand virgins, more as a matter of romance than reality: for the best productions of the tenth and eleventh centuries, which the Chinese Greeks of Constantinople could afford to Germany, he had the same respect as for the groups and landscapes on a Canton

tea chest; he had seen enough of them to know that they were formal and rigid compositions, lifeless and soulless, and had no right to be classed with works through which the genius of art is breathed, like that of summer through creation, warming all into beauty and life. But Germany was denied the sight of those models of graceful proportion, the marbles of Greece, by the help of which Italy had arisen into harmony and majesty in art; and it may be sufficient to observe, that no school of painting has succeeded in that rare union of beauty of form and divinity of sentiment, which did not seek the former in heathen sculpture, and the latter in the Christian religion. Passing over centuries in which Germany produced her annual supply of equivocal saints and apocryphal miracles, we come to the days of Albert Durer, who is called in Germany, the restorer, and in the rest of the world, the creator of the German school. The good and the evil of this distinguished man are to this day visible in the art of his country; the good, in seeking in nature for fresh thoughts and unused up-postures, and the evil, in impressing on all a hard and decided outline, and that rigidity of form which marks the earlier practices in painting, before unaffected ease and graceful flexibility found their way into the art. Of native painting Wilkie says little; but of Italian art much, in this excursion into the heart of Germany.

JOURNAL.

Dresden, June 19th. To the gallery: found it ill adapted for showing pictures, and such as they have are badly arranged, and placed more according to

size than merit. Wouvermans most numerous: Teniers, Mieris, Metzu, Ruysdael, and a variety of the Dutch and Flemish schools in great abundance, but none of such excellence as we have in England. But the interior gallery is the attraction—the Raphael and the Correggios. At first sight these disappointed me. The Raphael belongs rather to the class of drawings than of pictures, but as such is of a very high class. The head of the Virgin is perhaps nearer the perfection of female beauty and elegance than any thing in painting: it is truly impressive and beautiful. The St. Catherine, and the boy's head on the base of the picture, are also of a high class; but, as a whole, it wants depth and unity in the effect, and, though in a well-preserved state, looks somewhat raw in the tone and colour, and from the edges of the draperies telling harsh upon the ground, looks unfinished.

But of all, the Notte of Correggio is the picture I was the most desirous to see the effect of, knowing from prints and copies the arrangement, the well-studied effect, and the brilliant conception of the emanation of light from the Christ. I must say I was disappointed with its execution in the picture itself. With such materials, and with such a disposition, I expected more from the masterly hands of Correggio. The whole wants, in the first place, the appearance of *night*. The high light on the Virgin and Child is too white, and wants richness. The shadows want transparency, and the group of angels and the daybreak on the top of the picture are too raw either for the harmony of the rest, or for the

usual tone of Correggio's painting. It may be that all these defects arise from the state of the picture, which looks rubbed dry on the surface, and, in parts that came nearest to the eye, looks a repaired work. Its companion, The Holy Family with St. Jerome, at Parma (now in a better state), must, in the painting, have been originally a finer thing. In this there is nothing equal to the St. Catherine; but for the conception, purpose, and originality of this, as an arrangement of colour, of effect, and of sentiment, I still think it one of the first works the art of painting has to boast of, and in the adaptation of light and shadow to the illusion of the subject, one of the triumphs of modern art.

20th. But the Notte of Correggio is no longer what it was—*it is a rubbed-out picture.* The glazings upon the lights have been taken off, are left white and raw, and can no longer be judged of as the art of that great master. It is said, that thirty years ago the director of the gallery, in cleaning the picture, took off the tonings entirely. This was the first and last of his cleaning, for the Elector of Saxony has not since allowed any other pictures to be touched in the way of restoration.

To those who like pictures in their pristine condition, the Magdalen will be highly satisfactory. This is perfect, almost as left by the master, without even varnish. The head, neck, and arms, are beautiful; the face and right arm one of the finest pieces of painting I have ever witnessed. The shadows of this picture are extremely loaded, the lights, though painted flat and floating, are, compared with them,

thin and smooth. The book and left hand are finished with a softness and detail resembling Gerard Dow or Vanderwerfe. The back-ground and darks of this picture, even the blue drapery, want richness and transparency.

21st. Went yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. Ford to Pillnitz, the palace of the kings of Saxony, to see the frescoes on a ceiling painted by Mr. Vogel, who accompanied us, and explained them, and his mode of painting, to us.

22d. Taken by Mr. Vogel to a gallery on the Promenade: a number of Canalettis, indifferent; an Ostade, two Wouvermans, and a Watteau, very good.

The Watteaus, of which there is one in the gallery, and one I saw to-day, are in quality too light and feeble, but elegant and gay in the extreme. If it be objected that his style is affected, *that* the subjects themselves require. His style stands alone in the art as the essence of fashion, frivolity, and elegance, the converse of boorishness, rendered in an artist-like and picturesque manner. They are, I am told, not esteemed highly by the dealer; but from their request among artists, the qualities for imitation which they possess, and, above all, for their perfect representation of a kind of nature attempted in vain by any one else, I should expect at a future time they are destined to rise greatly in estimation and value.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Dresden, 21st June, 1826.

The weather has been most unfavourable for this place: cold and rain, in these long days, make one's time hang heavy. The famous gallery is, however, close at hand, and here we have been exercising our powers of discrimination among works which, at whatever expense collected, have been badly preserved, and, now brought together, the worst arranged and lighted gallery of any I have yet seen. Dresden is noted as the place where the best German is spoken, where the only Italian Opera is kept up, while the possession of the gallery gives it the distinct pre-eminence as the seat of German arts. All the wealth and fashion of the country is to be found here, and the gallery is attended by a sort of company that gives an air of style to it, not unlike what we would find in a similar rendezvous in London.

28th June.

To-day I was taken by the Inspector Treuzel to wait upon his Highness Prince Frederick of Saxony. He is a young man, stout and well-built in appearance, and has much taste for the arts. He is nephew to the King, and married to the daughter of the Emperor of Austria. He received us with much affability, conversed with me first in French, and also showed a considerable knowledge of English. He asked what the English artists were doing in London, and what the German artists were doing in Rome. He seemed averse to the present French style, and

showed a good deal of knowledge of what is doing. He has some pictures and a collection of prints, which he showed me. I was with him for more than an hour, and came away much satisfied with my interview. He asked if I had nothing with me, a question which is often put to me in this place. He had seen my picture at Munich.

We have had a fair here, something quite new to us. It is a Martinmas-market, held on the largest scale possible. Every street in the town is covered with booths and stalls, and a whole square with glass and crockery. It is now that the people lay in their stock of all that is wanted in the half-year. Every kind of useful article is sold, and it is sold by the manufacturer: the consumer gets it at prime cost, and therefore cheaper than in the shops.

David Lister starts to-morrow for Leipsic, homeward bound.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

June 28th. Attended a concert at a Protestant church, to hear the Requiem of Mozart, and the Hallelujah of Handel. Performed with great skill, and for arrangement far beyond any thing in other countries. Near 400 people played, and although it was in some measure power thrown away upon me, there were passages truly magnificent, and in all a unity and combination that looked as if the work of one great mind.

29th. Mr. David Lister, after being with me for eleven months, left me to go by Hamburgh to Scot-

land. Being left alone has something new in it: it is a change, and I fancy without a change nothing can be for the better. One is apt to attach importance to coincidences; from the first time he came to me in Kensington, misfortunes have begun and not ceased; and though every kind of sympathy has been shown by him in all the disasters of my family, I perhaps regard his going away with less reluctance, from the mishaps he has witnessed during his stay. His journey with me over Italy and Germany, cannot, I hope, but be of essential benefit to him.

July 3d. Sent off a letter to Edward Willes, Esq. Newbold Comyn, Warwickshire, in answer to one in which he asks whether his brother-in-law, Charles Stonhouse, might, as he has shown some turn for it, undertake to become a landscape painter? and whether he might accompany me over Italy next winter? To the first, I state reasons for and against; and to the second, that I am alone, and if he will join me in Switzerland, shall be glad to travel with him, and to find him objects of study, and society that he may gain information from.*

5th. Dined with Mr. Chad, who stated that he saw Canova at Paris in 1815, and that the importunity which he showed in obtaining the restitution of the works of art was a chief cause in their being restored; that there was much lukewarmness in the matter; and that the Duke of Wellington's declaration, that the French had no right to them, also had its effect.

* Mr. Willes is the author of a warm and enthusiastic letter about Wilkie, addressed "To Charles Stonhouse, Esq., formerly Pupil of Sir David Wilkie," written and printed at Lausanne, in March, 1842.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Dresden, 4th July, 1826.

If it be thought desirable to get Smith to go on with the plate agreeable to the ardour he displays, I must either sell out, or borrow money upon the plate. As to subscription at the present time, this will never do; the necessity for this is not absolute, and the appearance of it at the present time might do serious injury: it must not, therefore, be thought of.

Perhaps you can make an estimate of expenses that are accruing, with the means of supply. My letter of credit must be renewed; but to this day 100*l.* remains untouched, and probably 200*l.* additional will serve me for another year. If money is to be raised to keep Smith going, and to pay M'Queen, can it be got without trouble, in the way of loan, or must I really break in upon the funded property? Consider this well, and let me know.

My time is now taken up with society as much as ever. One easily gets into the ways of the Germans, and though I cannot speak a word of Dutch, and scarcely see a person to speak English to, I am never at a loss. Professor Herman and his pretty wife are most kind people: they contrive fêtes of all kinds to amuse us, and the time passes away as lightly as possible. My French is improving greatly, and I can even make them laugh by telling a French story. I am also gaining another accomplishment: the Professor smokes a pipe, and I a cigar; considering that any amusement is a gain to me that does not require an effort of thought.

I have been much interested by an exhibition at one of their little Theatres, of what they call a Tableau. The curtain is drawn up between the acts, the stage darkened, and at the back is a scene resembling a picture frame, in the interior of which most brilliantly lighted from behind, men and women are arranged in appropriate dresses, to make up the composition of some known picture. One I saw the other night was an interior, after D. Teniers. It was the most beautiful reality I ever saw. Mr. Chad, the British minister, was with me. We were quite delighted with it; but so evanescent is the group, that the curtain drops in twenty seconds, the people being unable to remain for any longer period in one precise position.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Dresden, 11th July, 1826.

The British minister here, Mr. Chad, having taken considerable interest in my state of health, has had me to consult a celebrated physician, Dr. Kreisig, physician to the King, and much noted all over Germany. I have accordingly seen him, and he recommends me to try the baths of Toeplitz for a week or two. This, of course, throws me out in my calculations in travelling, and although I have little hope of its being of any use, I must, as the place is near this, and I have asked advice, do what has been recommended.

I meet here with various friends. Mr. Chad is particularly kind: he had me to meet the other day

Major Denham, the African traveller. Mr. and Mrs. Grimston from Yorkshire have also been most attentive in taking me every where. Professor and Madam Herman have been extremely kind.

The circumstances of Weber's death in London excite here much interest and conjecture. Some say he was ill-used by the noblesse and music-sellers; that his concert, being neglected, killed him; that the English have no feeling for music; that his Requiem was not allowed to be chanted in St. Paul's. They have an idea, moreover, that he was not properly introduced as Rossini was; and that he did not become *fashionable*, a word they consider peculiar to London. But what, say they, can be expected of a people whose anthem, "God save the King," was composed by a German, and who have no music, and no feeling for music?

I start for Töplitz to-morrow morning.

D. W.

TO THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ. R.A.

My dear Sir, Dresden, 13th July, 1826.

Your letter, received at Munich, with remarks on the pictures there, and on the Exhibition at home, gratified me extremely, and no time was lost in verifying your observations on the two pictures of Rubens. The Arundel Family and The Lion Hunt, have in both a prevailing greyness that suffers from matching precisely with the ground upon which they are hung; but the latter of these struck me, as it must have done you, as one of the finest of the master. The

works of Rubens appeared to fail from the immediate comparison with what we had left in Italy, looking somewhat smooth and thin; but the all-powerful *genius* of the man soon re-asserted itself, and his magical representation of action and movement, particularly as exemplified in his Fall of the Angels, was quite overpowering. Indeed, this last wants only size to be one of the most extraordinary specimens the art has ever produced.

Your account of the Exhibition was sure to interest. This is a theme so familiar to us, that from the slight sketch you gave of the leading points, the rest can be easily supplied; one exhibition is so like another. But of one of these you were the most likely to be silent upon, I heard the other day from Major Denham — the portrait of himself, which he says, with proud satisfaction, is considered your *finest work.*

Your visit to Italy will, I hope, show its good effects even more in successful efforts of this kind, than it can in *that* which was its chief object. Yet, as an authorised witness of what former times have accomplished, I still wish you had seen the relics at Portici. To prove to you how imperfect all copies must be of these interesting remains, — copying, except for the work got up by the Neapolitan government, is forbid. That work itself is any thing but a facsimile, and numbers of drawings done at Naples, pretending to be copies, are the mere designs, laboured into a sort of prettiness by those improvements in modern art which the most inferior of our day are in possession of, and which the inferior artists in the days of the Greeks would have also been possessed of if they

had existed. The Aldobrandini Marriage is as favourable a specimen as can be seen. In it the defects of the period are less obvious: the line of the wall, with the inclination upwards, might pass for perspective; the placing of some of the limbs of the figures, for fore-shortening; but in the larger specimens, where lines and figures are more numerous and complicated, the varnishing point, and the contour in *raccourcissement*, are decidedly wanting. One thing also which, judging from recollection, is curious; that, amidst all that are to be seen at Rome and at Naples, having no connexion in time or place, their character is so uniform, that though different hands and degrees of merit are perceptible, I do not think you can in date place any one before the other: neither rise, progress, nor decline, things so obvious in all modern collections of art, and also in antique sculpture, are perceptible in these. This, however, may be for want of one observation at the time, and it has only occurred to me since as a matter of recollection. But be these pictures of what antiquity they may, they are thus far deserving of examination, that the whole system of modern art, since their discovery from the time of Mengs to the present, has been changed by them, including even the opposite styles of Angelica Kauffman and David. Now the query is, are these fair examples of what tradition reports to have been so admired by ancient artists? If so, then were they admired as Cimabue was admired, because nothing better had been seen; but if otherwise, does not the study of these exclude the imitation of better things? The Notte of Correggio is as remote and as superior

to the conception of these as its subject is to any to be found in their mythology.

This brings me to where I started from, namely, Dresden; where, from what I had seen at Parma, I expected to find Correggio in all his glory. But, whatever The Notte may have been, the hand of the picture-cleaner is here manifest, and those who like bright daylight effect will have it here to their heart's content. Correggio did not, like Rembrandt, in these effects attempt to give the colour of lamp-light; the phosphorescent quality of light was more his aim, as in his Christ in the Garden. But here the light on The Virgin and Child is white, chalky, and thin; and the rest of the picture has somewhat the poverty of a copy. The group of shepherds, indeed, appear, in character and in the beauty of painting inferior to the general run of Correggio's figures: the man at the side is even coarse, and no part of the picture could have been equal to The Kneeling St. Catherine at Parma. Still, however, the beauty of the Mother and Child, the matchless group of angels over-head, the daybreak in the sky, and the whole arrangement of light and shadow, give it the right to be considered, in conception at least, the greatest of his works. I had understood it was painted as a companion to that at Parma; but not so: it is much larger, and the figures occupy less space in the picture. It is singular that blues, greens, and greys prevail much in the lights and half-tints of this work. The chief light is flesh-colour and yellowish white drapery on the Child; the brightest

blue, the Virgin's mantle, comes close in upon the light of the Child: the Virgin's sleeve is of a lilac. The distant landscape is a deep green, the sky is a greenish blue, and the clouds the angels are on a grey. As to red, there is wonderfully little: on the drapery of the Virgin are a few touches, but the brightest is upon the drapery of the angel close upon the corner of the picture. But, as a balance for all the cold colour and lights, where do you think the warmth is? You will guess where, and know without the aid of *spectacles*, (but do not be incredulous): where should it be in a dark picture but in the *shadows?* These, which form a large proportion of the picture, are of a deep rich brown. To be so particular about a work "shorn of its beams" as this is, requires an apology; yet still it is not less "than archangel ruined." With you there are no copies; and I do not know any London artist, except Howard, that has been at Dresden. Besides The Notte, there are five other pictures by Correggio, of which the small Magdalen, though it is very small, is in the most perfect condition; the head and arms most highly finished, and in a most creamy floating manner of painting, but of which the back-ground and blue drapery wants richness. But the Raphael is here the wonder, both with artists and common people. The picture is dry and wretched from neglect, but the heads are truly divine; though, as a whole, it looks unfinished, or as if it were part of a larger picture.

This gallery is numerous in Wouvermans, Ruysdaels, and even in Mieris and Gerard Dows; but after the

trim and well-arranged Gallery of Munich, it looks rubbishy and neglected. Woodburn, who was with me, exclaims loudly against the damage caused both by cleaning and want of care. Palmorolla the restorer, from Rome, is here, it is said, trying what can be done for them; but the building itself is execrable, and the arrangement worse; though, with their material, much might be made of it, and as it is, it brings company from all parts of Germany.

Töplitz, July 19th. I send this off from a watering place in Bohemia, a day's journey to the south of Dresden, where many of the gay of Saxony and Prussia are assembled. The King of Prussia indeed is here, with his family and suite. He is changed a good deal since Sir Thomas Lawrence painted him, having grown much stouter in person. While here his rank is laid aside, and he is seen every where with the company, and at the theatre; but is said never to be known to smile. I found much interest excited among the people at Dresden by the death of their townsman Weber, with a sort of impression that it was at least accelerated by a sense of something like ill-usage he is supposed to have received while among you in London,—that he was overreached by those he had dealings with, neglected by the noblesse; and not becoming *fashionable*, a term they cannot comprehend here, his talents, which they esteemed as of first-rate kind, were overlooked by the *English admirers of music*. Accept my best wishes for your successful appearance before the Academy in January next. I am sure you will acquit yourself well; but

as the labour of preparation is a labour superadded to your other arduous occupations, do be careful of the ROCK of over-study. Mrs. Phillips, to whom I beg to be most cordially remembered, will join with me cordially in this remonstrance.

D. W.

CHAPTER VIII.

WILKIE TRIES THE WATERS AT TÖPLITZ. — THE DRESDEN GALLERY. — RECOMMENDED TO TRY ANOTHER YEAR ON THE CONTINENT. — CARLSBAD. — PRAGUE. — VIENNA. — FLORENCE. — LETTERS TO MR. PHILLIPS, R.A., DR. GILLESPIE, MR. TAIT, AND MR. WILKIE. — ROME.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Töplitz, 19th July, 1826.

Töplitz is in Bohemia, in the Austrian territory, — a small village rather than a town; but, from the celebrity of its hot-springs, has sprung up into a gay and fashionable city. Houses much like those at Cheltenham, and the company and the ways of living resembling our own towns of this sort; with the difference that they are Germans instead of English, which truly in some things makes a great difference.

But what gives this place a considerable interest now is the presence of the King of Prussia, with his family and suite. Here his kingly state is laid aside, and he mixes with and passes for one of the company. On my arrival I found lodgings so scarce that I was glad to get a room in a little cabaret of unpromising aspect, but which I found was almost entirely occupied by the domestics of his Majesty. This I soon found too bustling, and have hired a room since in a gay little square near the Palace, and next door to

the Bath, and where, for the first time, I find myself in a house where there is not a person understands a word of any language that I know. This puts a stop to all gossip; but it is surprising how little inconvenient it is, and we have great amusement in guessing at each other's meaning.

July 22d. In this out-of-the-way place there is by no means a want of society, and even of English people. The physician I consult about the waters is married to a Scottish lady, from the Isle of Bute. There are some travellers; and to-day I was called upon by a Dr. Hogg, who brought in his hand a volume of Joanna Baillie's works as an introduction.

It is the theory of the physicians here that the waters will be of use to me. I am willing to let them try; and if they are mistaken they will only leave the case where it stood. The waters seem to want strength, though the heat is very great.

Helen mentions Mr. Woodburn's attentions. His brother will reach London soon,—you should see him. He is really an excellent companion; and his knowledge of pictures, their value and condition, I found highly useful. I told Woodburn to thank Seguier for his attentions to Helen: I also gave him messages to others, and to assure all my friends that, however well disposed, *my situation is such that there is not one of them can give me the least assistance.*

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

July 10th. Have taken a place, and am preparing to go to Töplitz to-morrow morning. For my own

part, I have no great hopes in the baths; but find my friends, native as well as English, wish me to try. As they are said to be powerful, I would rather try them than palliatives. Too much time has already been lost in trying palliatives.

I observe this difference in the complaint, that I can now walk in the sun without an umbrella, and am less fatigued by conversation. As to reading, writing, and drawing, I can as yet perceive no difference. The stomach appears to have less sympathy with it than ever: never felt digestion nor appetite more active; and for the last three weeks have taken *no medicines* whatever.

Dined a few days ago with the British Minister to meet Major Denham, the African traveller. He tells me that painting is unknown and forbid among the Africans; not even a likeness permitted, nor would any one be prevailed upon to sit for a drawing.

20th. This is the fifth day of taking the baths. As yet I have felt none of the symptoms attendant on the action of the water in those complaints for which it is adopted. It appears to me weak; has no effect on the senses; and the same degree of simple warm water would be felt nearly as strong. Dr. Meisseur says that pains and acute sensations in the limbs precede its salutary operations. Of these there are as yet no more than I have felt at ordinary times, and I have no notion in a complaint like mine of any cure being wrought by medicines acting imperceptibly on the senses. Dr. Kreisig has sent me to Töplitz, supposing that it may be rheumatism or gout. If this be a mistake, it will be proved so by the waters, and it is a mistake

that can do no harm. Far otherwise was it in the first instance; it was more than rheumatism or gout.

The Gallery of Dresden is the worst adapted and the worst arranged gallery I have ever seen. It forms a quadrangle. The outer gallery for the Flemish and Dutch is lighted from without, and the interior for the Italian masters is lighted from within the quadrangle. One Raphael and six Correggios form the strength of the collection. One Titian and several Paul Veroneses they have also, good; but what remains (these taken away) is of a very inferior class. I would only except one Andrea del Sarto and one Palma (*Il Vecchio*), both fine. The Raphael may be said to be in a perfect state; that is, it has never suffered from the picture-cleaner. It is dry and parched, however; and some of the colours have sunk in, and perhaps faded for want of nourishment. The heads of this picture are truly admirable: that of the Virgin perhaps the most elegant the art of painting has produced. As a whole, however, it seems unfinished; the figures, too, appear a little cut out, and have the air as if they were part of a larger picture. To the common eye, and particularly to the German artist, it is a very effective work; and perhaps its very simplicity contributes to make its excellence of expression and character more striking.

But the Notte of Correggio is what I expected the most from, and the condition of which gives me the greatest disappointment. Yet how beautiful the arrangement! All the powers of the art are here united to make a perfect work. Here the simplicity of the drawing of the Virgin and Child is shown in

contrast with the foreshortening in the group of angels; the strongest unity of effect with the most perfect system of intricacy. The emitting the light from the Child is perhaps the most bold, as well as the most poetical idea, that the art has ever attempted; and this, though a supernatural illusion, is in this work eminently successful: it neither looks forced nor improbable.

21st. The light, unlike that of Rembrandt, does not imitate lamp-light; it is meant to be the pale, phosphorescent light, as in the Christ in the Garden. The flesh of the Virgin, and white drapery of the Child, are principle. The mantle bright blue, the bodice bright lake, and the sleeve lilac. The colours in the lights and half-tints are chiefly cold, and all the warm tints are in the shadows, which preserve throughout a rich colour. The least successful part of the picture is the character of the shepherds,—inferior to the subject, and to Correggio's general run of figures. But this great work, though shorn of its beams from the treatment it has met with, is, in its decay, still not less than archangel ruined. It is in idea the most original and most poetical of all Correggio's works.

27th. Last night had a conversation with Dr. Hogg about my illness. He says he does not think it arises either from gout or rheumatism, or from the use of paint; that it is from an over-excited state of the brain affecting the nerves, producing the inability of attention, the numbness in the fingers, and other sensations complained of. As a cure he would have begun by cupping—then the seton or moxa, in the

continued use of which he would have had great confidence; but seventeen months having passed without any change, he thinks the utmost resource of medicine ought to be tried, and can see no reason why *mercury*, with proper precautions, should not be tried as one. He says travelling may have kept the disease at bay; but if that could effect a cure, a twelvemonth must have shown symptoms of it.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Töplitz, 31st July, 1826.

I have found many friends here; and we have been to a crowded ball, where the King and his suite were. The ball was begun by a Polognese dance, which, as it may hereafter become the fashion in England, merits to be described. The King took the left hand of the Princess Clary, and the music striking up, a regular promenade round the room was begun. Prince William and his partner followed next, and then the rest of the beaus and belles, making a circuitous line all round the room, that undulates and turns as the royal leader may direct. This has the advantage of including all conditions of people: every wish in the choice of a partner may be gratified. The young may flirt with the aged; and, what is no bad thing in a resort for invalids, the gay and the *jollie* may show off with the lame, the halt, and the blind; and as it includes the learned and unlearned, and even strangers (as we were), we at once were able to join. I wish one of our damsels had the honour

of treading a measure in the same dance with the anointed successor of the Great Frederick.

By degrees we became a little acquainted with some of the company. What facilitated this was our having a very handsome specimen of an English lady (a Mrs. Harvey) with us. She was dressed in a most elegant style, and looked most lady-like. Sitting as she did near the Princess Clary, the Princess was pleased to converse with her—to introduce her to the Prince, to whom she introduced her husband, who, at the Prince's request, introduced me. I was much pleased with the Prince: he speaks English, knows our literature, and has, I am told, much taste for the arts. He told me he had seen my picture at Munich; that it had been shown and described to him by the late King himself. He also talked of the gallery at Munich, and of the rich though deplorable state of the gallery at Dresden.

D. W.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

August 5th. Have now had twenty-one baths of the water of Töplitz. Find no change whatever, except being somewhat weaker. The disease itself yields no response, gives no sigh, nor gives any acknowledgment that it has yet met with its antidote. I continue to complete the number of baths (twenty-eight), to satisfy others rather than myself that they are not applicable to the case.

Query. When all the remedies suggested by the usual medical reasonings have failed, why should not the experiment of mercury be tried?

16th. Had a long consultation on the 12th with Dr. Kreisig and Dr. Clark, who determine that I should try the waters of Carlsbad for four weeks; but they will on no account hear of mercury being tried: the question of cure remains therefore just where it did. Carlsbad after cure might do admirably; but to remove a malady like mine, the waters of Carlsbad can be in no way better than those of Cheltenham or Töplitz? I have myself no hope from any such remedy. Dr. Clark reasons to this effect, that since he first examined my complaint I am better; the stomach is better; and if that were thoroughly well, the head must of necessity get well too. The time necessary for this he nor no man can tell,—whether six, twelve, or eighteen months, or even years. Travelling, therefore, and such other things as may bring the general health into the best state, he considers the best to be done for such a complaint; trusting, as he tries to assure me, that the chances are greatly in favour of an ultimate recovery. The INSTINCT of the patient, which is like *the blindman's touch*, is against this: it indicates that an active remedy is wanting. But as no remedy can be applied without medical advice, and as this is perhaps the best to be had on this side the Channel, the application of it must be delayed.

Another year on the Continent being decidedly recommended, I am now again all for Italy, and am making preparations accordingly.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Dresden, 12th Aug. 1826.

I left Töplitz on the 9th, and arrived here the same evening, where my stay will depend upon what my medical advisers may direct. I took twenty-four baths at Töplitz; but from the first, on finding the water, though hot, had neither taste nor smell to indicate any quality of strength, I foretold they would be useless. I went through the course with strict exactness. They are supposed to produce pains and aches, but with me they produced none; the complaint made no response, and I entreated the physician to let me go. While I was consulting with Dr. Meisseur the night before I left, who should enter my room, to my astonishment, but Dr. Clark from Rome! He had been making a tour to see the waters of Germany, and by mere accident, on reaching Töplitz, had learned I was there. As he was on his way to Dresden he agreed with me to go to Dr. Kreisig, to have a consultation about my case. He was surprised to find me at Töplitz. Thought the waters not applicable; and as he knew my case longer, would confer with the Dresden physicians about it. What he is still disposed to advise is, to remain another year from home; and, for the sake of society and amusement, to go for another year into Italy. He still thinks what he thought in Rome, that I am *gaining*, and that I should move without being too long in one place; trusting to time, and such treatment as the

case will admit of, for the rest. Both Dr. Clark and his lady were most kind to me when in Rome.

13th. We had last night a grand consultation; the result of which is, that I should remain abroad, should continue moderate diet, try the waters of Carlsbad, and go to Italy again for the winter. As to any thing more effective, they will not hear of it. Of Carlsbad they talked highly; so they did of Töplitz, and so they did of Cheltenham. Töplitz, indeed, is simple hot water,—has neither taste nor smell; as proof of which they make the finest tea of it.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Carlsbad, 23d Aug. 1826.

Again in Bohemia, and thus far on my way back to Italy. Though without a companion, I am never less alone than when alone, and hitherto have found no want of society.

My road to this place lay again through Töplitz, which I found a deserted village indeed. But Carlsbad is the truly fashionable watering-place, not only of Germany, but of the North of Europe. Its situation is romantic—in the bottom of a deep winding valley or ravine, the sides of which are richly wooded. The town is small; but every house being a lodging-house, it is capable of containing a vast concourse of company. The season has gone by, but still many gay people remain; and, unlike Cheltenham, I find myself in the two first days introduced to a considerable acquaintance, English as well as foreign. The

waters here are hot; are not used for baths, but for drinking: they are not salt, but are supposed to act upon the stomach and the whole system. The chief spring, called *Der Sprudel*, which is not much under boiling water, is a surprising phenomenon; it is emitted through a pipe directly upwards, like a *jet d'eau*, but extremely irregular in its action. It appears to froth and dance with the most beautiful variety: now mounting with a splash to six feet; now foaming more widely, but at a lesser elevation, and again disappearing altogether. This throws out volumes of steam, and the rivulet that runs from it is so hot as to scald pigs and fowls, and to serve many culinary purposes. It is said that, during the earthquake at Lisbon, the *jet d'eau*, and other springs here, disappeared altogether for some minutes, to the great alarm of the people.

I have found about seven Englishmen here, but no ladies. There are several foreigners, who speak English well: amongst others, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg and suite; but he leaves this place immediately. I got introduced to the comptroller of his horse, Baron Stockmar, who appointed a time with me to have an interview with Prince Leopold. The Prince showed his usual attention and kindness. He speaks English better than I expected; indeed, remarkably well. Inquired much about what I had been doing for my health, the effect of travelling, &c.; and urged me to give Carlsbad a fair trial, the waters being celebrated for such cases. I was, upon the whole, pleased that I had seen him, and with his manner, which is very gentlemanly.

An offer has been made to me by a family who had

returned from Italy, to take charge of a young man, one of their number, who wishes to study as an artist through Italy again. He was to go as my travelling companion. My answer was, that if he, upon serious reflection, meant to make art a profession, and revisit the Italian cities, I, with what assistance I could give in finding him studies and society, would be at his service: however, as the young man has since determined on a less hazardous profession, the matter has dropped. This might have been a serious charge to me; but, as remuneration would have been considered, I felt not at liberty to refuse it. Since this I had the offer of a most respectable companion; but, as it would have laid me under some kind of obligation, I declined it. These I state confidentially, to show that, unoccupied as I am, people do not consider me entirely useless.

I am told that the Commodore Trunnion, engraved by Lewis, is selling in the shops of London. Can you find out what is Lewis's account of the sale he made of this? He had this from me to engrave. I did not, that is, I could not, afford to make him a present of it; but meant to have paid him for his work, either in money or by a proportion in the publication, as I have done with other things, and which I could afford well to do, even if his demands had been high. The drawing too, where is that? Has it been returned to me, or does he still keep it?

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Carlsbad, 1st Sept. 1826.

Here England is a theme of interest with all, and all try to speak a little English; but Scotland, above all, they look upon as the land of romance and of poetry. The Waverley Novels, as familiar to them as to us, have made our native country, in their eyes, the Arcadia of Europe, and the fame of their great author and of his works seems, with them, to have taken the supremacy, even of their own literature. Among Germans, Russians, and Poles, it is at once an introduction to their confidence to find that one has seen and conversed with Sir Walter Scott. How it increases one's wonder at the power of that great man, to find that he has hit the chord that fascinates the sympathies of so many different nations. Even his late difficulties seem to awaken here an extreme interest. Many are the questions about their effect upon his circumstances; and I have had to repeat, and even to write over various times, for the people here, what I could remember of his own expressions upon the subject in the letter which I saw addressed to the sister of Lady Compton.

Among the many Poles that visit this place, it is observed that there are ladies without their husbands, and husbands without their wives—separation being very common in that country, and being even considered and provided for in the marriage contract. We also observe *adopted* daughters common here. When a husband and wife have no family, a girl,

whether a relation or not, but one generally handsome, is selected to live with them, grows up as their daughter, passes in society as such, and is even recognised by the laws as entitled to a provision out of the family property. It is observed that, in the north of Germany, divorces can be obtained on the simple petition of both parties. They are extremely common. The title of Count is here not only hereditary, but descends to the whole family; I meet with little children who are countesses in their own right. It is customary for people to make parties, and dine at a public saloon, about three francs a head. I have been at these with ladies and gentlemen, quite in fashionable style. We have tea and coffee at home, but almost always dine out. The only dinner I have been invited to of a domestic kind was at the house of General and Madame Sabloucoff, who, as the daughter of the late J. Julius Angerstein, is more accustomed to the English habit. One thing all of us remark, and all are surprised at, is the cheapness of living in this fashionable resort.

We have enjoyed what happens only at the conclusion of the season, viz., a grand ball given by the shopkeepers of the place, at which all the would-be Misses, with the fashions they have learnt from the visiters, attend. This the gentlemen all go to see; and, that no damp may be thrown upon it, the ladies stay away. It was most crowded — one room for dancing, and another for supper. The ball-room was gay in the extreme; the gentlemen were somewhat *so-so*, but the ladies, with most of whose faces, as shop-maids and bar-keepers, we were familiar, were

brilliant beyond expectation, and, for comeliness and beauty, might have done honour to any society. The dance was the waltz only, in which twenty or thirty couple joined with a heartiness that one has never seen before but in the Scotch reel. The common people here are handsome, and are said to be extremely well-behaved; and I observe that some, in ordinary life, in no way remarkable, are quite genteel and lady-like when put in a ball dress. The belle of the room was a Jewess from Prague, who keeps a shop here for German tobacco-pipes, but who, for the night, had all the refined beauty of a high-born dame, and was by all greatly admired.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Carlsbad, 10th Sept. 1826.

From this place I propose to start on Saturday the 16th. I shall have then been three weeks and three days here. The doctor and others say I should stay longer, but the season gets cold, the beds are small, and horribly uncomfortable. I reached this place at the fag end of the season, but have more readily than any one found admittance into the society of Germans, with whom, as well as with other foreigners, I have been greatly pleased. This is the nearest watering-place the Russians and Poles have within their reach. Some traverse six or seven hundred miles to come to it; and, besides people in quest of health, one finds here in the season gamblers and intriguers of all sorts. There are even paupers who are

sent upon charity to take the waters; while others, with wit, beauty, and gallantry, come to seek their fortunes. There are here a sober and solitary monk from his cloister at Prague, and a Greek in full uniform from Albania. Among the ladies is one who has excited sympathy by having become deranged from love; while another excites feelings of a different kind, by admitting in public the addresses of her own footman. But the most distressing case of all is that of the amiable Countess Jarachwezko, afflicted with the Plica polonica, a disease of the head and hair, to which it is said the Poles alone are subject. The hair becomes matted and loathsome, is said to have sensation, and to bleed; but must not be cut off, from the danger it would occasion to the patient. This lady is of high family, and in her youth was celebrated for her beauty, and has moved in the first societies at Warsaw and Berlin. Her account of Napoleon, whom she had often met in society, is most interesting; and her knowledge of the great men who figured in the late eventful period makes her conversation quite a treat. She dresses with great neatness, her hair entirely covered with frills, lace, &c. Her illness no one could discover, and she never, by any chance, alludes to it.

I am pleased with Helen's account of all that is doing. My good friend Woodburn did what was in excellent taste, to take her to Hendon: this was truly like himself. Collins also, and his lady, have acted like friends. Our good friend Geddes has always been friendly, and I have no doubt gave you a jolly day on the occasion of his windfall from Ireland.

You may tell him he ought, at all hazards, to come to Italy. It is quite a mistake to fancy that every thing fine was contained in the Louvre. Besides the Capella Sistina, the Stanzas of Raphael, and the Cupola of Correggio, the *land* that produced these great works ought to be seen by every artist. Is he sure that Reynolds would have done what he did, or that Lawrence would do what he is now doing, without seeing Italy? I shall expect to see him cast up early in November at Florence. His letter amused and gratified me extremely.

D. W.

Between Wilkie and Chantrey a correspondence was maintained, which, originating in admiration of the peculiar genius of each, had little of personal friendship in it, and appeared but seldom in the shape of letters. Besides the one dated from the top of Vesuvius, the following is the only one from the painter in all the sculptor's voluminous correspondence.

TO FRANCIS CHANTREY, ESQ. R.A.

My dear Sir, Carlsbad, 9th Sept. 1826.

Mr. de Krausé is one of those distinguished foreigners who, from the taste he has shown in the formation of his own collection of sculpture and painting, in his château near to Dresden, I am desirous to impress favourably with what we are about in England. He possesses four statues by Thorwaldsden, with pictures by the old Italian masters, as well

as of our fellow-labourers here in Germany of the present day.

In visiting London, I wish particularly that he should see the works in progress in your studio, feeling assured that he will be most highly gratified by them. For this I claim the honour of introducing him to you: you could, perhaps, obtain for him a sight of Turner's works, and put him in the way of seeing what Callcott and Collins have to show: they are all of them *peculiar* to our school. He should also see the best of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and of Phillips, &c.; but these keep open house.

I write this from a watering-place in Bohemia, from whence I proceed again into Italy.

Believe me, &c.

D. W.

To Prague, which the artist calls, and perhaps justly, the capital of the musical world, he now turned his steps, with health not at all improved by the medicinal waters of the land.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Prague, 16th Sept. 1826.

The romantic notions one has attached from early youth to the name of this city were not at all weakened on entering it, by moon-light, on a fine summer evening. This is the capital of Bohemia, which had anciently for its queen the Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of James I., so important a link in the pedigree of our present reigning family.

I have observed that each of the many capitals of Germany has its separate attribute. Munich stands unrivalled for its national opera, Weimar for literature, Berlin for military parade, Vienna for court etiquette, Dresden for the arts, Frankfort for business, and Hanover for the purity of its language. Prague is allowed to be the capital of the musical world, and is famous not only for the Battle of Prague, which beginners on the piano-forte have to fight through, but for its performers and composers of first-rate renown. Its situation, too, is remarkable; for magnificence it has gone far beyond my expectations. It is the largest city I have yet seen in Germany; in its situation it resembles both Windsor and Durham; and in the number of its churches and spires, and in the extent of the imperial palace and cathedral, reminded me of Rome and the Vatican. The bridge is the admiration of Germany; and, if I mistake not, is the original of our Waterloo Bridge. It has, too, what would be no small ornament to ours, a series of groups and statues of saints and apostles surmounting the ledging. It is such a place as our friends, Callcott and Turner, might find excellent subject to work upon: it is romantic and picturesque in the highest degree.

22d September.

Vienna, in the middle of a sandy plain, but intersected by the branches of the Danube, has, at last, after five days' travelling, made its appearance. This is the true court capital: other cities have other qualities attached to them; but this is the place of high family, the true imperial city. It is somewhat like

the best quarters of Paris, but infinitely cleaner, and is much like London in its bustle. All seems activity and life: the higher classes full of fashion and *haut ton;* and the ladies, what all people of rank should be, tall as well as handsome.

23d.

Your letter of the 5th has just come to hand. What claims chief attention is your correspondence with the Board of Ordnance. While the circumstances seem to get worse, one is glad to find the Board not disposed to aggravate them. I, of course, stand between Mr. Crokat and all harm, though, in the eye of the law, he is equally liable. It would be wise, I think, to ask leave to examine the accounts from the first. Perhaps you could undertake to examine them yourself — an accountant would create new expense. This 300*l.* addition of Cox and Greenwood's I consider extremely vexatious. It is now near two years since the Board served me with the notice of 1256*l.*; and although the amount of security remains the same, this is a new load to be got over, and is adding a new misery to the many that have already assailed me.

My journey from Prague has been quite a feat: 200 miles, all expenses included, 1*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*! This, in five days, makes about 6*s.* 6*d.* a day. Travelling from London to York, at this rate, has not been done since the days of Roderick Random. I find the living in Vienna showy, as it is also moderate.

I expect to reach Florence about the 28th of October.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Vienna, 5th October, 1826.

My first visit was paid to the country-house of the Baroness d'Eskele, the lady of one of the chief bankers here. Hour of dinner, half-past three—a company of twelve, and an entertainment and service that the first of the archdukes might have been satisfied with. At five the company took leave, and returned to town, when, the theatre being talked of as their place of adjournment, I, to pass the long evening, repaired thither also. The play was Schiller's celebrated "Marie Stuart," and a first-rate actress from Berlin, Madame Steich, was to play the character. All was expectation: a most brilliant assembly was present, and, from the first glance I had through the crowd of the well-known cap, veil, and black velvet dress of the fair queen, I was satisfied that the unrivalled Mary would be for once fairly represented. Elizabeth, Burleigh, and Leicester, were also represented in a high style of acting and costume, but Mary was the favourite—a Catholic audience seemed devoted to her; and I observed that there was scarce a head-dress among the many beauties present, that was not, as if out of compliment, surmounted by the same kind of plaited cap that she wore.

The German language sounded well upon the stage; the acting throughout was simple and dignified; but the plot, for our tastes, wanted action, and the dialogues were long. All, however, was listened to here; and, though I scarcely understood a word, I

felt all they were doing to be intelligible. Indeed, the strangeness of the language, the foreign people, and the distance from home, added a new interest to the whole. To hear the name of Mary Stuart in a foreign accent, to see our early history exhibited with such accuracy, and the sufferings of Scotland's queen so bewailed by these high-bred Austrians (for I never saw an audience more affected), was one of the most striking things I have ever witnessed within the walls of a theatre. Perhaps there may be the spirit of party in all this — Catholicism is here in the ascendant.

The visit which has most interested me here was my interview with Prince Metternich. "Le Prince Metternich," said the ambassador of France to me, at his party, "ayant entendu que vous étiez à Vienne, désire de faire votre connoissance, et m'a engagé de vous conduire chez lui à diner demain, à 4 heures ½." I replied, of course, how much delighted I should be to dine with the Prince; accordingly, the day after I was taken by the ambassador to the Prince's palace. We had to wait some time before he entered. His appearance was quite familiar to me from pictures. It is a mixture of the late Lord Castlereagh and the Duke of Wellington. He had been riding, had spurs on, is light made, active but composed in manner, and with a face that is said to be capable of concealing every internal emotion: withal, a younger man than I expected — scarcely above fifty. He told me that my works were familiar to him through the engravings, and that he had seen the picture I had painted for the late King of Bavaria, about which he complimented me very highly. He wished, he said, to show

me two pictures by Konze of Carlsbuke, and took me alone to the furthest end of the house to see them. From thence he took me into an adjoining room, of which he opened the shutters himself, to show me a portrait painted by Lawrence when in Vienna: he said, "C'est le portrait de ma fille, qui est morte depuis, à l'âge de dix-sept ans." Seeing the extreme beauty of the person, and the composure with which he said it, I was surprised; but the whole was characteristic of the man. We dined with the prince *en famille*, the ambassador and myself being the only strangers. We sat one on each side of him; the rest of the party were his son and two daughters, extremely elegant and high-bred in their appearance, all three nearly grown up. The Prince did not speak much; but what he said was in the language of a man of business, and in French that appeared quite native, addressing me in a way all the while that put one quite at ease. He seemed surprised when I told him that I was not at present able to work or study. The dinner was served in high style, and when over we were taken to a drawing-room for coffee. The Prince showed us some new engravings in aquatint he had just got, and seemed curious in describing that process of engraving. At half-past 8 we took our leave. I consider this a high honour, which in happier times would have been judged symptomatic of the highest prosperity, but strangely in contrast now with my present situation and prospects.

D. W.

From Trieste, which he passed through, rather than visited, Wilkie found his way back to Venice, where he staid but a brief space to refresh his eye, he said, with the splendid colouring of Titian; his next halting-place was Florence.

JOURNAL, *continued.*

Sept. 25th. Saw the Belvedere Collection. Some Titians—fine; some Rubenses, Vandykes, and Rembrandts; but what struck me greatly were some Albert Durers, Holbeins, and other early masters, so perfect in preservation, as to teach strongly what style of painting will endure the longest.

Sept. 27th. Waited on Sir Henry Wellesley with a letter from the Duke of Wellington, sent me at the request of Sir Willoughby Gordon; was graciously received, and invited to dine with him on the 28th.

Sept. 29th. Had the honour to dine with the French ambassador.

Oct. 2d. The French ambassador took me to-day to dine with Prince Metternich. Dined with the Prince *en famille;* was graciously received, and felt interested in the highest degree in thus being acquainted with this extraordinary person, an acquaintance that I feel as one of the honours of my life.

Oct. 4th. Saw to-day the Florentine School at the Belvidere, and particularly the Fra Bartolomeo. This disappointed me, from want of tones; shadows rich and transparent, and lights poor. Mr. Rebille says it has, with all the others, been cleaned lately, and wants but varnish: I fear this system of cleaning

greatly. This is the Simeon in the Temple, of which there are prints, and upon which the style of painting of Rubens was formed.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Trieste, 17th Oct. 1826.

I took leave of Vienna with as much regret as I have ever left any place. In no place have I met with so much, such unwearied and disinterested kindness. What I accidentally discovered in the palace of the Count Harnach, written in a well-known hand upon an English drawing of a Count Meerveldt, I shall feel at a distance nearly in the same degree.

"T. L. Of my name the initials I write,
For I tire to behold it again;
But thy name can be ne'er too long in my sight,
Nor too fix'd in my heart, fair Vienne."

This verse I deciphered in the shadow of a drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who is remembered here with great interest, contributing not a little to the kind reception I have met with from all who knew him.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Venice, 20th Oct. 1826.

In four months and a half I have made the tour of the chief cities of Germany, and both for manners and events have found it remarkable. I feel

satisfied that, if I have done nothing else, I have at least seen the world.

The Germans, though a more ancient people, are far behind us in modern improvements. Some assert this extends not to manufactures and politics alone, but even to their cookery. If they are Goths in one thing more than another, I think it is in the construction of their beds. Of these, there is not one in Germany with curtains, or large enough for two people. It is asserted that, as the Germans always wear boots, the legs were not intended to be in bed, and from hence comes the smallness and scantiness of their covering. Our good-humoured friend Woodburn, who was aptly, at Naples, denominated Il Picolo, is the only one of our compatriots who found their coverings sufficient. Such as they are, however, they have the facility of being stowed, like so many cradles, six in the same room;—making one room enough for a whole coach-load of passengers. My custom, so unusual, of demanding "ain zimmer alaine," was thought an extravagance by those who unceremoniously allowed themselves to be stuffed, men and women, in the same chamber, for the whole route from Prague to Vienna.

My journey from Vienna to Trieste was tedious. The 300 miles took ten days; and this part of Germany, as well as Bohemia, seemed much inferior to the north. The roads were hilly, the weather bad, the country poor, and the gasthofs miserable. My companions, Italians, who had come from Constantinople, gave vent to their hatred of Vienna, which, though to me all kindness, appeared to them a place of extortion.

We could scarcely get a meal at any price; even *their* ingenuity was often put to it, and I found that I was, at least, their equal in making a bargain. Amongst other passengers, the driver took up a monk, who travelled with us for two days; he was outside, and when we stopped, he seemed reserved, and shrunk from observation. The Italians seemed to have an aversion to his company, and one night the people of the inn asked me if I would allow *der Gaistliherr* to be in the same room with me. Knowing well whom they meant, I refused; fancying I should have been haunted with all Mrs. Radcliffe's horrors had I admitted so mysterious a figure near me.

On reaching Trieste, I found the steam-boat was to sail the same night at 11 o'clock; therefore I started with it. The moon was at the full; the Adriatic was like a lake; and the quietness, the comfort, and the celerity of this conveyance seemed to leave all other modes of travelling in the distance, and showed, in the most favourable light, the inventions of our country. Here, for the first time since leaving Vienna, I overheard English. It was the engineer who had charge of the machinery, the intricacies of which, it appears, the natives cannot comprehend. I awoke the next morning in sight of Venice.

Florence, 31st Oct. 1826.

Here I am again on the same ground I was at this time last year. I left Vienna on the 24th, stopt two days at Padua, and one night at Ferrara, where I saw the prison of Tasso, and the chair, the inkstand, and tomb of Ariosto, with various pictures by the

Ferrarese artist, Garofalo. At Bologna I was two nights, and again saw with much attention the gallery. From thence across the flinty Apennines I have travelled in two tiresome days to Florence. I find now great facility in speaking Italian. I can now ask questions, make bargains, and even dispute with tolerable readiness.—*N. B.* To make a bargain with a vetturino occupies the whole day previous to starting; but this I have got quite used to.

From Dresden I have travelled about 900 miles, and not once with an English person. From Padua I had a priest with me, who spoke Italian only; he was a jolly fellow, and we became great friends. He asked about the Catholics of Ireland, the tunnel under the Thames, the Stuart family, and Flora Macdonald. Flora he seemed to idolise as a saint. I travelled from Bologna with one of the preaching monks. His clothes smelt of the dampness of a convent; but in his conversation he showed all the knowingness of one accustomed to mix with the world—shrewd, well-informed, well-bred, and even amusing.

D. W.

TO THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ. R. A.

My dear Sir, Florence, 6th Nov. 1826.

Your letter received in Vienna gratified me as an act of true kindness from you, whose time is valuable to so many, thus devoted to fill up and beguile a space of that vacant time which has lost even its value to myself. At this distance I can fully conceive the many occupations that press upon your attention

at home. As one of them, your preparations for the Professor's chair must engross some part of your thoughts; but be just and fear not, if, such as I fancy, there are leanings to be guarded against. In every other respect I feel assured the hopes and expectations of your friends will not be disappointed.

I stopped two days at Padua to see what I missed before, the Chapel of Giotto. This is a great advance upon Cimabue. I think you fully justified my own estimation of this early master, and augur much of your choice of such a theme. You used to observe, his talent was for the gentle and amiable: to these he adds a grandeur, as in his range of the Saints and Prophets. In subjects of terror he is less successful. His Last Judgment, Raising of Lazarus, and some of his figures in chiaro 'scuro, become ghastly and grotesque. It is in the Angel and the Virgin in the Annunciation, The Two Angels at the Sepulchre, The Bride in the Marriage of Cana, and Christ among the Doctors, where he excels; one thing being remarkable, that in his happiest points he has least of the dryness of his own, and approaches most to the maturity of an after period of art.

But to me it was interesting to compare the art under his hands with that of a period he never saw, as exhibited in the relics at Portici. In elegance and freedom of drawing, he is far inferior to the Greek artists; while, in perspective, in foreshortening, and in light and shadow, he is at least their equal. His receding lines meet in a vanishing point; his figures diminish as they recede. In his picture of Christ among the Doctors, they are placed on each side in

perspective composition, one covering the other; and his Pietà you used to speak of, as remarkable for pathos, is grouped with as much relief and depth as in Titian's picture of the same subject. If you leave out of the question what these pictures of Herculaneum have in common with sculpture, the art of the time of Giotto seems just to begin where they leave off.

In regard to what you admire him for chiefly—feeling and expression, I think you do not overrate him; the features, particularly the eyes, are often curiously marked, but they appear to express with truth and earnestness; the head of Christ bearing the Cross is, for expression, *very fine*. I wished much to have made drawings for you, but my inability in this still continues, and it took all the time I had to examine them. Taking some blame to myself for the omission, I wrote back from Bologna to Count Cicognara, at Padua, to request him to ask an artist there, whom I know, to make sketches of two of them, and, if he does not disappoint me, shall send them to you. There being no prints, should not the Academy get a few drawings made of them? I agree entirely with you in the importance of sentiment, and such as they exhibit in the studies of our school. This does not demand an acquired taste, but is felt by all capacities; yet how often neglected by the artist and the critic, who, devoted to textures and surfaces, good only as accompaniments, seem (to make good your allusion) not only to desert the pure spring, but to admire our mountain distillation only for its flavour of the peat-reek. The German system, where the exclusive study

of the early times is practised, is just as bad. In their own country it is questioned, and, from what I saw of it by inferior hands, a bold, flat, and heraldic style seems to be the result.

At Venice I found our friend Mr. Cook, and his family, all inquiring about you. He remains there all winter, and—"Oh, tell it not in Gath!"—is making a study of that richly ornamental and deep-toned, but unintellectual, Miracle of San Marco. On arriving at Florence I am again revisiting our former haunts and revising our former decisions, and, after the works in Venice and Bologna, I am even more impressed with the power and the truth of these Florentines. The season, the festa, the galleries, and the churches, appear much as you left them. I even write this in the same apartment which you and Hilton occupied at Mrs. Townley's; the visiters have all changed, and though crowded with English, I have not seen a single face of any person I formerly saw in Florence.

Amongst the news you give me, nothing has pleased me more than the report of the proposed marriage of our excellent friends Callcott and Mrs. Maria Graham, both so deserving of the happiness which the married state may justly be supposed to give. I envy both of them, and feel the kindness of your intentions in citing this as an example; but I fear for the present, in this respect, "I am out of humanity's reach." I suppose we shall see the two out in Italy before the spring—the follower and the historian of Poussin.

I found in Vienna a highly interesting society, with much of the style and activity that belongs only to a

governing city. They seemed properly alive to what is doing in England. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the only English artist they had ever seen; he had left a most favourable impression both of our art and our artists, and I felt the good fortune of coming in his wake. I met with some excellent fellows, both among the artists and their employers. There is one Imperial and three private Galleries. In the first (the Belvedere Palace) is a set of the Florentine School. But the work of restoration has begun, and the question of tone and glazing, so often disputed with us, is here set at rest, both now and from henceforth, by rubbing it entirely off. This has given them much of the gay freshness of coloured prints, has levelled all distinctions, and has made Bronzino quite as rich as Fra Bartolomeo. There is amongst those of the latter the beautiful composition of The Presentation in the Temple, well known in prints. This, from the above operation, has been made cold and comfortless, the reverse of those by Bartolomeo in the Pitti Palace. Surely this is not right. I have just seen Bartolini, who is a hearty fellow: he was inquiring for you, and for Flaxman and Chantrey. Lord Ashburnham and family have just come to town; but I have not yet seen them. The Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg is here, and so is the ambassador, Lord Burghersh. M. Demidoff gives his parties three times a week; but the Prince Borghese is absent. I shall proceed to Rome shortly; but mean to devote at least two months to Naples.

Commend me with best and kindest regards to your good and excellent lady, my worthy friend and

compatriot. I hope this will find you all in good health. Would that I could be present in the Great Room at your first lecture, or in your own house at a rehearsal; but I shall hear all about it. When you have the will, do write to me; you know what will interest people most when in Italy.

Yours, with high esteem,

D. W.

From the Lectures on Painting of Phillips, Wilkie expected much: that distinguished artist had lately been elected Professor of Painting by the Royal Academy of his native isle; and though well acquainted with the chief pictures of other lands, he had made, as we have seen, a journey through the leading collections of Italy, that he might infuse into his Lectures a proper taste for the dignity of his art, of which his poetic heads of William Blake, George Crabbe, Robert Southey, Walter Scott, Samuel T. Coleridge, and Thomas Campbell, are memorable examples.

TO THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ. R. A.

Casa Townley, Piazza Santa Trinita,
Florence, 20th Nov. 1826.

My dear Sir,

Recollecting that there was a fresco by Giotto at the Santa Casa, which, though not such an advance in art as those at Padua, might answer your purpose, at least for the feeling and powers of expression of that master, I have (doubting much of the friends to whom I wrote understanding what I wanted) made

the enclosed sketch of the composition and expression to send to you.

I have reviewed all we saw here together, and the Scuola Toscana still appears to combine with the highest a greater variety of excellencies than any other School.

To-morrow I start for Rome by Perugia. The weather has lately been much broken with drenching rains, and from the whiteness of the distant hills "that Tuscan artist sees from top of Fesole," seems to promise extreme cold as well as humidity. I am a week later than we were last year, so wish to be off.

D. W.

This picture of Giotto appears more dry and flat than those at Padua: the back-ground heads are even larger than those that come nearest.

TO DR. GILLESPIE.*

Florence, 20th Nov. 1826.

In Switzerland our people and our history seemed recalled by finding the same pastoral superintendance. I was shown the Market Place in Geneva, where Calvin used to preach, and where Knox may have listened, and the Consistory, a small building, where the Presbyterian councils issued their decrees, to mould and to govern the infant church. Here, at a greater distance from home, still exists that power

* Thomas Gillespie, the successor of the Rev. David Wilkie in the ministry of Cults, and now Professor of Divinity in St. Andrew's, a poet and a critic.

these worthies tried to overthrow; here exists another *kirk*, but of an opposite and different sort from that of which you are so worthy a minister.

We have been long accustomed to hear of the fall of Antichrist, and the decline of Popery. If these two are to be identified, their accomplishment is yet far distant. It is true that Italy is declining, and the States of the Church with her; but Papists are as numerous and as much Papists as ever. Scotland used to be thought severely religious; but be assured, in appearance at least, it is nothing at all to Rome and Florence. Here it is a fashion, with you it is often the fashion to be the other way, what with ringing of bells, saying of masses, and walking in processions, neither priest nor people from one week's end to the other have any rest, and even the observance of festas and of sabbaths, is, in their way, as strict as it is known to be with any establishment or sect in Great Britain. Here the whole wealth and energy of the country seems devoted to religion, and with a unity of object, the support of *one* church; while Protestantism carries division and distraction of object in its very principle.

The resemblance that Protestantism *may* bear to Catholicism, has been eloquently pointed out by my friend, your distinguished collegiate, Dr. Chalmers; but we are accused of a resemblance we are as little ambitious of as any, that of intolerance. I have heard it asserted, that of the two, at the present day, the Protestants are most intolerant, and Catholics regard our island with the same interest they would a distant frontier, as the scene where the war has

been waged, and where the integrity of their empire is still disputed. This I felt on witnessing the theatrical representation, when at Vienna, of Schiller's *Marie Stuart.*

In Italy I find the memory of the Stuarts idolized by the Catholics. I met lately with a priest, who dwelt upon them as upon a whole calendar of saints; exulted that, when all forsook them, the Roman see never forsook them, and never acknowledged the present reigning family while a Stuart remained. Weak and dependant as we suppose the court of Rome to be, it still withholds its sanction to the Protestant sovereignty of England, the grand condition of reconciliation being Catholic emancipation. The notion here is, that when the great work is accomplished, when Papists are allowed the same rights that Papists have in other countries, then shall the Pope receive an ambassador from England, then shall the nuncio of his Holiness be sent as heretofore to the court of London.

The talent that has been devoted to the Romish church, whether rightly or wrongly applied, has been immense. Here is a moral effect; here is that, the employment of intellect, which distinguishes Christianity from all other religions. If the church of Rome has condemned the art of Talma, it has created that of Raphael: it has been the nurse of the arts, but painting has been its favourite child. The Pagans have been better sculptors than the Christians: theirs was a corporeal system; but it was left for painting, with all its undefinable powers over colour and form, over light and darkness, to represent the mysteries of a spiritual revelation. The art of painting seems

made for the service of Christianity; would that the Catholics were not the only sect who have seen its advantages.

Excuse the above crude ideas. I wish I could in this place have told you what would have interested you as a scholar. But the ruins of the Empire and the Republic, the Baths of Nero, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Forum and the Capitol, which to your classical mind would present so many associations, were upon me, as upon one of the unlearned, entirely lost.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Florence, 21st Nov. 1826.

By the death of my oldest friend, Mr. George Veitch, I lose a powerful ally; one who I believe was willing to assist me, and one who might have had it in his power to serve me. These are not ordinary times, nor ordinary losses. I wrote immediately to his widow, to say what I could to console her and his poor mother. Since this I have had Mr. Pitcairn's detail of the circumstances, and have just now received the letter he had written me himself, which, delayed as it has most unaccountably been, by traversing the Continent three times, reaches me now with all the impressive effect of a last farewell—melancholy indeed, but still written in good spirits, and gratifying to me from the kind interest, kind hopes, and kind goodwill he was pleased to express towards me.

During my stay here I have met with the most

marked attention from the Earl and Countess of Ashburnham, who have here a large palazzo. I have dined with them for the last several days running, having received a general invitation to that effect. Lord Ashburnham I have known for many years as Lord St. Asaph; and the Countess being sister to Lady Lucy Percy, and related to the Gordons, has, at once, been an introduction to a most friendly acquaintance. I was last night with them at a grand ball, where all the new shoal of English now in Florence were assembled—a fresh set, of whom as yet I scarcely know one. To-morrow I start for Rome.

Callcott's journey may be advantageous to him in every way, both in sketching, and painting pictures. All that he does will derive a value from being done here. This is what *I* might have done, had not a grand medical blunder prevented it. As it is, here I am visiting Italy a second time, cramped in the exercise of mind, and of every other means that can make it available for any useful purpose.

D. W.

From Florence Wilkie went to Rome, where he arrived in the beginning of December. High and unlooked-for honours awaited him.

TO WILLIAM TAIT, ESQ.

Rome, 10th Dec. 1826.

One of the most striking monuments both of former and of present greatness in Rome, is the splen-

dour of the Papal residence. The Palace of the Vatican, including St. Peter's, covers more ground than did the palace of the Cæsars; and, for interest and magnificence, exceeds every palace-establishment in the world. The church is perhaps the most extensive, the most finished, and most successful edifice ever constructed. The sculpture room, containing The Apollo, The Laocoon, The Jupiter, and The Demosthenes, is about a mile in circuit, and filled with antique marbles. It is built, moreover, of marble, and is, with its Vistas, Belvederes, Rotundas, Colonnades, and Playing Fountains, as illusive as the descriptions in an Arabian tale. Here are, as well, the paintings in fresco of Raphael and Michael Angelo; the one so remarkable for grace, the other for grandeur, and both for the expression of intellect scarcely to be met with in an equal degree in the antique sculpture itself.

The taste and splendour of this abode of the sovereign Pontiffs are not the only remains and relics of their power. Their foreign political power may have diminished, but their civil power remains; and the devotion paid by the Italian people to their apostolical authority appears as great as ever. The celebration of the Anno Santo last winter in Rome might have edified those on your side of the water, who fancy the flame of Popery nearly burnt out. This period of the Italian year occurs once in half a century; and after the vicissitudes the church had recently gone through, was seized upon as an occasion for a show of strength, and, as such, was highly imposing. Pilgrims from all quarters, like voters at elections in England, were by

curates and emissaries brought up, but in such numbers as to make *our* election crowds appear trifling. The assembling of the tribes of old at Jerusalem was not more comprehensive: neither age, sex, poverty, or infirmity, were any check; and if, in the mass, the savage bandit seemed mixed up with the peaceful citizen, yet neither vice nor simplicity could deprive these houseless wanderers of their respectability in point of physical strength. In Rome all this was received as an acceptable service, and three day's entertainment was allowed at the Convent of Santa Trinita to refresh their "wearied virtues." Here a ceremonial awaited them of a truly patriarchal kind; princes, cardinals, and wealthy Romans, attended upon them to do them menial service; and the unevaded homage of washing the pilgrims' feet (which I saw done in real earnest), and of waiting on them at supper, was performed with the solemnity of a sacrament, as if commemorating the hospitality of father Abraham entertaining angels unawares.

One other object of interest in Rome is the school of art it presents to the whole of Europe. Sculpture has, of late years, been in the ascendant; but Canova is gone, and Thorwalsden is now a sort of Roman dictator in his stead. Sculpture is believed to have gained by the severity these have introduced, having suffered ever since the fifteenth century by imitating painting, which, since the revival of art, has of the two stood the highest. In our day we have seen this partly reversed; the painting of the French being an imitation of the qualities of sculpture—a homage the one art can only pay to the other at a severe cost.

Our own countrymen here have, by their studies, done us credit; and though some arrived unprepared for study, and ignorant of what to study, others have acquired what may hereafter be useful at home, if they can resist the prevailing taste and tendency of our exhibition. But the German artists appear to form a class both new and distinct—are more of a sect than a school. They have abjured all the blandishments of modern art, and have gone back to the apostolic age of painting; have begun where Raphael began, by studying Raphael's master, in hopes the same schooling may a second time produce an equally successful scholar. They affect the dress of that early period, and in their pictures imitate the dry simplicity of its improved taste; and such is their devotedness, that two of them have changed their religion from Lutheran to Catholic, to feel with more intensity the subjects of the Italian master, making their art a religious profession rather than a worldly occupation.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Rome, 1st Jan. 1827.

The following letter recounts, with so much naïveté and kindness, the result of the sale of my picture at Munich, that I give it in the Chevalier's own words:—

"Dear Sir,

"To give Account of those, Who are arived by our public Auction of the noble collection of pictures, as you have desired, i am so happy to tell you, that i

have made for the royale Gallerie the acquisition of your beautiful picture, *the reading of a Will*, for the price of 12,000 florins—with a great applause of the Spectators and Bavarian nation, in the highest degree interesting, and so very flattering not only for the Artist but for the Royale munificence and the Whole Nation.

"Congratulating to you on the honour which you have received i am, with the highest opinion of your merits,

"Your most devoted servant,

"GEORGE DE DILLIS.

"Munich, the 12° Décembre, 1826."

After being so accustomed to disastrous events, this appears to be news of a first-rate kind; and, taken with kind Sir James M'Grigor's appointment to David Lister, appears as if events had begun to take a turn in my favour: 12,000 florins, each about 2*s*. 1*d*., make about 1200*l*., just three times the sum I had for the picture. The sale, too, in a distant capital, and in the face of all Europe, must affect not only the value of my works, but of English art. I attribute it much to biddings from England. I learnt from people in my travels, that some Germans were likely to try for it, but the competition from home would be more powerful, though I had still positive assurance the King of Bavaria meant to retain it; the price at which it would sell, for the credit of the work, was the only thing I was anxious about. It is worthy of remark that this is not like a picture bought in at a sale; that it was not bought for the King, but for the Royal Gallery, which is the property of the

nation or *state* of Bavaria. The news has made a sensation here.

On Christmas day we had a grand dinner given by young Severn, at his studio, to a party, all artists, eleven in number. He wanted a Scotch dish for me, and Lady Compton offered to send him one; but our cook said he could make three, and was, therefore, ordered to make the one he thought the best. Accordingly a most superb dinner was produced, and, for the Scotch dish, the veritable *Haggis!*—a true chieftain in Imperial Rome!! He was soon operated upon to his demolition, and was left in a state that, to an Italian eye, must have looked very like as if we had dined off the bagpipe of a pifferara. The evening went by with great good humour, and what was wanting in wit was amply made up in laughter. The jokes of Charles Mathews, of John Bull, and Joe Miller, were bandied about, and kept the table in a roar. Never did merry Christmas have a more happy celebration. All the party were artists, and, although apparently a private dinner, it has been hinted that it was somewhat joint, that they might pay me a compliment.

D. W.

CHAPTER IX.

PUBLIC DINNER GIVEN BY THE SCOTTISH ARTISTS TO MR. WILKIE AT ROME.—DEATH OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.—LETTER TO LADY BEAUMONT.—WILKIE STILL AN INVALID.—LETTER TO MR. BIGGE.—GENOA.—GENEVA.

We have said that high honours awaited Wilkie on his arrival in Rome; of these he gives in his Journal the following very modest account. After stating that, at a public sale in Munich, on the 12th of December, his picture of The Reading the Will, had brought the high price of 12,000 florins, he says:—

"*Jan.* 16th. Attended, by special invitation, a dinner at the Palazzo Astili, given by the Scotch artists and amateurs of Scotland. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton in the chair—about fifty present. Was placed, out of compliment, on the right hand of the Duke; on his Grace's left sat, by right of precedence, my early friend, and my father's early friend, the Right Honourable Sir Robert Liston. In the course of the evening I had to address the company, in reply to his Grace's toast of my health. I spoke for about six minutes, without difficulty or fatigue, and apparently to the satisfaction of the listeners. Had also to reply on behalf of the Royal Academy—to propose the toast of the Scottish sculptors, and the memory of Sir Henry Raeburn. It was the most

splendid entertainment I was ever present at, and it went off famously.

At this festival, originating with the Scottish artists in Rome, of whom Wilson was the chief painter, and Campbell the chief sculptor, the Duke of Hamilton presided, accompanied by Sir Archibald Campbell, Sir Alexander Wood, General Ramsay (descended from the celebrated Allan of that ilk), Sir Robert Liston, Colonel Grant of Grant, Sir James Gordon, Sir William Forbes, and Sir Francis Mackenzie; nor was the admiration of the great Scottish painter confined to the cold north, for there came to the banquet the eminent Swedish sculptor Thorwalsden, Camuccini of Rome, and Benvenuti of Florence; while of English artists there were Eastlake and Lane. M. Guerin, President of the French Academy, was detained by ill health, and Gibson, the sculptor, by indisposition.

The Duke of Hamilton, after disposing of preliminary toasts to the dignities of Rome and London, proceeded amid great applause to the toast of the day. "The present assembly," observed his Grace, "are so well acquainted with Mr. Wilkie's works, that to characterise them is unnecessary; but he could not help recalling to them The Rent Day and The Blind Fiddler;—pictures which represented no fleeting things, but were full of the life that lives, and manners which cannot perish. The latter had now found its way into the National Gallery, where it sustained, by true feeling and expression, its place among the finest pictures which the collection contained. I give the toast of the day—The Health of David Wilkie!" This was welcomed with loud cheers; and Wilkie rose,

and said:—"That complimented as hë had been by such a judge of art, his embarrassment in returning, as he ought, his warmest thanks, was greatly increased. The honours of the day were equally due to his brethren present as to himself: they were honours paid to the arts; and if mixed up with a sympathy for the privations to which the too eager pursuit of them had exposed an individual, it was only the more creditable to their generosity. The arts might well elevate the humblest professor, since they gave to imperial Rome herself her dearest interest. The possession of art had made Italy to all a land of promise —had continued her empire,—and had brought them, Protestants as they were, across the Alps, in pilgrimage, to pay their devotions at the shrine of the Vatican. No one knew, or could describe better than his Grace in the chair, those qualities which an artist ought to study in coming to Italy. It is the exhibition of mind, that has given Italian art its pre-eminence. Without mind, the purity of the antique would be unavailing; the glow of Correggio and Titian mere ornament; the dramatic compositions of Raphael unmeaning; and even the contour and style of Michael Angelo, without the highest inspiration of mind, could not have essayed, as Milton has done,

> 'To assert eternal Providence,
> And vindicate the ways of God to man.'

But, as Scottish artists, the younger students should be aware that no art that is not intellectual can be worthy of Scotland. Bleak as are her mountains, and homely as are her people, they have yet their habits

and occupations a characteristic acuteness and feeling. She has a history which has inspired even the genius of other nations, and has interested Europe, by the perfection of female beauty in Mary Stuart, and by the perfection of female kindness in Flora M'Donald. On her throne an inspired poet has sat, and an inspired poet has come from her plough; her fancy is seen in the effusions of Ossian, as her study in the learning of Buchanan. She has converted the mountain glen and green bank into a new Arcadia, resounding with poetry and music — has realised pastoral life in the strains of Allan Ramsay, — and has shown the powers of thought alike in the heartfelt song of Robert Burns, the heart-touching tale of Henry Mackenzie, as in the metaphysical speculations of David Hume and Dugald Stewart. It is she that, with story, tradition, habit, character, and passion, wielded with all the creative power of a splendid poetical fancy, has delighted and astonished the world in the gigantic labours of Sir Walter Scott. If, coming from such a land, the artist should represent the fair day without sentiment, or 'the human face divine' without soul, he will be unworthy of his country — unworthy the land that gave him birth. But whatever the artist may try, or whatever he may accomplish, his efforts will be cheerless unless he is met by the sympathy of his own countrymen: he may emulate the distinguished artists now present — he may enter the lists with Benvenuti of Florence, and Camuccini of Rome, to whom the classical taste and intellectual aim have, with the mantles of Michael Angelo and Raphael, descended; or, if a sculptor, may venture

to compete with another brilliant genius, Thorwalsden, also present, who has come from the frozen shores of the north, as if to verify a paradox by giving warmth and life to the clay and the marble of Italy: the Scottish artist may emulate the high promise of the English artist here, or the high accomplishments of the English, our brethren at home; still all will be unavailing, if he is not met by the co-operation of his kindred Scotsmen. But that he has this sympathy and this co-operation is abundantly proved by the assemblage now present. Here is the Highland chieftain and the Lowland landlord — the first of our nobles by the side of the humblest artist; high military rank in the person of our croupier, and high civil authority in the lord-lieutenant of Inverness-shire; one who has been the representative of British justice, in the person of Sir Archibald Campbell; one who has been the representative of British sovereigns, in the person of Sir Robert Liston; but, above all, we are honoured with the encouragement of our chairman, who, in his own person, represents the noblesse of three great kingdoms — the generous chivalry of France, the baronial aristocracy of England, and the chieftains and thanes of our own ancient kingdom: the first of our peers, the first of our cognoscenti, and in his palace possessing the first gallery of art our country can boast of; whose family is, from their taste, dear to the Scottish artist, as the family of the Medici is to the Italian; and whose ancestors are dear to the poet and historian, as well as to the painter, for the distinguished part they have taken, side by side, with royalty, in the romantic history of our country."

"I hold myself," said Sir Robert Liston, when his health was drunk, "to have a particular and personal connection with our friend. I have known him from his early youth; I have been the schoolfellow and bosom friend of his father; I have known his grandfather, and numerous collateral branches of a most respectable family, possessing, from time immemorial, a small property in the neighbourhood of the place where I reside. That family has sent out many valuable men; some of them of superior abilities, though, perhaps, not so transcendent as those of the present inheritor of the name,—clergymen, professors, able agriculturists,—all having received a good education, all impressed with principles of strict morality, and inured to habits of Scottish economy; who had all acted well, and rendered services in the different departments in which they had taken their station; but who had been less generally known, and less heard of in the world than might have been expected; chiefly, I believe, because they all inherited and indulged a certain steady, though inoffensive, spirit of independence, which unfitted them for paying court, and travelling the common road for advancement. It appears," said he, "a singularity worthy of notice, that the antique residence from which this race of worthies has sprung, which has been in their possession, according to written records, above 400 years, and according to common opinion time out of mind, has not in this course of ages either lost or gained a single acre. I cannot help flattering myself that my distinguished friend will soon recover his health and his prosperity,—will sooner or later cast an eye of

affection on the patriarchal spot,—will rebuild the ancient mansion, the *two-story house*, which has been allowed to go to ruin,—will improve and embellish, if not enlarge, the paternal *modus agri;* that he will take up at last his summer residence there, and enjoy that *otium cum dignitate* on a limited scale, which I conceive would suit his mind." Sir Robert once more thanked the company for having afforded him the gratification of claiming a connection on which he reflected with pleasure, and of mentioning circumstances from which he was sure their honoured friend will think he derives no discredit.

There were then successively drunk the healths of "Il Cavaliere Camuccini," "Il Cav. Thorwalsden," and "Il Cav. Benvenuti, of Florence."

In giving these toasts, his Grace thanked these illustrious artists for the honour they had done Mr. Wilkie and the company by their presence, and passed a just encomium on their acknowledged excellence as artists.

The next toast was the "Health of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the Members of the Royal Academy of London."

Mr. Wilkie returned thanks; passed an eulogium upon the high talents and accomplishments of the distinguished President, and upon the advancement made in portraiture, landscape, and history, by his brother members; lamented the loss they had sustained in the death of John Flaxman — a loss which, great as the rising genius in sculpture was, could scarcely be compensated. He anticipated much honour to the next Exhibition from three admirable

works lately produced in Rome, — the Spartan Isidas of Eastlake, the Italian Vintage of Severn, and the elegant group of Pysche borne by the Zephyrs, by Gibson.

On The Trustees' Academy of Edinburgh being toasted, Andrew Wilson, late master of that institution, rose and said, — "Immediately before Mr. Wilkie entered the Academy as a student, under the care of the late Mr. John Graham, the board had formed a small collection of casts from the antique; and it must have been highly gratifying to them that in the course of a very few years such artists as Wilkie, Burnet, and W. Allan, now so distinguished for their talents, had left the Academy. But to speak of Mr. Wilkie. He had not resided above a year in London when he produced his celebrated picture of The Village Politicians; a work which at once placed him on a level with the first artists of the day. Mr. Wilkie has remained amiably attached to all his fellow-students — ever eager to promote their welfare, and to carry them along with him in his high career of fame. Indeed, there never existed one to whom his brother artists looked up with more respect and attachment. The present master of the Academy is Mr. William Allan, A. R. A., in whose able hands the studies must continue to prosper."—Mr. Wilson added, that it was a singular, and to him a pleasing coincidence, that he had on this occasion the honour to see present Sir William Forbes, to whom he was indebted for being placed as a student in the Academy, and to whose friendship and patronage he owed much through life.

The jovial songs of Burns and of Cunningham kept up the hilarity of the meeting to a late hour; and in recalling national feelings and recollections, under the walls of the Capitol and the palace of the Cæsars, showed the peculiar characteristics of the sons of that mountain district which the Cæsars could never conquer.

Of this high festival Wilkie renders the following account to his brother in London:—

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Rome, 25th Jan. 1827

If my history shall ever be written, it will be found, though in a different way, quite as wonderful as that of Benvenuto Cellini. My journey throughout has been quite unlike that of an ordinary traveller. The Scotch artists and gentlemen assembled in Rome, this year unusually numerous, proposed, perhaps from friendship and sympathy at the state in which they still find me, to compliment me by giving me a national dinner. All were alert to set this agoing before I even knew of it; and the Duke of Hamilton (our greatest noble) being in Rome, was applied to through a lady to take the chair. His Grace's consent gave a new impetus, which received some addition too from the arrival of the news of the sale of my picture at Munich. Five baronets and about forty gentlemen were found ready to join; and (wonders will never cease) who should arrive just in the

moment of time but Sir Robert Liston! Sir Robert was wearied with his journey; so the dinner was deferred for a few days to allow of his attendance.

When this complimentary dinner was first talked of, I strongly protested against it on the score of health. But Dr. Peebles, who took an active share, overruled all objections; and I had now only to look forward with fear and trembling to the approaching day, wishing it only well over.

An English public dinner being quite unheard of in Rome, many difficulties, and even unpleasant feelings, were to be got over; and a palazzo, with a suite of rooms, close under the walls of the Capitol, was hired for the day fixed upon, viz. the 16th of January. To give greater eclat to what was already much talked of in the Imperial City, some distinguished foreigners, Thorwalsden, Camuccini, Benvenuti, Guerin, with Gibson, Eastlake, and Caviery, the son of Torlonia, were invited as guests; and J. B. Lane, my early fellow-student in London, was invited as my friend.

The day big with interest at last arrived, when at six we repaired to the palazzo, where the carriages, guards under arms, and the general bustle indicated the importance of the fête. The company was highly respectable. The Duke of Hamilton arrived,—appeared in great good humour; and the set out of the dinner table,—the dishes, ornaments, lights, and whole appearance of the room,—was the finest thing of the sort I ever saw. The Duke's chair was in the middle, not at the end of the table. I was honoured with a place on the Duke's right; and on the left was

Sir Robert Liston, my father's early schoolfellow, fellow-traveller, and friend.

After dinner the toast of "the King" was drunk; when his Grace, in a neat address, gave "the health of his holiness the Pope," which, Protestants and Presbyterians as we were, was received with bursts of approbation. Then came "the Duke of York and the Army,"—the last time, alas! that we were to couple two such toasts together. Then came "the Land of Cakes," and the song of "Auld Lang Syne;" when his Grace, in a suitable address, proposed the health of my own humble and undeserving self. Here, of course, all was expectation,—a failure, or even a falling off in a reply, would have been terrible. Having, however, taken every precaution not to fatigue my head before, and having reflected so as to say as much as was possible in a few words, I began, continued, and concluded; and was listened to with such kindness and attention, and with such expressions of approbation, that I found I had made a hit. Sir Robert, and all my friends about me, were much pleased, and the Duke seemed quite gratified. This part got over, I felt quite easy as to the remainder of the evening, which went on greatly to the satisfaction of all present.

When Sir Robert Liston's health was drunk, he addressed his Grace at some length. He mentioned his friendship for my father, and went on to state the origin and even antiquity of our family; possessing a small piece of land time out of mind, neither added to nor diminished, and which he hoped I would return to in the evening of my life. The conduct of

the Duke himself was admirable. He spoke with facility, and often with eloquence,—showed great kindness as well as dignity. All were pleased with him, and we have much reason to believe that he was pleased with the meeting. Sir Archibald Campbell, Sir William Forbes, Mr. Lane, and others spoke. Various songs were sung; and long after I retired, which was at 12, some stout hearty fellows kept up the conviviality to a late, and, for Rome, most unusual hour.

If this expression of national feeling be thought a triumph, which I do not think it is, yet no one need envy me—it is the afflicted state they find me in that has called it forth; and those who know the world need not think it any piece of good fortune to be too much the object of sympathy to one's brother artists, and to one's countrymen.

Engleheart's engraving wants but little. I wish Geddes would touch on the face of Maggy, to give it more beauty,—the eyes are small; and perhaps he might look at the other faces. I think too if Raimbach were to look over it with Engleheart, his advice as to the general hues might be useful. I make quite a show of my English engravings here, where they know nothing of what we can do in this line. They seem to raise their opinion of us greatly.

D. W.

The health of Wilkie, which seemed about to recover from its long languor, received a sudden stun by the death of the good and amiable Sir George

Beaumont. The painter had long regarded him not only as a benefactor, but as a gentleman in whose judgment he could repose confidence; and, above all, he considered him as the link which connected artists with the high and the far descended: he not only lamented his loss then, but to his latest hour his eyes moistened whenever his name was mentioned.

TO LADY BEAUMONT.

Dear Lady Beaumont, Rome, 12th March, 1827.

The intelligence of the most afflicting loss your Ladyship and the world at large have met with, in the unexpected death of my highly esteemed friend Sir George Beaumont, has within these few days reached this place; and though distant from the mournful scene, I cannot help feeling, as an attached friend,—for the time a resident in this land, from which he drew his dearest recollections, and where there is so much to remind me of him,—severely depressed by a dispensation which has deprived us of one whom I of all my friends had the most cause to esteem and to value. Claiming as I do but a humble rank among those whose melancholy duty it will now be to address you, and feeling still more humble from recent afflictions, allow me, dear Madam, yet to offer you my most sincere and sympathising condolence.

It is now twenty years since I first made his acquaintance,—to me a happy and a fortunate event; and your Ladyship well knows how warm and steady has been the friendship with which he has honoured

me. In the time of sickness, as well as in health, how kind, how unwearied have been his attentions! And in the time of adverse fortune, which he has tried to alleviate, as well as in the prosperity to which he has so much contributed, how sympathising and how generous has he been in his conduct towards me! I may indeed boast of other advantages, — the society and contact with a mind so endowed for the elevation of one's views, and for giving a favourable bias to one's character, has influenced, and I hope improved, my conduct and pursuits in life.

Still it is in reference to his acquirements in that art which he adorned, and to which he was so much devoted, that it is most my desire and my province to speak. In his person were combined the accomplished gentleman with the artist and the judge of art; the man of rank and family with the follower of Titian and Claude, — of giving to what he practised himself and what he recommended to others an aim the most exalted and enlarged. The beautiful style of art he professed was abstract and general, — a poetical recollection rather than a minute detail of nature; full of sentiment and feeling, and eminently successful in what was his chief delight, — a rich and deep tone of colouring. In this last fascinating quality he was the only one left among us of the school of Reynolds, of Wilson, and of Gainsborough, of the primitive time, and what I fear, in respect to the present, must now be called the golden age of British art. It was to this his eye was turned, — this he adhered to, and which he would point out with enthusiasm to the emulation of succeeding artists.

But while his eye thus remained true to his first attachment, the scale and the hues of the British school were gradually undergoing a change. This it was impossible for him to see with indifference; and your Ladyship well knows the important discussion upon this subject to which his decided and uniform opinions have given rise: it has been the great and leading question in modern art. He, with his experience, his high character, and his influence, almost alone on the one side; and on the other, I regret to say it, some of my most esteemed brother artists. The side which he took has now lost its great champion; but the feelings he instilled have not died with him, and the struggle in favour of that standard which has stood the test of ages has not been made in vain. There are artists at home who think as he did; and I am sure there is scarcely one now visiting Italy who is not imbued with the same sentiments. The more I see of the brilliant success of former times, which, until seen, may be aspersed or misrepresented, the more I am convinced he was right in what he preferred, as the best guide for our imitation. A style of art entirely new is impossible; entirely different, is impolitic and absurd. It is a question of practical and vital importance to modern art, whether its productions are to aim at a place among the established masters, or be produced upon a principle which he well knew and foretold would form a perpetual system of exclusion.

Let us feel assured, dear Madam, that the public as well as the lovers of art will appreciate his opinions, as his labours will continue to be sought after and

admired. His personal friends will cherish his memory with grateful recollection; and there are not wanting those among them who, if they had strength, have the will to vindicate the rectitude of his judgments, if vindication were necessary. He, in what he did and what he said, tried only to continue and follow up what his friend Sir Joshua Reynolds had so happily begun; and judging as we must do of the opinions of his friend by his works and his writings, which we all appeal to, who can have a doubt that, had Sir Joshua lived to our day, and seen what we have seen, he would have felt and have spoken the same as Sir George Beaumont?

If saying thus much, and upon such an occasion, demands an apology, it must be that I cannot withhold from your Ladyship what, had it pleased God I had again seen him after seeing Italy, I should have had so much gratification in saying to himself. But from a question that grows necessarily out of a difference of opinion, I advert with delight to another where but one opinion and one sentiment can exist. I mean his superb bequest of his gallery of pictures to the British nation,—a nation which, if slow in its appreciation of genius and of taste, is never yet behind hand in its acknowledgment of a generous action, and has in this instance made him the best acknowledgment by promptly obeying the stimulus of his example. Of the public gallery already formed he is as justly considered the founder, as Augustus of Saxony was of the Dresden, or Lorenzo the Magnificent was of that of Florence.

With such an instance before us of the accomplish-

ment of so laudable an object of ambition, it is gratifying to reflect that he has passed, in this uncertain state of being, a happy, a prosperous, and a well-spent life; and consolatory it still must be to your Ladyship, under the severe privation to which its termination has given rise, to feel assured, as you must be, of how much you have shared in those virtues for which he has been admired in this life, and how much you have in his society fostered those virtues and encouraged that trust which are our best dependence for the life that is to come.

Among his friends in Rome his death has made a strong sensation. Thorwalsden and Camuccini, who, amidst the many travellers who remember him with much affection, have expressed to me their regret at his loss with much sympathy and feeling; and with our own artists it has been the constant subject of conversation. Irvine, Eastlake, Severn, and Gibson, at our frequent meetings, have lamented his loss as a loss to the arts. Indeed, Gibson counted so much upon Sir George's favourable opinion on seeing his group, that he appears to regard his death at this time as a professional misfortune.

In concluding, dear Madam, how can I express myself upon the information that has, at your Ladyship's request, been conveyed to me through the Ladies Bathurst, of Sir George's having remembered me in his will! This is, after the many obligations I lay under to him, most unexpected; but I feel this mark of his affection as the most sacred honour that has ever been paid to me. I have heard him express how gratified he was at being himself remembered in

a similar manner by his illustrious friend Sir Joshua Reynolds. But this is greatly increased in this instance by my sense of the humble condition in which I stand, compared with him by whom I am so remembered. It should, perhaps, bring me this consolation amidst the evils that have surrounded me — that if I am surviving my own powers, and if I am losing my friends, I have neither survived nor lost the esteem with which my friends have been pleased to honour me.

Wishing best health and consolation to your Ladyship, and with my best regards to your young kinsman (whose excellent and feeling letter has interested me greatly), and to his most amiable lady,

I am, your most devoted Servant, &c.

DAVID WILKIE.

Under the date of the 4th of March, 1827, the following entry appears in Wilkie's Journal:—

"Was told that the death of Sir George Beaumont was announced in the papers. A letter has come from my brother, stating that he died at Coleorton Hall on the 7th of February, and subjoining the following extract from a note of the Ladies Bathurst to Helen:—'I think it will be a satisfaction to hear that I have received a few lines from my poor afflicted friend, Lady Beaumont. Speaking of herself, as mercifully supported under the heavy loss of her greatest earthly blessing, she desired me to inform you that her kind husband had bequeathed 100*l.* to Mr. Wilkie, as a small mark of affection. I am sure both you

and your brother will feel gratified by this last proof of kindness from a friend whose kindness was so valuable.' "

It happened that a distinguished Scottish gentleman, and one of the guests at the dinner which the Scottish artists gave to Wilkie, was so struck with his personal appearance on the occasion, that he confessed the great painter was never absent from either his mind or eye from that day. He held that true genius was the child of the country in which it was born, and was not singular in the belief that Britain owed a deep debt of gratitude to Wilkie. How that debt should be acknowledged he set forth in a letter which, as it contains the observations and opinions of a gentleman of birth and breeding, is entitled to much respect; and the more so as it contains a clear statement of the condition of the painter's health, of his prospects, and of his settled purpose of soul not to have recourse to his friends, if even his country failed in its duty.

TO —— ——.

My dear Friend, Naples, 15th March, 1827.

I have lately seen a paragraph in one of the London newspapers, which has given me much concern. It states that Wilkie the painter has recovered his health, and will be able soon to resume the labours of his profession. Now, unfortunately, this is far from being the case, and it seems essential that the truth should be known; for, otherwise, there is

danger that this distinguished artist, like some other eminent men who have preceded him, may sink into the grave in distressing penury, and the world have to lament his fate when sympathy and regret can no longer avail. Have patience, I pray you, with me, while I enter a little into detail respecting his situation, to me a very interesting subject, and that you may be able, when opportunity offers, to contradict that insidious paragraph respecting the real state of his health.

David Wilkie was not born in affluence. He is descended from the younger branch of a very respectable family, belonging to what may be termed the higher class of yeomanry, by far the oldest proprietors in that part of the county of Mid-Lothian where they resided, but enjoying a very limited income. They have, indeed, possessed a small portion of land from time immemorial, says tradition, or, according to authentic records, four hundred years, without having, in all that period, increased or diminished its extent by a single acre. The inheritance of the sons in this patriarchal community, was a decently good education, strict moral principles, and early habits of rigid economy.

Wilkie's father, a college companion and particular friend of mine, was a Presbyterian clergyman—minister of a small parish in the county of Fife: he had a small stipend and a pretty large family, the members of which, after his death, became in a great measure dependent on the assistance of the painter. That assistance was liberally and kindly given, and could have been permanently afforded without inconvenience to

himself had his health been preserved, for his profession had become lucrative, and his works had risen into request. A piece which he painted for the late King of Bavaria, The Reading of the Will, for which he received four hundred pounds, was lately sold by auction, and purchased for the National Gallery at Munich, for twelve hundred pounds. But, in consequence of a nervous affection in the brain (or what has been called so), he has been, for the last two years, incapable of serious application to business, and totally unable to undertake any considerable work in the line of his profession.

This complaint was preceded, perhaps occasioned, by a singular coincidence of afflicting circumstances. A young gentleman, betrothed to his sister, and on the point of marriage, died in his house; soon after, his mother, who resided in his house, also died; a brother died, nearly at the same time, in the East Indies; another brother came home to him from Canada, afflicted with a fatal distemper, and likewise died; a younger brother, established in commercial business in London, with the most flattering prospects, was affected by the crisis, which took place two years ago, and became insolvent. He himself remains liable to the Board of Ordnance for the amount of a security-bond of one thousand pounds, in consequence of a deficiency in his brother's accounts in Canada, which occurred during his last illness; while he has lost, by the failure of Hurst and Robinson, the sum of seventeen hundred pounds, contracted to be paid to him for engravings of his pictures. An impracticable effort to bear up against this combination of disasters,

and to conquer his pecuniary difficulties, by an over-intense application to his profession, left him in a state of incapacity to make any effective exertions, which incapacity still continues. His general health is better—may be said to be pretty good, and he frequents society with pleasure; but the state of the brain appears to have undergone no considerable improvement in point of ability to labour. It takes him several days to write a letter of moderate length. Since he came to the Continent, he has done very little in the line of painting, and finished nothing. He cannot work for more than ten or twelve minutes at a time, and even that brief effort is apt to prove injurious. You may depend upon the authenticity of these particulars which I had a very short while ago from himself.

I ought not perhaps to omit what Wilkie said to me in conclusion respecting his situation,—that "private friends had offered to assist him; but that no assistance, except from his sovereign, in whose household in Scotland he already holds an honourable office, or from his country at large, can or will he accept." You will see my aim in venturing to give you this trouble; I feel that you will appreciate my motives, and forgive it.

Robert Liston.

It is not known to whom this interesting letter was addressed; but whether it found its way to a person private or official, the result was the same. The nation is not easily stirred in the cause of the genius which adorns it: the sovereign, though pen-

sions abounded in the land, and he was a generous and open-hearted prince, thought of no better way than a proffer of money to support him when ill, to be repaid in pictures when he grew better. This was refused by the painter with much meekness of heart, and a resolution to use returning health as his guide to independence.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Rome, 22d March, 1827.

This has been an eventful winter. After the Scottish dinner had ceased to occupy our thoughts, the Carnival next claimed universal attention; and though I, on the score of health, might well refrain from the follies and fatigues of such scenes, I find that whatever is passing, whether sights by day, balls, conversaziones, or masquerades by night, there is not one in Rome who, with bustle, engagements, and the appearance of business, is busier than myself. The finest of the masquerades was that given at Torlonia's. I and various friends had already tried characters and dress at the previous ball of the ambassador of France; but for Torlonia's we put out all our strength. I again got up a Vandyke dress, taken from a portrait by Rubens in the Gallery of the Luxembourg; viz. Ferdinand, first Duke of Florence; mantle lined with fur, with a rich star, and an order on the breast made of most splendid diamonds; these, with red silk stockings, and other appendages to give identity, made it a dress of the time complete. On our entering the splendid Palazzo, young Torlonia took

me up to be presented to his mother, the Duchess de Bracciano. I found that she was at once attracted by my apparel. "Che bella maschera! superba roba!" were her exclamations at the unusual aspect; more like that of an old picture, than the common gaudy glitter of those got up for a masquerade. Young Hollins, who lives in the same house, went with me also in a superb dress.

But of all the masks, none has been distinguished this year so much as young Angus Fletcher, a lawyer from Edinburgh, who, tiring of the law, has become sculptor, and found his way to Rome. Lady Liston, who patronised him, first made me acquainted with him: he is a sort of dandy, of respectable family, and, as we heard, he had assisted at Lord Normanby's Rob Roy at Florence, in the part of the *Dugald Creature;* we judged him quite the man. His first essay was as Meg Merrilies, a friend playing the Dominie. In this, he was in dress and acting inimitable; but his grand feat was his impersonating at Torlonia's ball the present famous Improvisatore—Skricci; the same Skricci being one of the guests in the room. He spouted a sort of mock Italian—to our ears sounding as good as real, but absurd in the highest degree, from being put forth with all the energy of rant and passion to a real Italian audience.

The frolics of the Carnival are entered into with more spirit by the English than by the Italians. To us it is new, and infinitely more exciting than to the native Catholics, to whom it has recurred and is recurring every year.

We have had this winter another amusement, which, by the waywardness of the chief promoter of it, has yet been more tantalizing than pleasing. The Countess of Westmoreland, of high rank and splendid establishment, but too ardent, too sensitive, and too indifferent to time, place, and the feelings of other people, has, with my friend Severn, been getting up what we called in Germany *tableaux*. Failures are of course inevitable; yet the night I went with Sir Robert and Lady Liston, some Tableaux with single figures, of which the subjects were very handsome women, succeeded extremely well, and *one*, The Sybil of Guercino, the beautiful Mrs. Cowell, was one of the loveliest visions I ever saw. But what would have attracted all Rome, was found insufficient for the great number of Lady Westmoreland's particular friends, and great offence was given by the necessary limitation of visiters, and the confusion and misrule between her Ladyship and Severn, by which some beauties, who were asked, could not, from trifling mistakes, be gratified by their appearance in the picture.

In order to appease and gratify some friends, a good lady of my acquaintance asked me to try some in her house; invited some beauties on purpose, and after a few rehearsals, we got up four in the simplest manner, in a picture frame, quite as good as those of the wayward Countess. A numerous company was perfectly delighted with them, and the ladies who formed them still more so. We had The Cenci of Guido, The Sybil of Guercino, an Agrippina, and Giorgiones Gaston de Foix in armour, with the Lady placing the order on his breast. Lady Westmoreland

has said she could get no one to obey her, and is asserted to have boxed Severn's ears for disobedience. I, on the contrary, found all submission: never before did I possess such an influence over sovereign beauty, or found an admired lady so manageable.

D. W.

TO THOMAS BIGGE, ESQ. BROMPTON.

My dear Sir, Via della Croce, Rome, 10th April, 1827.

Often have I thought of obtruding myself upon you with a letter from Italy, and if an occasion has been wanting to begin it, one has recently occurred that is irresistible: it is that of presenting my respectful but hearty congratulations upon the accession of fortune that has lately accrued to yourself, to Mrs. Bigge, and to your most amiable family. Accept on behalf of all my warmest and best wishes; upon none can this world's wealth be better bestowed, by none better used; and though I hold but a humble place among your numerous friends, still the hearty good will towards the well-being of your domestic house, from one who is an exile and at a distance, cannot I should hope be unacceptable to you.

How often have I reflected upon your visit to Malvern, in which you allowed me the happiness of being a sharer with its antidote to every care, the smiling scenes and still more smiling faces with which we were surrounded. Of Malvern I am strongly reminded here, by the heights of Frascati and Tusculum; though the vale of Evesham suggests neither the same feelings, nor breathes the same air with the

deserted and pestilential Campagna: Still Italy, if leisure should permit, as perhaps it now may permit you, is the place you should visit, suited as it is to the accomplishments of your family, and the pursuits of your own enquiring and classically formed mind: it is she that has been sung and celebrated by the Poet and the Historian, and is consecrated to our fancies in the perpetual sunshine of Titian and of Claude.

It is here where the scholar and the artist will find the most to interest him, and where even the statesman may find something to learn. Compared with the enduring greatness of Rome, how little have we made for after times in London! St. Paul's church and the Strand bridge may endure; but our brick buildings, iron bridges, and steam engines, must soon be worn out by decay and by friction; the wooden ships, our defence, must in half a century be entirely renewed; and the *charbon de terre*, our strength, will in 200 years be entirely wasted.

But in Italy it is art that gives interest and durability to material form. The Venus and the Apollo, the Greek temple and the Roman amphitheatre, seem to owe their existence in our day to the genius with which they were constructed; even the fragile picture, The Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, now triumphs in a posthumous state of being, after the mouldering plaster on which it was embodied had crumbled into dust.

It is a question that naturally occurs here (and, considering our national greatness in other respects, a mortifying one), what is the advance we are making

in those arts which have made Italy so renowned? If contemporary rank is all that we aim at, no deficiency need be acknowledged. Our friend Sir Thomas Lawrence is, in taste, mental intelligence, and in command of his material, quite unapproached by any continental artist in his line; our landscape pictures are unrivalled; and in sculpture, both here and at home, we sustain our character; Chantrey, for working the marble with Greek delicacy; and Flaxman for imbuing it with Greek purity of design. Yet when here we reflect on the well considered and philosophic labours of Titian, the profusion of intellectual intelligence of Correggio, and all that has been aimed at and accomplished by the master spirits of Raphael and Michael Angelo, what have we, or what can we hope to have, as a set-off against so exalted a combination?

It has frequently occurred to me that the restoration and introduction of fresco painting into England would yet give a chance for the cultivation of the higher styles of art. We that possess so much, and think we know so much, know nothing of fresco; know nothing of that, the only mode known to the ancients, with which modern art grew from its revival to its greatest perfection, and with which the finest works are found identified, and must ultimately perish. Its qualities are essentially different from oil painting. It is more abstract, less deceptive, can be seen farther, in any light and in less light; though equally ornamental, it has not the palliatives of oil; though advantageous for the display of beauty, grandeur, and style, it cannot, like oil, give interest by

softening or concealment to the mean form or to the low subject. An oil picture is a piece of furniture to be changed or removed at pleasure, while the fresco is a part of the fabric itself, combining sculpture and architecture, historic truth and poetic fiction, in one wide range to illustrate the purpose of the building, which, be it the gorgeous palace or the solemn temple, derives from fresco a most impressive splendour and dignity.

But whatever be the obstacles in reality or in prejudice with us, fresco is again revived, and in active operation in various parts of Italy and Germany; yet sculpture is the art most destined to thrive and to flourish here as well as in England. A belief in the perpetuity of the material, so congenial to our "longing after immortality," seems its great cause of preference. Yet, if the bronze and the marble are unchangeable, the taste of man is for ever changing, and in respect to no art more than to sculpture. Canova, with all his extraordinary power, begins here to be neglected; he who, for what he did best, was so justly admired by strangers, and lauded by his countrymen; who was the benefactor and almost the object of beatification to the church; who restored art to a comparative purity, yet remote from that coldness that would have destroyed its fascination; who gave to marble the apparent softness and pliancy of life itself; who has interested the great world in favour of the art and the artist, and who was one of the first to prove in modern times the art of sculpture really worthy the vast encouragement that has been heaped upon it.

Thorwalsden is now the first in fame and employment, and those who crouched to Canova while he lived, now admire and follow the opposite style of his successor. Composition is his great forte in groups, draped figures, and in bas-relief; and is as much removed from Canova in severity, as Canova was from the florid style of his predecessors. Still it may be said, that in all that is peculiar to him, he was anticipated by Flaxman, to whose style he bears a strong resemblance, with the advantage of the greater development of his powers, by the extensive works he has been employed upon. Of these his colossal statues of Christ and the Twelve Apostles, and group for a pediment of St. John preaching in the Wilderness, made for a church in Denmark, are great and successful works. Canova worked the marble; he never touches it: of course his general effect is better than the detail, and his accessories often more attractive than the face or feature that none but the master's hand can make perfect.

D. W.

Mr. Bigge, to whom this most interesting letter is addressed, was at that time in the great firm of Rundell and Bridge in Ludgate Hill; and, with his partners, augmented the beauty and elegancies of our gold and silver plate, by the genius of Flaxman and Baily.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Rome, 27th April 1827.

I may now mention to you another circumstance to show that things continue to take a more favourable turn, and it is a circumstance of no small importance. Although I am not sensible of any return in the power of application, which is still exerted with pain and fatigue, I have within the last five months completed two small pictures, and carried on a large one near to completion, by little and by little, half an hour at a time, and three half hours a day. This makes no small show here as a winter's work; and in the event of my return, will insure my not returning empty-handed.

One of the smaller pictures I have sold to a London gentleman for 150 guineas (let this be a secret), and have had part in advance. The second must not go for less. The third, as large as both the others, I also expect, when equally finished, to turn to as good an account. I now send it, with the rest, by sea, to be completed when occasion serves in London.

There are neither of these so finished as my usual works, but they have in their progress excited much interest among my friends, particularly among the artists. Depth of colour is what I have aimed at, and what I do and advise has already made a change among the English artists, and appears to create among the French and other foreigners much curiosity and speculation. Perhaps at home my theories will be contested; but, practically speaking, *I have again*

begun to paint: this is an immense thing for me; and however feeble and slow, I am again enabled to say, "Anche io sono pittore," which, though in a different sense, Correggio himself could not say with greater delight.

Upon the strength of what I have done I have been tempted to buy things for future study, and now hope that I may be able to hold out without again drawing upon London.

I shall have the two cases consigned to you. These will enable me to make a slight show. Still I am far from being able to renew the war in the arduous field of London, and am still uncertain of what stay I am to make upon the Continent.

I have been busy of late directing tableaux at the Honourable Miss Mackenzie's, which have succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations. We had, besides, Sybils and Madonnas from various pictures, various portraits: Lord Darnley, by an early master; Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Vandyke; and, finest of all, a portrait of Titian, by himself.

D. W.

In the above letter may be perceived the first lifting of the cloud; the earliest gleam of that light dawn which was so soon to shine on Wilkie. No man ever loved independence, or tried to attain it, with a more anxious and persevering spirit; but while "Misfortune's cold nor-west" blew its bitterest, he bowed to the storm, and refused to be comforted: nor did he yield to the persuasions of hope till he felt might returning to his right hand—till he saw that the public ac-

knowledged its mastery, and purchasers appeared in his all-but-idle studio.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Firenze, 7th May, 1827.

The salary from Scotland, the interest of the funds, and my winter's work in Rome, will, I trust, more than meet this year's expenses; but to keep the engravings going requires other means.

I have already asked you to ascertain whether Mr. Bate would be disposed to keep my house on beyond Midsummer. I have not yet determined my return, and wish to keep the house occupied.

I have sent a case to Mr. Crokat, to be conveyed to you, and have told him it must be insured against sea risks at 500*l.*; but this is a secret.

I doubt if the Duncan Gray can be published before the winter. Still, let it be got ready: it is sure to make a hit. Colnaghi may publish and sell the whole; but some security must be given, or advance of payment for any large delivery of impressions. With such plates as these, I will again run no risks. Martin Colnaghi wrote to me at Rome, wishing to purchase the copyright of The Chelsea Pensioners. Please inform me what Fraser is doing—painting pictures or copying.

D. W.

Wilkie, though he seems to have told his intention to few, now set his heart on a visit to the galleries of Spain: he had several inducements to make this pil-

grimage. The access to that unknown land had been opened by our sword, and smoothed by our diplomacy; but our artists, a timid class, had not ventured to pass a frontier fenced by old fears rather than present dangers, and of the pictures of Madrid, Seville, and the Escurial, they heard but the *sough* and the rumour. To see Murillo, and more particularly Velasquez, and ascertain if their merits were equal to their fame, and if, as he guessed from the specimens he had seen, the style of the latter agreed in spirit with the English school, made one great object of his journey. Moreover, his medical counsellors had advised a three years' trial of foreign air, and but two years of the period had expired. It may also be added, that he had all but resolved on a change of style, and desired to have the sanction of Velasquez in a matter of such moment; nor must we neglect to state that his friend, Sir Robert Peel, who before this had gathered around him at Drayton and Whitehall some of the choice pictures of Rubens and Snyders, of Reynolds and Lawrence, of Rembrandt and Wilkie, was desirous to augment his collection from the works of Vandyke and Velasquez, had communicated his wishes to Wilkie, who, sensible alike of the courtesy and influence of Sir Robert, very readily gave him the advantage of his taste and experience. With each and all of these matters in mind, the reader will clearly perceive the meaning and aim of the numerous letters which passed between Wilkie and Wilson, and others, from this period till the time of his departure from Spain.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Genoa, 26th May, 1827.

The kindness of my friends at Florence held out inducements for me to remain at that place for the summer; but being bent for the North, and my plans laid, I am proceeding in regular routine. I left for Pisa on the 17th, and on the day after made a run from Pisa to Lucca (twelve miles) to see that small ducal capital, and also to see a picture which, though but little known, is considered as one of the finest in Italy. It is The Beatification of the Virgin, by Fra. Bartolomeo, placed in the church of the Convent, where he, himself being a monk, was immolated, and where shut up from the world, from its vanities, and, as one would think, from the influence of its tastes and likings, he has yet produced a work that Raphael, whose preceptor he was, may have studied, and which at that early period seems to have anticipated all the discoveries of after-times. Our friend Woodburn used to say it was a picture he would place beside The Transfiguration; and if it fail in the same high aim with that masterpiece of Raphael, it yet combines a great variety of excellencies.

On my return to Pisa I found Lord Blessington had an excursion in project, of an unexpected but interesting kind: it was that of paying a visit to the British admiral's ship in the road-stead at Leghorn, to show the Duchess de Guiche a specimen of an English man-of-war. Sir Edward Codrington had arrived the night before, as admiral on the Mediter-

ranean station, and had invited us. We accordingly sallied forth to the harbour, where we found the long boat, manned by sixteen British seamen and an officer, waiting for us. We took our seats, and were in an instant impelled like an arrow out into the sea, where we felt the new sensation of being in a conveyance where all hands were English. We found the admiral moored three miles from the harbour, but we were soon alongside, and—"In a moment on the deck we stand."

Sir Edward, whom I knew in London, received us with much courtesy; he even wished I could have remained a day or two with him. We were shown all over the ship. The admiral's cabin was fine; but a man-of-war always looks little, and what with officers, seamen, and marines, the crowd of human beings seemed far too great for the scanty accommodation. As we paraded fore and aft through the ship's crew, all just from England, the sight was most striking; and none were more impressed by it than our elegant French duchess, who was in her turn that sort of showy handsome person that our homely tars had probably not seen any thing like before. We returned to Pisa the same night, and left the admiral with the intention to sail the next day for Malta.

I am most glad to hear your account of the Exhibition. Sir Thomas will doubtless be always great. Hilton's three compartments is a good idea; but our good friend Turner, to paint like Rembrandt, and a human shape, and that of woman-kind, is preposterous. Allan's is a good subject for effect, but

scarcely for interest. I know not what I shall think of the tone of colour of our Exhibitions after seeing the wonders of Italy. Eastlake's and Severn's pictures you say nothing of. Gibson's group was greatly admired in Rome, whatever it may be in London.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Genoa, 1st June, 1827.

No one could be more attentive than Mr. Walsh has been to me, and with his assistance, and the assistance of others here, I have been able to see the following works, supposed to be for sale, and worthy of some consideration:—

Andrea Spinola, Doge of Genoa. In the Doge's robes of red silk: head most intelligent, and general effect brilliant and striking. A half-length, but added to all round — a common trick here. This is in a Palazzo of a Spinola family, where are also four Evangelists by Vandyke, and also two fine whole-lengths of an *Old Lady and Gentleman*, painted with less richness than usual, but with great care and truth. The Old Gentleman is on the margin: his head and hands are most admirable.

In the Palazzo Carega is a portrait, half-length, of the *Jesuit San Francesco Saveris* or *de Sollis*, in purple: perhaps a little rubbed, but *head most admirable.*

At a picture cleaner's named Tagliafico, are two whole-lengths of a *Lady* and a *Gentleman in Armour*,

excellent, and price 60*l.* The lights on the armour blue—both of the Grimaldi family. Here also are three heads by Vandyke, but inferior.

Palazzo Lomalini, in the room that forms the counting-house of my friend Campbell, American Consul, is a *Large Family Picture*, eight feet square. It consists of a Man in Armour, a Lady and Gentleman in black, and Two Children — beautifully painted. In the same room is a half-length portrait of a *Lady in Black*, both pictures having suffered only from neglect.

In the back shop of a silk-merchant, named Vincent, I found a kit-kat of *Cardinal Rivarola*, with red cap and mantle, in most capital preservation. This is said to have come from Rome, and was sold at a public sale some years ago.

The whole of the above I consider true works of Vandyke; perhaps for a few hundred pounds they could be all shipped for England. Wallis, I am told, bought a whole-length lady's portrait, fine quality, for about 60*l.* This is said to be about the price at which they are going.

The pictures not likely to be for sale are the following:—

Palazzo Brignole, about eight or ten Vandykes, of which two are fine, but greatly damaged by cleaning. . . . *Palazzo Durazzo*, a Lady with Two Children (whole length); and a smaller picture with Two Boys and a Girl—most admirable pictures. Here is also a whole-length, by Rubens, of one of the Philips of Spain, in black—excellent of the master.

In the *Palazzo Reale* I saw the Paul Veronese,—most admirably painted, but to my eye it wants the richness of the master and school it belongs to. In the *Palazzo Carega* I saw a rubbed out duplicate, but much larger, of the Paris Bordone, bought by Sir Archibald Campbell, and here called Titian.

Now, if you have three ears, hear what follows:—In *Palazzo Pasqua* I found a duplicate of the Doria Correggio!!! The news of this alarmed me, but the sight quieted every fear. It is a copy in oil on canvas, and very poor, of the same picture, nearly finished: centre figure completed, and two or more angels added to the one at top. This may be a copy of the one you say the King of France has got.

In the *Palazzo de Ferdinando Spinola* is a half-length portrait by Sebastian del Piombo,—a dark picture, but very grand.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Route from Genoa to Geneva, 2d to 12th June, 1827.

The summer is now setting in, and nothing can be more beautiful than the summer in Italy. The brightness of the sun's light makes even the shade luminous, clear, and brilliant. To light a house, windows of half the size of those we have at home are sufficient. The heat of summer, when it does come, is, I suspect, intolerable. Many have been the invitations to remain, but the inactivity it requires, to say nothing else, would never do; and though our

friend Campbell, and others at Genoa, offered many inducements, here I am on the way to Mount Cenis, adhering strictly to the plan already formed.

My great pursuit is pictures; and there is scarce one of any note, whether in church, palace, shop, or garret, that I have not seen. I have now, from practice, that confidence in my own judgment, that the merit and value of a picture can scarce escape me in any situation. I went the other day to see a large Paul Veronese, in the Palazzo Reale; but the King of Sardinia, with his court from Turin, being present, a friend got me admitted one evening, when the King was out airing. The picture is a fine work, and in excellent condition. I have since learnt that the King is aware of my having seen the picture, and of my favourable opinion of it, and that he appeared to express satisfaction. It is, perhaps, the best work of art in his dominions.

At Turin I was handsomely received by Mr. Foster. Here I fell in with General Maclean, and took the opportunity of a seat in his carriage to cross Mount Cenis. This route is not so high, nor does it overcome so many obstacles as that of the Simplon; but it is at all times open, and has the most traffic of any road to Italy. We left the finest summer weather in Piedmont, but ascended here into frost and dripping snow.

For myself, notwithstanding all my difficulties, I have been able to see Italy; and though under circumstances far from enviable, I never could have seen so much of it under any other. Whether my having

seen the treasures it contains may be of any use, will depend entirely upon the degree to which my powers of active thought may be restored. At present, now that I have again left Italy, this improvement is very discouraging: I can just say that they are better than when I left Italy first, and not a great deal better than when I first left England.

You express much joy at my having painted three pictures; but to do this all my ingenuity was put on the stretch. Every figure and every group required to be pre-conceived and pre-arranged — no changings, no rubbings out, no repetitions — every touch was final. The last of the three was painted up at once upon the bare canvas, and was left in that state when packed off for London.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Geneva, 18th June, 1827.

When I wrote to you last on business, I proposed you should try to ascertain whether my bankers would advance a certain sum for the object of carrying on the prints. But as this might be asking what is out of their line to grant, I gave you another affair to negotiate quite in the regular way of business — the disposal of my sketch of Knox to Lord Egremont. It has also occurred to me that I might ask, from other employers, an advance of money upon the work already done in my unfinished pictures at Kensington. I have accordingly written to the Earl of

Leven, to request an advance of 100*l.* from the subscribers to the Earl of Kellie's Portrait, a thing quite common in such undertakings.

In this way I may weather the storm without borrowing money, and without selling what I have been doing in Rome, with the disadvantage of their not being seen.

D. W.

CHAPTER X.

GENEVA.—LETTERS TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, MR. ANDREW WILSON, MR. ALLAN, A.R.A., MR. COLLINS, R.A., AND MISS WILKIE.—FLORENCE.—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.—LYONS.—MONTPELIER.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL.

My dear Sir, Geneva, 21st June, 1827.

The letter you did me the honour to write to me, dated April 4th, 1826, followed me from Rome to Venice, where I had the great pleasure of receiving it; and it would be difficult for me to describe the gratification this most kind mark of your notice occasioned me. I was then leaving Italy, in almost as bad health as when I entered it, and your letter served to keep up my spirits.

Your intelligence of the purchases then making of old pictures, and of the works produced in our own day, was new and highly interesting to me. Your vivid description of the works my distinguished friend Lawrence was completing, I also read with pleasure; indeed, some of his fine works, such as the Lord Chancellor Eldon for your gallery, and his Pope Pius VII., are of a kind that, in the course of my travels, I have scarcely seen surpassed — the finest works in this class to be seen abroad carry one irre-

sistibly to the equally successful ones of Lawrence and of Reynolds, in our own country.

It has been vaguely reported that it is your intention, with Mrs. Peel, to make now the tour of Italy. You would, I am convinced, both find the advantage of seeing this interesting land now, rather than at a later period of life: impressions are more powerful when received in youth, and give a chance, at least, of a longer enjoyment of the recollection. Italy I have now seen twice, and, in the interval, I have made last summer a detour through Germany, where are also some fine Italian pictures. At Munich my visit was of a melancholy sort; the picture I had painted for the late King I found sealed up, under a commission to be sold with his other effects, and I could only see it by a special leave, for half an hour, in presence of a commissioner; but the splendid Flemish collection, in the great gallery, pleased me much. Rubens is here in his glory; and although he looked glossy and smooth, after the Titians I had left at Venice, yet the genius of the man surmounts every thing. His Lion Hunt and The Fall of the Angels set all criticism to rest. There is an Arundel Family, and other masterly portraits by Rubens, and about thirty by Vandyke; they reminded me of your desire to possess such works, but they are fixed and inaccessible.

In the Dresden Gallery I found many celebrated works, ill assorted, ill lighted; and though all were suffering from neglect, some of the finest had suffered still more by over cleaning. The works of Correggio, so rare every where else, are, at Dresden and Parma,

in great strength. The Magdalen is the same size with the Duke of Wellington's Correggio, exquisitely beautiful, somewhat cold in its effect, but when sold by the Duke of Modena, is said to have been valued at a fifth part of his rich collection. But the famous "Notte" by the same master, if its execution, now much injured, had ever been equal to its conception, would have been the pride of modern art. It has still the remains of a first-rate work; but an idea exists among artists, as well as restorers of pictures, that some qualities of importance in old pictures are the effects of time: this, if carried too far, would be destructive of art, and of pictures. The Infant Christ is here made, with admirable skill, the source of the light of the picture; the shepherds and the angels are illuminated and dazzled by its brightness; and in the dark back-ground is represented the breaking of a new day, but the illusion of night is entirely destroyed by the chalky whiteness to which the light has been rubbed: it is quite out of harmony with the works about it: it is known to have been cleaned within thirty years, previous to which it is said to have been as rich in tone as any picture of the master.

But to you, sir, I need not speak of the importance of the good condition of pictures, who have in your own collection so many perfect examples in preservation as well as in merit. I should enjoy seeing your new acquisitions. I have heard of the De Hooge you have acquired as a remarkable picture. I was reminded in Rome of your beautiful Rembrandt (The Nymphs bathing) by seeing in the collection of Cardinal Fesch the same picture, with a Landscape added all round;

but even had I not known yours, I should have considered this a copy.

In your letter you have requested me, should I meet with any fine portraits of Rubens or Vandyke, likely to be for sale, to let you know. Except in public galleries, I have seen nothing till lately fit to be mentioned to you; but as I passed through Genoa, coming from Italy, I made particular search, knowing that some very fine Vandykes have come from thence, to see what remained: the result has been beyond my expectations. In the Durazzo and Brignole palaces, are some fine Vandykes, not to be had; but I found some others also in palaces that I was *privately informed may be had.* There is a Bishop in purple, and a Doge of Genoa in red—half-lengths, and a remarkable Old Invalid Gentleman in black with his Lady — two whole lengths, that I think capital pictures. There are also six others, less important, in more obscure situations — one a large Family Group, true pictures, that may also be had.

I may observe, that Genoa, though fine pictures were brought from it formerly, has not of late been visited by any one in search of pictures, and that I only know *privately* that these are for sale. I was myself tempted by one of them, which I have bought to send home by sea, A Cardinal in red, kit-kat size, perfectly untouched: it will serve to show you as a specimen.

I can scarcely expect you should find leisure to write to me, but I remain here till the 12th August, and, after making another tour, mean to find my way to London by the end of the year. If I see

any thing remarkable I shall again take the liberty to write to you.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Geneva, 26th June, 1827.

The Correggio I am more satisfied of the more I see of Correggio *en route*. Here I am told that the Prince Borghese has bought, for 30,000 francs, a Correggio at the sale of Bonnemaison, in Paris, Jupiter and Danae, which Bonnemaison showed me, and which was much like one formerly in Henry Hope's collection, so that Rome will still possess a Correggio in oil.

But now for Genoa: You do quite right to try to secure a purchaser, for which Sir Alexander Hope is a good channel. I have in like manner written to a distinguished friend in London (between ourselves it is Mr. Peel), who twelve months ago requested me, by letter, that if I saw any good portraits by Vandyke or Rubens for sale, *to let him know*. This I have done, observing, *that I have only private information of their being for sale*. The pictures that I have spoken of as suitable for him are The Bishop in purple; The Doge in red (half lengths); and The Old Invalid in black, with his Lady (whole lengths). Indeed it is the best of these only that I would recommend to him.

It is but fair to avow, that I am no judge of price, and not having the means to purchase, I could not examine, as I wished, the whole of these pictures;

but if we can obtain something like commissions to proceed, my idea is, that you should go to Genoa, when, on seeing the state of the pictures, canvas, frames, &c., with your experienced eye, we might then act with some certainty. In the meantime, about those at Tagliaficos: could The Man in armour be beaten down a little in price from the 60 louis asked, and could The Lady (much inferior) and (observe) the canvas wanting a foot at least of the width of the other, be beaten down a great deal?

To show that my ideas are not impracticable, I have myself, upon leaving Genoa, *bought a Vandyke.* The Cardinal in red (kit-kat size) in the back shop of the silk merchant. I consider this as an accident; its perfect condition, frame, and every thing, tempted me to offer what I did not expect would be accepted; and with the assistance of my friend Campbell the purchase has been completed. With this I shall feel my way in London.

You imported two Vandykes, a Spinola in armour, and a Lady and Child; what might such pictures sell for in England? At Henry Hope's sale, two half lengths, De Vos and his Wife, sold for little; but I saw them sold again at Watson Taylor's sale, the Man for 130 guineas, and the Lady for 270 or so, but the Lady was very fine.

The head of The Bishop in Purple I thought superb.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Geneva, 6th July, 1827.

I am domiciled for a time in this town: I have met with many friends; crowds of English are every day passing, and I am in the midst of artists and amateurs. The Marquis of Huntley took me with him the other day to a great military feast, some miles from Geneva, and, strange to say, in Presbyterian Switzerland, given upon a Sunday. We dined in a barn, the Commandant in the chair. The Minister who preached was present, with the whole of the neighbourhood, in gay costumes, as lookers-on. The toasts after dinner were, with the replies, songs, music, and even the applause, given by the beat of drum, and announced out of doors by the report of cannon—The prosperity of the "Confederation Helvétique," was both said and sung in every form that could inspire patriotism; the "Ranz de Vache," impressively played; and to the toast of "Milord Huntley et Messieurs les étrangers," we were complimented with the air of "God save the King." His Lordship, ever ready on such occasions, replied in French, and later in the evening, when called upon, sung them a French song. What would have greatly scandalized our own disciples of Calvin in the North, the recreations of the Sunday concluded with a dance, gay in the extreme, but without the disorders or drunkenness sometimes seen at our tent-preachings in Scotland. Since this, Lord Huntley has heard of his father's death, and has left us to take possession of

his new dignities, and to oppose Mr. Canning's government.

I have passed a most agreeable Sunday with a reverend Swiss pastor at his parish in the country. His lady paints, and, like the minister of Duddingstone, adds to the stipend without being complained of, as that minister is, of neglect of his flock.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Geneva, July, 1827.

Your statement of your arrangement with the Earl of Egremont is very satisfactory. He is a noble and unostentatious person. The sketch is worth what I ask, and the time is now come when I must get the full value for what I paint.

Should the advance from Fifeshire be paid, there will be enough to meet all demands, but let me know early what you hear, as I have other resources should that fail. My wish is still to stay away till the end of the year: 20*l.* a month is my average for travelling expences. I live cheaper abroad than it is possible to do in England.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Geneva, 25th July, 1827.

On our arrival at the inn at Chamouny, we were told that two Englishmen had started yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock, to make the perilous journey

to the top of Mont Blanc, with nine guides, making, in all, eleven. Two, it had been observed by telescope, had just reached the summit. All eyes were now on the alert, the telescope I got hold of at an upper window, and observed, with minute attention, on the side of the summit, some small black objects, that by degrees changed their places, and by a progress very slow, but perceptible, appeared advancing upwards. To all the people in the house this was at once a subject of intense curiosity, and by turns each saw and bore witness to the wonder. I counted to the number of nine. A party of four were in advance in a group with one a-head; while others, two and two, lagged considerably behind. As they were proceeding *from us*, their movements were slow and little perceived. Onwards, however, we saw them reach the summit, where, little as they seemed, they were nearly lost in the deep blue sky. Even the last two, after lingering, stopping, and resting, approached at length the top, where we could see the others re-appear as if to receive them. The top of Mont Blanc is the highest point in Europe, perhaps the highest point on earth, that the insignificant powers of man have ever enabled him to reach. It has not been reached before above six times, and they tell me but by one Englishman. A short half-hour seemed to satisfy them with their unwonted elevation, when we saw them begin to descend.

July 26th.

To-day all was expectation, and, at 9 o'clock, after forty-nine hours' absence, the two Englishmen arrived. Their names were Mr. Charles Fellowes and

Mr. William Hawes, of 26. Russell Square. Nine guides and a boy were with them: the boy had gone for his own pleasure.

They had, on the 24th, reached the usual resting-place, the Grands Mulets. This is a black ridge of rocks at the head of the glacier by the side of which they ascended, and which they had much fatigue and risk in crossing to get to. At the Grands Mulets they slept for the night, under a tent which they took with them, in which, with blankets, &c., they were warm and comfortable, disturbed only by the noises of the avalanches falling.

On the 25th, at daybreak, they proceeded up a valley of snow all round them, and then took a new route, by which they escaped the dangers which had destroyed three men who had made a similar attempt before. As they got towards the summit their fatigue and weakness became extreme; their pulses beat high, particularly in the head; some were seized with head-aches, spitting of blood, and bleeding at the nose, with loss of appetite, and one even with vomiting; all breathed with difficulty, and required frequent rests. Hawes, who is a little stout fellow of twenty years, was the only one nearly exempted from these symptoms. On the top, the air was cold beyond belief, but the view seemed to comprehend every thing. They appeared high above every object; saw, on one side, the Lake of Geneva, Neufchatel, and the Jura Mountains; but the clearest and most beautiful was on the side of Savoy and Italy. The Apennines, the Mediterranean, and France, known to be in sight from Mont Blanc, were not then visible. At three o'clock

they began to descend, a matter of facility compared with the ascent. At six they gained their resting-place on the Grands Mulets, where they rested for the night, as it was wet, windy, and cold. The noise of the avalanches, always most frequent in rain, had much the effect of continued thunder: This morning they had again to cross the glacier, to facilitate which they were tied two and three together, in a chain of ropes, to secure them in crossing the deep crevices between the ice. The danger being thus passed, they reached Chamouny to breakfast, having finished the journey without loss, without hurt, and apparently without over-fatigue, but which they said they would never advise any one again to attempt. Every circumstance was favourable, but they thought neither the view nor the fame could at all compensate for the danger and pain of the undertaking.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM ALLAN, ESQ. A.R.A.

Dear Allan, Geneva, 4th August, 1827.

Although I have not written to you from Italy, do not think that you have been altogether absent from my thoughts in that inspiring land. I heard of your election into our body, and of your appointment as Master of the Edinburgh Academy with delight, and have also had pleasure in the favourable accounts of the impression your works continue to make in Somerset House. With your success, and with the claims upon your attention at home, you can scarcely have leisure to see Italy. This, as a gratifica-

tion to yourself, is to be regretted. To me the sight of Italy and its interesting remains is almost the only compensation I have received for the troubles which the last three years have brought me.

It is in Italy alone that we can judge of what the most elevated walks of art are capable. The Italian painter seems to have been inspired by an aim beyond the painter of other countries. He is in every thing more general and abstract. Perhaps as a Catholic he has advantages over us. He paints to adorn an altar, where his picture is held equally sacred with the altar itself, while we are too apt to paint for an exhibition, with which our pictures are to be criticised, dispersed, and perhaps forgotten. Italian pictures bear a value in money equal to their high claim in art; perhaps ours in England would lose nothing in this respect could we superadd somewhat more of the qualities of Italian art into their composition.

I have now seen for two successive winters the labours of Michael Angelo and Raphael. They are much decayed by time, which to common observers diminishes much of their interest. As a style of art, they come very near the mark; they comprehend almost every thing, and are painted with a breadth and simplicity, and even with a colour, that has never been improved upon.

Of the two, Raphael is by far the most popular. Perhaps no one has pleased more generally than he has done. With Michael Angelo it is different; even amongst artists he has lost his popularity. All study and copy Raphael: few look at Michael Angelo, and none venture to imitate him; viewing with indiffer-

ence those gigantic labours that have been admired and imitated alike by Raphael, by Rubens, and by Reynolds.

* * * * * *

May I ask you to lend your counsel in considering Mr. Stewart's plate from my picture of The Gentle Shepherd. I have got two proofs. It is very clever. I only wish it had been as large as some of yours, for his powers have been limited by the size. I think the flesh and draperies very fairly done, and the head of the man excellent. The following are what I chiefly wish him to attend to. The darks seem too uniformly black; want differences of gradation. The man's bonnet should not be so dark, and the dog should be made to look darker. The light on the apron shows too much white paper, and the sky behind the man's bonnet should not be quite so bright. He has left some lights on the white draperies, and the lights on the two sickles too white and unfinished. May I take the liberty of remarking generally to Mr. Stewart that there is too much throughout done by a *single line*, giving in parts, such as the building and the wooden bucket, in some degree the look of a *wood-cut*. Perhaps the sky should have been a broken line, or crossed by another line; these, however, are matters of opinion. I like the print, and only wish it had been a larger and more important work. May I request you will consult with Mr. Stewart about the above.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Geneva, 9th August, 1827.

I have communicated to my friend in London a statement of the pictures at Genoa, which I think would suit his collection, viz.

The Bishop in Purple. Palàzzo Carega.
The Doge of Genoa in red.
Whole length of Old Gentleman.
Whole length of Lady (companion).
} Palazzo Spinola.

In answer, my friend writes to say, that, if I decidedly approve of the *four*, and if they can be had *upon reasonable terms*, he would not object to the purchase of the *four;* but if two were *decidedly superior* to the others, he should prefer those two. At any rate, he would be glad if inquiries were made as to the price, means of transportation to England, &c.

Now, if you have any intention of visiting Genoa for other purposes, you could favour me by getting the above information. You could also do (what I could not do at the time), make a thorough examination of the state of the pictures, and what I should also esteem highly, give me your own judgment upon the pictures, both as to their quality and value.

In doing this I may just observe, that were it convenient for you or for myself, a purchase (were terms favourable) might be made of some of the above pictures, upon the strength of what my friend has said.

If you report well, I shall recommend Mr. Peel to complete the purchase.

The collection my friend has formed has in it the Chapeau de Paille, and another fine Rubens, "Silenus and Bacchanals," just bought at Bonnemaisons. He has no Vandyke. It is first-rate of the masters that he wants, and I wish you to judge whether one or more of the above come up to this character.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Geneva, 13th August, 1827.

The property of the engraving of The Blind Fiddler is not mine. The reservation which Sir George made can scarce be of any use to me, and it would look very ungracious in me to oppose the Society of Engravers, and prevent them from completing their engravings of the National Gallery pictures.

To Mr. Burnet you may say that at present I have no thoughts of parting with any of my engravings, and that I have no objection to his touching upon the plate or proof of The Alfred, should the parties desire him to do it. I can take no charge of it myself.

The Earl of Leven writes me favourably about my request for an advance on Lord Kellie's picture.

Mr. Andrew Wilson has sent a case to you from Rome, in which I have a joint interest. Pray take all care of it.

D. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL.

My dear Sir, Geneva, 18th August, 1827.

Your description of what has been doing in the arts is to me, who am so much out of the way, a real kindness. Your new acquisitions I am most glad to hear of. The pictures by Lawrence, Mulready, and Collins had already been mentioned to me, with others of this year, and of those of the old school; though the Gonzales and Snyders are new. Mr. Dent's picture I have often seen, and the Rubens of Bonnemaison I know well from reputation.

The fate of pictures so interesting to the judge of art, is still more so to artists when their own works are concerned. The agitation which the late sale of Lord de Tabley's pictures occasioned at home I felt in an equal degree upon the approach of that sale to which you have alluded, at Munich, of which the result was so much more favourable than I could have expected. An offer was made by a distinguished person resident at Vienna, but I knew well that the bidding which raised so much the price of the picture could come only from England; and although the friendly quarter from which it came was unseen and unknown to me at the time, I felt it strongly, and as if it were an indication once more of a return of good fortune.

The four pictures of Vandyke at Genoa I can without difficulty obtain every information about in the course of a month or two. A friend, Mr. A. Wilson, known in London as well as in Rome as a judge of

pictures, is shortly to leave Rome for Genoa, and has offered to do whatever I wish. I have accordingly written to request him to learn the price the possessors put upon them, and also to examine particularly (which I could not get near enough to do) the *condition* of the pictures. Such information as he can obtain for me it will give me pleasure to have the honour of submitting to you.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R.A.

Dear Collins, Geneva, 26th August, 1827.

Your letter gave me great pleasure, filled as it was with news, and with such news as I of all others sympathise the most in. The ordeal of the De Tabley sale, which you have all gone through, has to me become quite familiar. I admit yours has been both severe and unfair, but you have had the more merit in sustaining it; and it appears to native residents here, as well as it does to myself, a most creditable display for British art. Indeed, I wish our artists would think somewhat more of trials of this sort that must be perpetual, and less of the short-lived triumphs of fresh paint in Somerset House. We affect at home to despise the old masters; but by the same people and the same rules must we hereafter be judged, and our heavy gilt frames and central situations will avail us nothing.

This is a subject upon which I claim the liberty (being able to do little else) *to talk*. I may call myself a sort of veteran in such contests; and, thanks

to one of my best friends at home, have come off upon a late occasion with most unexpected success, even before the eyes of a foreign people. The sale of my picture at Munich made an impression in Rome among all classes of artists; and my ideas, known to be peculiar, began to be listened to even by our own countrymen, who began to suspect what I have so often, as you well know, tried to drive into the heads of some friends at home, might after all be right. And here let me assure you, that if the qualities of the picture of The Will had any share in its advantageous destination, those of colour were quite the opposite to what would have fitted it for our Exhibition: the whites and some of the flesh-tints were too bright, and it was the rich and low tones only that kept it in harmony with the choice Dutch pictures with which it was surrounded.

After seeing all the fine pictures in France, Italy, and Germany, one must come to this conclusion — that *colour*, if not the first, is at least an essential quality in painting. No master has as yet maintained his ground beyond his own time without it. But in oil painting it is richness and depth alone that can do justice to the material. Upon this subject every prejudice with which I left home is, if any thing, not only confirmed but increased. What Sir Joshua wrote, and what our friend Sir George so often supported, *was right;* and, after seeing what I have seen, I am not now to be *talked* out of it.

With us, as you know, every young exhibitor with pink, white, and blue, thinks himself a colourist like Titian; than whom perhaps no painter is more mis-

represented or misunderstood. "I saw myself at Florence his famous Venus upon an easel, with Kirkup and Wallis by me. This picture, so often copied, and every copy a fresh mistake, is, what I expected it to be, deep yet brilliant; indescribable in its hues, yet simple beyond example in its execution and its colouring. Its flesh (O how our friends at home would stare!) is a simple, sober, mixed-up tint, and apparently, like your skies, completed while wet. No scratchings, no hatchings, no scumbling nor multiplicity of repetitions—no ultramarine lakes nor vermilions — not even a mark of the brush visible; all seemed melted in the fat and glowing mass, solid yet transparent, giving the nearest approach to life that the painter's art has ever yet reached.

This picture is, perhaps, defective in its arrangement; but in its painting quite admirable. Now, can nothing like this ever be done again? Is such toning really not to be reproduced? I wish to believe the talent exists, and am sure the material exists. But we have now got another system; our criterion of judging is changed: we prefer a something else, or, what is still more blinding, there is a something else we mistake for it.

Another picture, with which I was greatly pleased, was the Assumption of the Virgin, by Fra. Bartolomeo, at Lucca. This picture, painted by a monk before the time of Raphael, and in the retirement of a convent, has, with the finer qualities of the period of Raphael, superadded all the inventions in colour and effect of Rubens and Rembrandt. This is a style for Hilton to follow — brightness and richness are

here combined. West often talked of this picture; and our friend Woodburn used to say he would place it by the side of The Transfiguration.

I perhaps say more of colour than I ought — this, as you know, being with some of our friends the disputable subject. Sir George Beaumont used to remark that water-coloured drawings had tainted our Exhibitions. I have observed throughout my travels this difference between the pictures of the present day and the old masters, that they are never found in the same room, and seldom in the same gallery. Collectors here place them together, and artists seem content with the exclusion. The Duke of Bedford seems actuated by the same feeling. He has parted with his old pictures, intending to collect modern pictures in their place. He perhaps judges that they cannot be amalgamated together. This is a prejudice that painters themselves should get rid of. He once asked me to paint a companion to his Teniers. He had then no thoughts of parting with it.

I hope you have succeeded to your mind with your picture for Mr. Peel. Yours is a most enviable style. You are sure now to get full employment; but for future fame compete with the old masters, beside whom modern artists are generally poor in their lights, and opaque in their shadows.

From what I have seen from letters, and heard from eye-witnesses, I can form in my own mind the whole of the Exhibition. It remains quite unchanged. If any thing occurs worthy of notice, pray write to me. You know perfectly well the news that will interest an artist in exile.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Collins, who, I hope, is, with yourself, well, and enjoying the society of your little boy. He is now old enough to learn that there is such a person as his godfather. He will be able to speak to me on my return.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Geneva, 27th August, 1827.

It is now two months since I came to Geneva, and in that time I have nearly completed another picture. It has six figures, and is somewhat more finished than those I did in Rome. It has excited much kind interest among my friends, artists and others; and two offers have been made by English purchasers, but these I have declined till it reaches London. As soon as it is done, I shall pack it up for Paris, with a part of my other things, when I start for Lyons, Nismes, and Toulouse; to provide for which I have already written to Messrs. Coutts.

This journey in France will be a greater expense to me than travelling in Italy; but the little I paint will pick up something, and this encourages me. It is little indeed that I can do, and that with pain and suffering; but whatever may be its pain or defects, it is a great amusement, and things I have done appear to lose none of their interest with the lookers-on.

As an interlude, I have just made a journey to Mount St. Bernard, the original and ancient pass from Switzerland into Italy,—the supposed passage of the armies of Hannibal and Charlemagne, and the known

route of Napoleon into Piedmont, when he fought the battle of Marengo.

D. W.

Before Wilkie, who is now on his way to France, passes the frontier, we may insert the remainder of his memoranda on Italian pictures.

JOURNAL.

Florence, May 6th. The two Correggios do not seem true: one looks like Annibale Caracci imitating him; the other, more recent perhaps, Bronzini. The St. John's head is more like than either.

The Fornarina of Raphael has the shadows painted on—is a dressed-up picture: the lights and background remain entire. The Jacopo da Empoli, the Cigoli, and two by the younger Ghirlandajo, admirable. The Magi an original work, whether by Leonardo or not. The Claude firstrate. The Flora of Titian rubbed, and too white: the profile portrait in armour in a perfect state. The Wife of Rubens excellent. The Medusa's head uncertain.

8th. Remarked that the portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by himself, has never been varnished!—is without cracks, and in surface as perfect as the day it was painted. If the carnations have faded, as Irvine says they have, this is not obvious. Harlowe's portrait looks dry in surface.

Genoa, May 29th. The pictures in Palazzo Brignole I had seen when last here. From their condition they did not strike me much. Portrait on horseback rubbed. Tribute Money not first-rate. The best are,

Lady with Daughter, in white,—fine, but rubbed; and Gentleman, in the same room,—fine, but, for Vandyke, overloaded with work.

The Durazzo Palace contains portraits by Vandyke of Two Boys and a Girl, placed high, but in his finest manner: figures richer in colour, and have more rotundity than I have seen before in the master. Portrait of a Lady with Two Children,—most admirable; the face of the lady rubbed. There is also a whole-length portrait, by Rubens, of one of the Philips of Spain,—a first-rate work of art. The Paul Veronese, in the Palazzo Reale, is painted with fire and dexterity, and well preserved, but wants all the luxury and richness of the Venetian school. The above pictures are of course not for sale; the following probably are:—

Palazzo Lomalini. A family picture, about eight feet square—portraits of Two Men, one in armour; a Lady and Two Children. This is a most respectable-looking picture,—neglected, indeed, but has not otherwise suffered: the children capitally painted. Carboni may have assisted in this work. Half-length of a Lady, also very respectable. Both are fitted into the wall, and without sufficient frames.

Palazzo Carega. Half-length portrait of Francesco de Solis; dressed in purple and white as a bishop. The dress and hands appear over-cleaned; but the head, seen from below, seems perfect and in character, and painting might take its place by a first-rate head of Vandyke. In the same room there is an Herodias, said to be by Titian;—both rubbed and painted over.

Palazzo Spinola. Portrait of the Doge Andrea Spinola. Head fine, in character; but seems not

so well painted as the head of the old Bishop. Ruff round the neck; hands too dark, and the arms red; but the robes of red damask powerfully painted, and back-ground warm and harmonious. The picture has been enlarged all round, and has a common gilt frame. Here are also the four Evangelists, by Vandyke: the head of St. John very finely coloured.

In the same palace, above stairs, I found two whole lengths,—most characteristic portraits; the one an Old Gentleman in a white ruff, loose black gown, and cap, the whole somewhat grey and dry; but head and hands most beautiful, and life itself. Feebleness, gouty stiffness, and dignity, seem mixed in a way that I have never seen before, save in Vandyke. It might be a declining dignitary of the church, or the aged Bolingbroke. The hands are painted with exquisite truth and care, and, as a work of Vandyke's, appears to me quite unique. The other, the companion picture, is an Old Lady, painted in the same manner, but in character by no means so striking. It has the same dryness, and perhaps want of richness, as the other; but the hands are most beautifully painted.

In the Palazzo Pasqua I found a copy on canvas in oil of the Doria Correggio: indifferent as a copy; centre figure entirely finished; two other flying figures added to the one at top: the distance, instead of hills, is a plain; probably a copy of the one Wilson mentions, belonging to the King of France.

Palazzo Ferdinando Spinola. A Head by Vandyke, with much energy of expression, but weakly painted. Was much struck by a portrait in a dark room, by

Sebastian del Piombo, a most striking and imposing figure in a black dress, and low-toned style of painting.

Signor Grossi has a portrait, kit-cat size, of Cardinal Rivarola: it has been lined. From the red cap and mantle, it is a showy work: the head, the hands, and dress, are well painted; and if the character is not quite first-rate, it is for preservation quite perfect. The gritty toughness of the colour on the face remains untouched, while on the hands are yet seen some of the hairs of the pencil with which Vandyke must have wrought.

The Correggio I saw when first at Rome, but without examining it; and not having been to Parma or Dresden, my attention was not directed to it. On my second visit, however, I went to examine it with more precise ideas of the qualities of the master, and confess that, upon the most scrutinising examination, it appeared to me to be *the true hand-writing of the man.* It is unfinished, yet the identity of this beginning with the completed work of The Notte and The St. Jerome at Parma is to me most convincing, and throws a new light upon the mode of working of this fascinating painter.

It seems painted in their juicy fat colour, the parts completed one after another upon the bare pannel, the same as frescoes upon the flattened wall. Simplicity of tint and of colour prevails; no staining or mottled varieties: the flesh, both in light and shadow, is produced by one mixed up tint, so melted that no mark of the brush is seen. There is here no scratching or scambling — no repetitions; all seems prepared at

once for the glaze, which, simple as the painting is, gives to it with fearless hand the richness and glow of Correggio. All imitations of this master are complicated compared to this, and how complicated and abstruse does it make all attempts of the present day to give similar effects in colouring! Here is one figure in outline, upon the prepared board, with even the finger marks in colour of the painter himself. Here is the preparation of the figures painted up at once, and, strange to say, with solid and even sunny colours. Here are the heads of a woman and of a naked child completed with the full zest and tone of Correggio, in texture fine, and in expression rich and luxurious, and as fine an example of his powers as any part to be found in his most celebrated works.

Taking this picture as it is:—If a duplicate of the Doria Picture, it is unique, from being in oil; if incomplete, it is what few completed pictures are, neither rubbed nor painted on; and, if found in comparative obscurity, its history is yet well authenticated; but, failing all else, I am willing to stake upon its internal evidence all the knowledge I possess of this most fascinating yet most rare of all masters.

When at Lucca, on the 18th of May, I examined particularly the picture in the Church of San Romano, by Fra Bartolomeo—The Virgin interceding for her Votaries; a work remarkable in being by the master and precursor of Raphael, and yet possessing all the inventions that ingenuity has hitherto been able to add, with any advantage, to the art. This one work seems to combine the character and composition of Raphael with the deep tone of Titian, and the

qualities of yet more recent application, the light, and shade, and rotundity of Rembrandt with the brilliancy of Rubens. Let it not be said that it was left for the Bolognese painters to produce the union of all excellence: here it is done to their hands in the infancy of art. Here a monk, in the retirement of the cloister, shut out from the taunts and criticism of the world, seems to have anticipated, in his early time, all that his art could arrive at in its most advanced maturity; and this he has been able to do without the usual blandishments of the more recent periods, and with all the higher qualities peculiar to the age in which he lived.

This is a symmetrical composition: the arrangement is most admirable. The characters have all the dignity the subject requires, excepting only the celestial ones; their expression is not so elevated as Raphael would have made them, nor the drawing of the figures so pure. The picture may have suffered a little in cleaning, and I am told has done so from retouching; yet, considering its age, its condition is remarkably good, and the effect impressive and brilliant. The shadows are both deep and warm; the lights bright and rich; the colours remarkable in being strong—almost unbroken, and yet harmonious. Here are the gay colours of Rubens, the deep colours of Titian, and the utmost strength of the opposing colours of the Roman school, reduced into perfect tone and union.

Geneva, June 18th. Wrote a letter to the Earl of Leven respecting the Earl of Kellie's portrait.—20th. Began my picture of A Roman Princess washing the Pilgrims' Feet. Letter from Helen, intimating that

the Earl of Egremont had agreed to take my sketch of Knox at the price proposed, 200 guineas. — *Sept.* 8th. Finished the picture of A Roman Princess washing the Pilgrims' Feet, and packed it on the 11th, and forwarded it through Paris.

Toulouse, Sept. 27th. Came here through Lyons, where I remained three days, and received much kindness from M. Richard, painter to the king. Saw yesterday a Pietro Perugino — very brilliant; also a Crucifixion by Rubens — unfinished, but full of bravoura. Saw to-day a picture by the Spanish Morales; a Pieta—figure of Christ in very bad taste, but the painting and colouring of the picture superb. Saw also a portrait by Holbein — a capital picture; as also a small head, supposed to be by Jan Stein.

Bayonne. Found a vetturino ready for Madrid: a mode of travelling much recommended by experienced persons. Before I started for Spain, I looked at the church of Auch, with stained glass more superb than I imagined the art capable of producing, and on the first of October recommenced my journey.

TO THOMAS WILKIE.

Lyons, 12th September, 1827.

Your letter with *accounts* has arrived, and nothing can be clearer or more satisfactory. I can now go on without anxiety; enough for travelling and home expenses, and enough to go on with the engravings — all come by fairly in the way of business. If the advance for Lord Kellie's portrait be an anticipation, it is already earned on the canvas, and if it

were not, it is still what painters of portraits demand, and frequently receive.

Before leaving Geneva I completed another picture, making the *fourth*, to send to England. The subject appears to interest. It is that of a handsome young lady, humbling herself, even to the washing of the feet of a poor pilgrim. What is fortunate—the lady is the favourite figure. Its progress has made a considerable sensation. A young lady I saw by accident that resembled the Princess Doria (the person intended) struck me as a perfect model. Interest was made to get her to sit: jewels and plate were borrowed, and every assistance procured for me that I could possibly want. Artists have been interested in its progress, and in my manner of painting. For some days after its completion, the house of M. Audioud has been kept in confusion by the numbers of people who have called to see it.

If these four pictures take, and are disposed of, on reaching England, I have still three other superb subjects admitting of the same treatment. If I remain stationary at any place, I can take up one to save loss of time.

As to Engleheart, his plate appears to me to want but little, and what could be easily supplied without the picture. The features of the girl should be made somewhat handsomer, which perhaps Geddes could do, and it might just be a question whether it requires any strength in the dark shadows and draperies to make it a match for Raimbach's engravings. This, however, with the style of Engleheart's work, must be done with great caution.

My friend Mulready has had by this time some practice in this way. Could you get him to look at it with Engleheart? The eyes of Duncan perhaps want a little. To have the picture would be desirable, but I do not think indispensable.

Were the two plates done, we must next think of their publication. They are a great stake, nearly as great as The Will; for me greater, and must not therefore be put to a similar risk. I must deal with the whole trade instead of with one of the trade. Had I thought of this with The Will, I should by this have cleared 1000*l.* instead of losing nearly double. To simplify it, they should be served out only in half dozens. They should be out by February.

My little picture attracted a good many people to see it before leaving Geneva, and the approbation of artists and connoisseurs was extreme and most gratifying. People came again and again to see it, asked if I had always painted so, and if this was the style of painting in England. My reply to the last was, that it was as different from what is now doing in England as from what is now doing in France and Italy. It is not so finished as what I have done before, but no one has ever remarked this.

M. Audioud has been most unexampled in his kindness. I was two months and a half in his house, which I entered by agreement to pay a certain sum for board and lodging. At the end, however, he refused to take any sort of payment. I, upon this, went to a jeweller's shop, where, after much choosing, I bought for Madame a pair of bracelets, a pair of earrings, and a buckle for the waist, all richly set with

topaz. On presenting them to the good lady, they excited her surprise, and affected her even to tears. They were afterwards shown to her female friends and relations, who admired and envied them for their splendour and taste.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Lyons, 13th September, 1827.

As excellence alone is what my friend wants, and as he will even take *four*, to have *two* excellent on reasonable terms, if he cannot get the two he wants in any other way, it is, in the first place, for you to consider whether any appear to you (independent of what I have said) to come up to this character. Next an estimate of the prices asked; then your opinion of what may be offered or given. Then an estimate of what will put them in repair; and, lastly, your own idea of what would be a fair compensation, for the time, expense, and responsibility devoted to this affair.

With these the question will be brought to an issue at once, and things must be left in train to await the result, unless they could be got as I got my Cardinal on such terms as come easily within your means upon the spot.

I thought of offering the Cardinal, but it might not be thought good enough. At the same time it is better than I am likely to meet with soon, and if things go well with me I mean to keep it to myself.

I can enter strongly into your feelings on parting with the Correggio. You are fastidious as well as me, but such a work really riveted our attention.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

Montpelier, 22d Sept. 1827.

I have now reached Montpelier, a name given to many a place supposed to possess a healthy and beautiful situation. Here we have an Italian sky and climate; here the vine and the olive flourish; and here we are in, what Sterne calls, "the heyday of vintage;" the grape harvest is gathering on all sides. This place is remarkable as a school of medicine, and also for an aqueduct, built in modern times, with all the splendour of antiquity. The town lies on an eminence near the sea, and commands a distant view of the Alps and of the Pyrenees.

I have found a person here somewhat remarkable; viz. Monsieur Fabre. It is well known that the Duchess of Albany, wife to Prince Charles Edward, afterward espoused the Italian poet Victor Alfieri, and after Alfieri had for her third husband Monsieur Fabre. This Monsieur Fabre is an artist, and a man of taste; has made a collection of pictures; and, having no children, has left them, like my good friend, Sir George Beaumont, to his country — to his native town of Montpelier. Having a letter to him, he received me in the house the city has given him for the Museum. The pictures were all in cases; but such was his desire to show them to me in person,

that, though suffering from the intermittent agonies of a fit of the gout, he watched for the intervals of pain, that he might take them from their cases with his own hands.

I must go to Bayonne, and try and enter Spain; but since I first determined on this, Spain seems to have been turned upside down. Accounts all along the frontiers are bad.

D. W.

CHAPTER XI.

WILKIE IN SPAIN. — LETTERS TO MR. AND MISS WILKIE. — SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE AND SIR ROBERT PEEL. — LETTERS FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE. — EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

THE untrodden ground of Spanish art was not approached by Wilkie in ignorance of the names and characters of the leading men who had adorned it, and indeed its chief cities, Madrid and Seville, famous over the earth. Though England possesses but few of their works; yet he had seen, at least, glimpses of their productions in Italy and the Netherlands; had read the venerable roll of Spanish painters, and was aware that the nation had produced pictures of great antiquity, on which religion and history were vigorously stamped. He could speak of Rincon, who gave life, through the portraits of the living, to the forms which fancy called up to give shape to historical events — of Gallegos, who studied under Raphael, and painted The Triumphal Arch of Bologna — of Becerra, who wrought such a virgin from a vision that came to him by night, as enraptured Queen Isabella — of Morales, called, from his sweetness and holiness of expression, the divine, — and of Ribera, who painted Ixion on the wheel, with such distressing force as misformed an unborn babe. He had seen, too, some of the works of Alonso Cano, called the Michael Angelo of Spain. But his chief

desire was to see, examine, and study the works of Murillo and Velasquez, both natives of Seville, and thither he resolved to bend his steps. He had letters of introduction to smooth the way to the authorities of the land, on the reading of which the doors of palaces and churches flew open, and admitted the Presbyterian painter; he heard, too, that his friend Washington Irving wanted him at Madrid, and that Lord Mahon, since famous by a bold and manly history of his native land, was prepared to cast his diplomatic mantle over him: with a sense of all this influencing him, he entered Spain on the last day of September.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, St. Jean de Luz, 1st Oct. 1827.

We have already passed Bayonne, and at every step feel as if getting upon new ground, filled with recollections of recent history. Toulouse and Orthes, the Garonne and the Adour, are all famous and familiar by the acts and deeds of the British army. Even the first sight of the Bay of Biscay gave a new sensation: I recollected that it was the Atlantic which I had not seen for two years; showing, from its grey colour, tide-washed sands, and long majestic waves, a striking contrast to the tranquil blue Mediterranean, to which I had been accustomed.

Leaving St. Jean de Luz, also celebrated in the movements of our army, we soon reached the Bidassoa, the river which divides the two countries, the wooden bridge over which is one half in France, the

other in Spain, and has, as the connecting link, been painted in one of the pictures of Rubens in the Luxembourg;—we passed on to the small town of Fontarabia, famous as the scene of a battle between the Christians and the Arabs. The road continued through the Pyrenees on all sides richly wooded, and the people, now essentially Spanish, poor but industrious, resembling greatly the Italians in their houses, their customs, and so much so in their language, that the little I know of Italian goes here a great way.

Vittoria, 4th October.

We have thus far traced the steps of the British army. We passed yesterday in sight of St. Sebastian, and to-day we are in the city, and on the field whereon was decided the possession of Spain. The country has been hitherto very beautiful; and the towns, houses, and even the people, in a far better condition than I expected: still Spain is in a distracted state. But we have as yet met no interruption in our journey; but last night, at the village of Charabello, after our party had their supper, some people in arms arrived at the Posada (Auberge), of whom the principal was a robust young man, with moustaches dressed somewhat like an officer, with a sword and epaulettes, who said he had just received orders to collect his men, about twenty in number, to march against some armed men who infested the hills. As we came on to-day, we met near two hundred of the king's troops sent in search of armed peasants, and we saw in Vittoria a placard requiring these marauding parties—not much unlike our friends of last night, to return to their allegiance under pain of high treason.

Burgos, 6th October.

But if civil war be raging in the state, it makes but little difference in the appearance and occupation of the country; labour and traffic go on, and though travellers are but few, they seem to go as unmolested as under the best regulated governments. We have traversed the province of Biscay, and are now in Old Castile: the land gets poorer, the accommodations grow worse, and the people get less tidy and more picturesque and ragged as we approach the south. Here we saw, with much interest, the fortress which resisted so long the power and skill of Wellington: it is now a ruin, the French having demolished it on their final retreat from the country; but the cathedral of Burgos remains a monument of the florid Gothic, well worth seeing. Upon its doors there was posted, for the edification of all good Catholics, an advertisement of the "Réformation Protestante de Guillaume Cobbett." In the cathedral I could see no picture of any consequence.

The mode of travelling which we have adopted is slow, and sometimes dull, but shows us the country, with leisure to look at it. It has made us particularly acquainted with the Spanish Posada. This is quite unique; and is sometimes so bad as to call forth all our ingenuity. The ground floor is a stable, through which you enter and ascend by a staircase to the house. This floor is allotted to horses, mules, and muleteers, who sleep all in the same apartment; even the pigs have their sty under the stair by which you ascend to the habitable first floor, where the more civilised strangers are accommodated. We

have, for the last four nights, been sadly put to it. Our party are a French gentleman with his wife, a mademoiselle, a young man, and myself all stowed in one room with four beds, making recess-beds, with curtains and other contrivances for decorum, like the scene described in the last chapter of the Sentimental Journey. But such things must be if we will travel in Spain.

Madrid, 9th October.

I am almost surprised to find myself in this place. The streets disappoint me; but even if I should find nothing worthy of the journey, one point I shall at least ascertain, namely, the quality of the pictures yet remaining in this capital: they have been long celebrated, but no artist of our own country has seen them. At the American consul's I have had the good fortune to find Mr. Washington Irving, whose surprise at seeing me was extreme. I found him with his brother, whom I knew in Paris, and the consul, all willing to assist me in every way: they promise me a rich treat, and I feel at once at home with them.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, The Escurial, 20th Oct. 1827.

Both your letter and Helen's, directed Bayonne, followed me here, where you no doubt little thought that either they or I would ever arrive. But the risks of the journey were all well considered: I had many consultations, even before leaving Geneva, and trusted always that the obstacles would diminish the nearer

that I approached them. There are, doubtless, risks in travelling in Spain, but so there are in walking in the streets of London. Has not my own house been broken into since I left it; and have I not risked and lost more by a single medical consultation in London, than all the brigands or guerillas in Spain can deprive me of? As it is, I have now before me in review, what I may say no English artist has ever seen, the pictures of Madrid and the Escurial. These have long been celebrated, have been seen by many of our countrymen, military and others; but to form an estimate of what they are, and what are their merits compared with other works, an artist or connoisseur is the only judge, and the only authority to be relied on. To me, who have seen so many pictures, I am even surprised there should still remain, in such a country as this, so much to see.

But, setting aside the pictures which it contains, the Escurial itself is a remarkable place; it is both a convent and a palace, uniting the monastery and the court. The building seems nearly as large as if the palace of Hampton Court and Saint Paul's church were united: it is situated upon the rising verge of the Guadarama mountains, in a wild desert, twenty miles from Madrid, from whence it is clearly seen. As a convent, it is perhaps the richest known: it contains now one hundred monks, all men of family, whose lives seem a mixture of splendour and austerity. This dwelling is the abode of piety and dissipation; we have the monk and the soldier, the quiet refectory and the jovial mess-room; while one party is called to mass by solemn music, another is

called to arms by beat of drum! This is not only the palace and the church, but the mausoleum of the sovereigns of Spain. Below the grand altar is the tomb of "all the Capulets." We descended, by lamplight, into a splendid chamber built of variegated marbles, where the dust of Charles V., of Philip II., with the succeeding sovereigns of the Austrian and Bourbon family, repose.

I have been here joined by the attachés of the different embassies at Madrid:—Washington Irving, and his brother, from the American; Mr. Stanhope, and his brother Lord Mahon, from the English; and Prince Dolgorouki, from the Russian. We are all at the same Posada, and have been all alike interested by the sight of the conventual palace, and the wonders it contains. They brought me my letters from Madrid, one from Mr. Wade, and one from Sir Willoughby Gordon. Mr. Irving, on my arrival, introduced me to Mr. Ewart, the American ambassador; and, as my arrival was soon known among the English, I called on Mr. Bosanquet, our charge d'affaires, who instantly invited me to a dinner party, where various English were present. I may say also, that Irving, who had purposed leaving Madrid for Seville, during winter, has, for the present at least, delayed his journey on my account. The next question for me to consider is, what my own movements are to be, as all try to persuade me to remain in Madrid till the winter is over.

You remark the interest which the public take about me: this is perhaps increased by being abroad;

unluckily it can do me no good at present, but let me know every indication of it that appears in the papers.

Madrid, 22d Oct.

I returned this evening from the Escurial, having remained there six days, considering the works of art which the building contains. Her Catholic Majesty the Queen of Spain is now there in the absence of the King, who is gone to quiet his Catholic subjects: she is a daughter of the House of Saxony, is very pious, and appeared every day in the church of the convent at her devotions. If war goes on in Spain, we hear nothing of it: it is believed all will be accommodated.

A party, Lord Mahon, the two Irvings, and myself, go to-morrow for Toledo, to be away four days. I have not yet determined about my stay here: the cold sharp climate is the strongest objection.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Toledo, 28th Oct. 1827.

Two days ago we left Madrid to see the palace and gardens of Aranjuez on the banks of the Tagus, the nearest spot in this barren district around the capital capable of cultivation. From the gardens, which are finely kept, we proceeded to Toledo, a name familiar as Damascus and Ferrara for sword-blades, noted for excellence elsewhere than in the histories of Gil Blas and Don Quixote, and renowned

as the ancient capital of the Gothic Kings of Spain before it was overrun by the Moors.

From its ancient greatness it is now sadly fallen; once containing 200,000 inhabitants it is now reduced to 35,000, and these perhaps only kept together by its church endowments. It has eighteen convents and twenty-two nunneries: the revenues of the Archbishop of Toledo are the richest known, and the bishopric itself next to the rank of Pope, the most splendid preferment in the Catholic church. The cathedral is an object of great interest: it is in the florid Gothic style, and rendered still more gorgeous by the wealth lavished superstitiously upon it. One chapel has an altar entirely of silver; another chapel, devoted as a sanctuary to relics, for its precious marbles, and gold, and jewels, reminded me of the Imperial jewel-room of Vienna.

Madrid, 30th Oct.

We were two days in returning from Toledo, a distance of forty miles. The road to the very gates of Madrid is unpaved, and being raining heavy to a degree, night came on when three leagues from our journey's end; had to put up at a miserable cottage, all four in the same room; a perfect specimen of the ordinary accommodations of Spain. By being here I feel a point has been gained, and I wish to make the most of it; a knowledge of the Spanish pictures may be of use at home where they are little known. Another thing is, I must either stop here, or start again for another thousand miles, Paris being the nearest resting place I can stop at for the winter.

The Spanish people are shy of strangers, and I see

but what the public places afford. I have witnessed, however, one of their great public amusements, a bull fight: this took place in an area like a Roman amphitheatre; six bulls were combated, and finally killed; six horses were gored to death, and two men severely wounded, to the great delight of the people.

I have just seen in the papers Sir Walter Scott's letter, giving an account of my little picture of his family: I cannot help admiring it extremely for its cleverness and goodness of heart, and Washington Irving is quite delighted with it.

D. W.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

My dear Sir, Madrid, 12th Nov. 1827.

May I take the liberty of sending to you the accompanying prospectus of an extensive work in progress here, conducted by a leading professor, with the assistance of artists from Paris, and under the auspices, and I believe the support, of the government itself?

It consists of lithographic prints of the leading pictures of the different schools of the Museum and Academy of Madrid, and in the Convent of the Escurial, to be published in numbers to the amount of fifty or sixty, each number containing four prints, but the first only three. Nine numbers are already published from Italian and Spanish pictures; and both from the selection and execution, so far as lithography can go, give the promise of a very comprehensive and elegant work.

May I venture to ask if this is a work you think would be an object for the Royal Academy?

With this view I enclose the prospectus.

The prices differ with the sizes of the paper and the states before or with the writing. That I would recommend, if you should think favourably of the subject, is the lowest: a folio size, marked at 100 reales, which is 5 dollars, or about *one guinea* for *each number*.

As numbers cannot be had separately, it is scarcely within the reach of individuals. If lithography be an objection, still they are very carefully and creditably done, and perhaps two thirds of the pictures to be included never have been engraved, and, excepting a very few, entirely unknown out of Spain.

D. W.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Madrid, 12th Nov. 1827.

During my protracted absence, you may believe with what interest I have heard of the high honour you have done me, by remembering me upon some important occasions, in the Chair of the Royal Academy. Cheered, as I have been, upon my sometimes solitary and wearisome journey by such a mark of your notice, you have yourself, also, been brought agreeably to my recollection at times, when my route has led me to those places where you, on your memorable journey on the Continent, had already been.

At Vienna, those who had known you were full of the circumstances of your visit. You were almost the only one of our compatriots they had seen, and happy it was to be the first to come after you. Much of the attention I received there I attribute to the favourable impression you had left of British Art, and its Professors.

At Vienna I had the pleasure of meeting some of your handiworks. In the house of the family of Meerveldt I found one of your drawings; and in the palace of the Prince Metternich, his Highness took me through the suite of rooms, to show me a head you had painted of one of his daughters; but who, he said, with a composure peculiar to that great statesman, had died two years afterwards.

In the two several visits I have made to Italy, I have scarcely met with any thing of note that you have not seen and well considered. Indeed, in viewing its master-pieces, I have frequently tried to divine, in my own mind, the ideas and feelings with which you may have been impressed when in presence of the same work, and, in approaching the Sistine Chapel, had fresh in my recollection the prepossession which your opinion had given me of that great work. I was prepared to expect pre-eminence, but, having seen enough now to know in what pre-eminence consists, was *not* disappointed. This must be admitted to be the greatest work the pencil has yet produced. It addresses itself to the highest faculties of the mind; and yet, what is perhaps less adverted to, it is by no means deficient in those qualities without which, though chiefly addressed to the eye, the

art of painting cannot maintain her influence, namely colour and effect.

But I turn from works that have been seen and discussed by so many, to those immediately before me, which scarcely any British artist has seen. My journey into Spain has been devised by the necessity of continuing to travel, and the wish to find some new object of curiosity. And here, as you may well suppose, with the Museum of Madrid and the Escurial before me, and within my reach, I could not fail to be amply gratified.

Here are the collections formed by Charles V. and Philip II., and the more recent stores acquired in the time of their own and the Flemish masters. For Correggios, they are weak; of the two attributed to him, the best is in the Escurial, and placed so high as not to be judged of. Their fine one they all lament. Its transfer to England will form a part in the history of Spain. They have four attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, of which one portrait, of a Lady, is said to be one of the best authenticated of the master; is much in the style of his drawing; very beautiful, and so highly worked as to resemble a little the style of Vanderwerfe; but after these, it is in the number and quality of their Titians their strength consists.

Yet it is in the Spanish School we must expect them to be here unrivalled. Juan Battista Juannes, Morales, Ribera, Velasquez, Murillo, and Alonso Cano, seem the chief. Of these, the first is of the time and school of Raphael, is much esteemed here, but to us too much of an imitator to be in request. Ribera is

sufficiently known every where;" but Velasquez and Murillo are preferred, and preferred with reason, to all the others, as the most original and characteristic of their school.

These two great painters are remarkable for having lived in the same time, in the same school, painted from the same people, and of the same age, and yet to have formed two styles so different and opposite, that the most unlearned can scarcely mistake them; Murillo being all softness, while Velasquez is all sparkle and vivacity. To our English tastes it is unnecessary to advocate the style of Velasquez. I know not if the remark be new, but we appear as if identified with him; and while I am in the two galleries at the Museum, half filled with his works, I can almost fancy myself among English pictures. Sir Joshua, Romney, and Raeburn, whether from imitation or instinct, seem powerfully imbued with his style, and some of our own time, even to our landscape painters, seem to possess the same affinity. Nothing can be more captivating than the examples of his manner of painting here. The portraits, equestrian and otherwise, of Philip III. & V.; the Duke d'Olivarez, and the little Infante Balthasar, with various portraits of children, decked out in the most fanciful and grotesque manner, are of the happiest effect; and such is his taste for the varieties of character, that there are here six portraits of dwarfs painted, as if they were his most favourite subjects.

Compared with Murillo, he has more intellect and expression, more to surprise and to captivate the artist; still Murillo is a universal favourite, and

perhaps suffers in the estimation of some only because all can admire him; but if he is in some qualities superior to Velasquez, and in design much inferior to the Schools of Italy, yet for colour he gives an abstract hue of nature, particularly in his flesh, that is much in the manner of Titian and Correggio. It is still said that in Andalusia are his finest examples; here there are none finer than we have seen in the Gallery of Marshal Soult. Indeed, judging of all I have seen in Spain, not yet having seen their Flemish School, nor the works of Mengs, Velasquez is in greatest perfection; far superior here to what he is every where else.

But I must have tired you with subjects that engross me, because they are near, and which at a distance must lose their interest; believe me, however, that nothing new or foreign ever destroys my relish for news of my friends at home. I have been favoured from various quarters by accounts of what you have been doing, a subject of curiosity abroad as well as at home. Your portraits of Mr. Canning, of Lord Liverpool, and of Mrs. Peel, have been vividly and minutely described to me by one who can both appreciate and describe.

I cannot hope that you should write to me, but should feel it a high honour; and if in this place I can be of use or service to you, pray do not hesitate. My address is, poste-restante, Madrid.

D. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL.

My dear Sir, Madrid, 19th Nov. 1827.

Of the four pictures I had selected, there is one, the Bishop in purple, my friend Wilson takes no notice of; but as I thought the condition of this doubtful, and as the Doge Andrea Spinola is not to be had, I do not hesitate, from my own recollections of it, which Wilson's opinion strongly confirms, to say that the whole length of the *Old Gentleman* is the picture to be preferred. It appears that this and the Lady were not originally of the Spinola Palace, but their condition is pure and untouched; and, whoever they were, the Gentleman is no common-looking person. The picture of the Lady is painted with the same care and taste, but by no means so imposing.

* * * *. * *

* * * * * *

You have done me the handsome compliment to say that you would be satisfied with my judgment in this proposed purchase; but, considering the quality of the collection you have formed, and that you cannot see these pictures yourself, I think the fresh eye and experience of Wilson advantageous. Of the price I can the least judge, not knowing the prices in London: there are bargains to be had at times in Genoa, but these depend on the necessities of the seller. Attached to this letter is a slight sketch I made from recollection of the picture when at Genoa.

I remain in Madrid for two or three months; my address, whenever you honour me with a letter, is

poste-restante. My journey here has been a high gratification to me; the people, from their unsettled and marauding state, present appearances of the most original kind, and for old pictures there is quite a mine, of which in England we have known nothing. There are four Raphaels, of high excellence; one Leonardo da Vinci; and above fifty Titians; and but for the loss of their regretted Correggio, which the chances of war have transferred to Apsley House, their Italian pictures here, and in the Escurial, would scarcely be surpassed by those of any gallery in Europe. Their Flemish school must also be rich, but all the influence of my diplomatic friends here cannot get me a sight of it: the pictures are under repair, and on the ground, and the Duke of Thar, the director, will allow no one to see them. Before I leave Madrid, perhaps some friend at home may favour me with assistance in this. But their Spanish school can be equalled no where. Velasquez and Murillo are in great force: the first is the delight of all artists, and has almost formed the style of our painters in England; while Murillo, with less power, but with a higher aim in colouring, seems of all painters the most universal favourite.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Madrid, 22d Nov. 1827.

The inclosed is for the gentleman (James Morrison, Esq.) who has bought "The Confessional," and wished to have The Pifferari (Pipers), the companion

picture. His particular address I know not; but Mr. Collins will inform you: my letter in March last, which I wrote from Rome to him in Florence, states the price. You will look that the pictures are in a good state. I made no conditions for frames, so that, except the slips about them, I do not furnish any. The Washing of the Pilgrims' Feet being unfinished, I do not wish to dispose of; let it therefore be quiet and snug.

I get on very well in Madrid: here there are few English, and no cockney travellers; and, having little intercourse with the natives, our chief society is among the corps diplomatic. The English, French, Russian, Neapolitan, and American houses of legation, have shown me marked attention, and it is there I find my chief society. I owe much of this to Irving, who has been most zealous and hearty in his efforts to serve me. Send me a proof of Blindman's Buff, an etching of Distraining for Rent, a copy of my etchings, and a proof from Duncan Gray. I should also like perhaps those of Sam. Reynolds's engravings from Sir Joshua's picture: get Collins or Geddes to choose the best, as I wish to show them here.

D. W.

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Sir, London, 27th Nov. 1827.

I have seldom been more highly gratified than by the receipt and perusal of your letter which I received this morning. The internal evidence which

it gives of your health, the pleasure of finding myself still in your remembrance, and the interesting information you so admirably convey on the subject the most dear to us, are so many distinct enjoyments, and which, perhaps, are not the less positive from their breaking a silence not longer continued than might be justly and naturally accounted for, but which self-love, and the consciousness of an unvarying admiration and fond esteem, began to find too long for their craving hopes. I shall meet our friends on the 10th instant with greater confidence; and if I find symptoms of complaint and dissatisfaction at the incompetency of their president, shall reinstate myself in their good opinion by the introduction of your letter, and its evidence of your regard.

You are not perhaps the first English artist who has seen the fine works you enumerate, but you are the first on whose opinion I can implicitly rely, and who has been capable of discriminating their styles with such lucid accuracy. I will own to you that *three* of the four Raphaels rather disappointed me. There are parts very fine in the Christ bearing his Cross, but it is not in his high and pure style of composition: we see attitudes in the place of natural action, and either feebleness or exaggeration in the expressions. The Pearl equally disappointed me as it did you. The meeting between Mary and Elizabeth has little that is interesting, either in the design or execution. The simple symmetrical grandeur of the Madonna del Pesce has more of the elevated feeling of the master than can be found in all the details of the others; and I confess I envied the French (then its

supposed owners) the possession of that work. Should you possibly find time to write to me again from Spain, tell me what is the subject of that "best Correggio," which is placed so high at the Escurial. The original of The Bacchanalians, by Titian, must indeed be a rich and fine work. The effect of the large picture of Charles the Fifth is then the same with, or of lower tone than the sketch in our friend's collection. I am glad that you admire so much the large work of the Apotheosis of that monarch, of which I know we have often admired the sketch. Your criticism on the blue sky and draperies is exactly my own impression; and the fault is so opposite to the uniform splendour or deep-toned harmony of Titian, that I have almost believed the tale that those draperies and their colours formed part of the dream which is said to have suggested the picture. All praise, and at least *English* gratitude, be given to the monks for their tasteful indolence! How delightful must be the contemplation of those fine combinations of the palette in their pure and undisturbed freshness; and how painful (were they not?) must have been the opposite feelings on your first view of The Notte, The San Georgio, &c., at Dresden! I am ignorant to which of those pictures you give the palm. Mr. Jones is very decidedly for the former; Mr. Callcott has not written. My impression of Titian's Last Supper was moderated by a large copy of it (however feeble) at Lord Stafford's. The sketch is, I dare say, to the artist's feeling, the more precious work.

From the one picture by Ribera, at Naples, I have

been led to think you would find some grand severe specimens of his power and sentiment in chiaro-scuro which Caravaggio never had. The picture I speak of was, I think, in the San Martino at Naples. A copy or repetition of it is at Lord Arundel's at Wardour. Yes, I fully agree with you in the sympathy of our English pencil with that of Velasquez; but in all the objects and subjects of his pencil, it is the true philosophy of the art—the selection of essentials,—of all which, first and last, strikes the eye and senses of the spectator.

In subjects of sentiment and feeling, of dramatic variety and passion, no other but your own unequalled union of truth, delicacy, and force, can render the subtleties of expression and character, and subdue the mere handicraft of art, by the intensity of its nobler aim. No matter for the size in which the tale is given, if the head and heart are equally enchanted by it. I come too soon to the end of my small paper. You ask me to give you trouble. Will you then inquire of a small picture by Guido — The Coronation of the Virgin — once in the Altamira collection? and should you chance to meet with drawings by the old masters, note down those of Raphael, M. Angelo, Parmigiano, &c., which most strike you.

My dear Sir,

Ever faithfully yours,

Thos. Lawrence.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Madrid, 24th Dec. 1827.

My friend in London, whom you already know is no other than Mr. Peel, has written me, by return of post, dated London, Dec. 3.; and, as his instructions would suffer greatly by abridgment, I have got our friend Washington Irving to copy them out for your particular and immediate consideration:—

"I am delighted with the simple dignity of the Old Gentleman, a sketch of whom you sent; and if I can only get him by the purchase of his wife also (if wife she be), I will not hesitate to take the two pictures. You observe 'Wilson thinks Lord —— might take the lady as a companion to his man in armour; but should you consider favourably of the purchase so offered, I should be clear for this point being delayed till you see both pictures yourself.' This suggestion will entirely meet my views: the two pictures may be purchased on my account at the sum named; may be sent to England; and if I should not like the lady, and if Mr. Wilson should be prepared to take her for Lord ——, I shall be ready to make an arrangement with him on terms which he himself shall think equitable with reference to the merits of the two pictures: if not, I will keep her. I will also most willingly accede to whatever you may think just and liberal, with respect to my bearing a proportionate share of Mr. Wilson's expenses.

"But I am not contented even with the Old Gentleman and his Wife. I long for the Doge Andrea, and

for the Bishop in purple; for I have been reading again your first letter. Mr. Wilson says nothing of the Bishop; perhaps he did not see it. But could he not instruct Tagliafico to make some inquiries about it? If Mr. Wilson should think (notwithstanding her respect for the memory of the Doge, her relative) that Madame Spinola, tempted by a liberal offer and the prospect of parting with three pictures at once,—the Doge, the Old Gentleman, and his Lady,—might relent, I should be disposed to make the attempt at any rate. Perhaps an offer of * * * *. Mr. Wilson can judge of this. If he subsequently should hear of the Bishop in purple, and decidedly advise the purchase, I am inclined to make the acquisition of that picture also, on any terms proportionate, with reference to the size and merit of the picture, to those named for the Old Gentleman and Lady.

"I was under an impression, when I wrote the above, that the Doge Andrea was a whole-length, as well as the portrait of the Old Gentleman; but I see, on recurring to your first letter, that the Doge is only a half-length. As the value of the whole-length is calculated at * * * *, perhaps Madame Spinola would be tempted by a less sum than that which I have mentioned for the three. But I should much wish to have the three; and if you think the Doge equal in merit, though less in size, to the Old Gentleman, I am quite prepared, rather than to lose him, to give an equal price. So far as I can form a judgment, I am inclined to think the valuation a very reasonable one, and shall be delighted to hear that the four pictures

can be purchased for me on terms similar to those named for the two."

So far Mr. Peel; but I see he says, in a part of his letter not copied by Mr. Irving, "I presume the best plan will be for Mr. Wilson to draw upon me for the amount of his purchases on my account at Genoa." Now this being the case, and as I trust you have made arrangements for this before leaving Genoa, you had better draw upon him by the designation of "The Right Hon. Robert Peel, Whitehall, London." Write also to himself. Direct such an answer as you may think proper about this and the other proposed purchases. The Bishop in purple is, as well as the Doge, a half-length portrait all round.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Madrid, 23d Dec. 1827.

Your letter stating your interview with Mr. Morrison I got yesterday. The delivery and payment due upon the picture of The Confessional is all right. The Piper you will keep snug till I come home. I did say that if the three were bought by the same person, I would sell them cheaper than separately; but at present it is my interest to keep them separate, to get the most I can for them. Mr. Morrison has, however, behaved throughout most handsomely. Pray express my thanks for the same.

D. W.

Into the memoranda which the artist kept during his abode in Spain many interesting matters have found their way which did not obtain a place in his letters, full to overflowing as they are of matters explanatory and illustrative of art.

JOURNAL IN SPAIN.

October 6th, Reach Burgos. — 10th, In the Escurial: see the Pearl of Raphael; the shadows black, much like those attributed to Julio Romano: see various pictures by Titian, Tintoretto, Sebastian del Piombo, and Murillo; also the Salutation of Raphael. Saw the tombs of the Kings of Spain, by torch-light, under the church. The church and convent extremely magnificent. — 17th, Saw two Leonardo da Vincis, various Titians, and a Giovanni Bellini. In the Sacristy found a Titian, with a Descent from the Cross, attributed to Albert Durer. In the Salle de Capitalis found two Entombments by Titian; one fresh and brilliant: over an altar a Christ in the Garden, also by Titian, resembling the treatment of the same subject by Correggio. Saw a St. Jerome also, by Titian. In this Salle found a Correggio — Christ at the Well; not first rate, but in good condition. Here also is Vandyke's Ecce Homo, size of life; well composed, but yellow, smooth, and leatherish, in the colouring and texture. Of Tintoretto, there is here The Esther fainting before Ahasuerus — the same as the one at Hampton Court, but perhaps better. Throughout the building I found many pictures by that master, but, from want of intellect, always uninteresting. In the Old Chapel found the Madonna del Pesce in ex-

cellent condition: in colour some parts heated, but head of the angel very fine; the child uninteresting, but the whole has the look of a genuine picture. The Martyrdom of San Lorenzo, by Titian, same as in the Jesuits' Church in Venice, and, like that, very black. A Martyrdom by Paul Veronese, good.

21st, After much inquiry, found the large picture of The Last Supper, by Titian, at the upper end, between the windows in the refectory. Nothing can be finer than the composition of this work and the arrangement of the colours; but in point of design, with the character of the heads, it suffers greatly when taken in comparison with the picture on the same subject by Leonardo da Vinci; yet the painting of this work is what chiefly attracted my attention. It is in his latter manner; is timid, cold, and laboured, and void of the frankness and simplicity of pencilling which distinguishes his early works. It is entirely without glazing, — a quality which I have never before seen wanting in Titian, but which the darkness of the situation might have, to his mind, rendered inadmissible. The effect of fresco is what he seems to have aimed at, but fresco would have told here with greater power. It has much of the hue of a modern-coloured print; and though the arrangement and colouring be Titian, it is Titian as if he were copied in pastel. The head of Christ is the lightest head in the picture; and, as Mr. West used to observe, becomes principal, from telling as a spot in a large mass of shadow: in character and expression it is, however, superior to his usual heads of Christ. Scarcely any head, or any other object in the picture, appears painted

from nature; there is no direct light in the composition, but every object made as if illuminated by the reflected light from the chamber. The table-cloth is lighted precisely as the real table-cloth is on the table at the head of the refectory: the head of Christ is without a glory; some rays from the top of the picture are all that denote his divinity. West had a sketch of the picture.

In an adjoining room to the church, up stairs, neglected and without a frame, is the Grand Gloria of Titian. For painting, this is greatly superior to the Last Supper. There is a figure of Moses, and other figures naked, at the bottom of the picture, amongst the finest things I have seen in painting. There are some blues in the draperies of the Father and the Son and the Virgin, and the sky, in the strongest degree harsh and unnatural. Samuel Rogers, the poet, has a sketch of this picture.

But of all the pictures in the Escurial none is more beautiful or more striking than the Madonna del Pesce, in the Old Chapel: there mind and intelligence take the first rank. The colouring, and for colour scarce any thing is finer, is just what colour should be—an accessary to the intellectual objects of the picture. The head and neck of the angel may be considered to realize the beau ideal of the supposed art of the Greeks. The Raphaels, three in number, having visited Paris, have been varnished, and perhaps cleaned; but of all the other pictures in the Escurial, neglected, decayed, or damaged, none appear to have been tampered with. The Titians, twenty-seven in number, appear just as the artist left them—are

neither rubbed nor touched, and, as I think, not even varnished.

Madrid, Oct. 29th. Saw again to-day the Spanish school in the Museum,—Velasquez a surprising fellow! The Hermits in a Rocky Desert pleased me much; also a Dark Wood at Nightfall. He is Teniers on a large scale: his handling is of the most sparkling kind, owing much of its dazzling effect to the flatness of the ground it is placed upon. The picture of Children in Grotesque Dresses, in his painting-room, is a surprising piece of handling. Still he would gain, and indeed does gain, when he glazes his pictures. He makes no use of his ground; lights and shadows are opaque. Chilliness and blackness are sometimes the result; and often a cold blue or green prevails, requiring all his brilliancy of touch and truth of effect to make tolerable. Velasquez, however, may be said to be the origin of what is now doing in England. His feeling they have caught almost without seeing his works; which here seem to anticipate Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Jackson, and even Sir Thomas Lawrence. Perhaps there is this difference: he does at once what we do by repeated and repeated touches. It may truly be said, that wheresoever Velasquez is admired, the paintings of England must be acknowledged and admired with him.

Murillo, though of the same school, and of nearly the same time, is a painter opposed in almost every thing to Velasquez. If not greater in point of talent, his subjects are more elevated; his painting and colouring more general and abstract at the same time: while the qualities of Velasquez are fitted

chiefly for the artist, from their highly technical excellence, those of Murillo, from their extreme simplicity, are addressed to the multitude. No painter is so universally popular as Murillo: without trick or vulgar imitation, he attracts every one by his power, and adapts the higher subjects of art to the commonest understanding. Perhaps that very power tells to his prejudice amongst painters, who suppose the great qualities of art can be appreciated only by the few; but unless art can affect the uninstructed, it loses its influence upon the great mass of mankind. As a colourist, I should be disposed to give Murillo a high place: he is sometimes in his backgrounds heated and foxy; but in his flesh he has an object distinct from most of his contemporaries, and seems, like Rembrandt, to aim at the general character of flesh when tinged with the glow of the sun. His colour seems adapted for the highest class of art; it is never minute or particular, but a general and poetical recollection of nature; and when successful is of the same class, and in no remote degree an approach, to Titian and Correggio.

The following pictures are in the Museum of Madrid:—

1. St. Marguerita and the Dragon; also in the Escurial. 2. Bacchanals and Nymph sleeping. 3. Sacrifice de la Fecundité. 4. Charles the Fifth on Horseback: Samuel Rogers has a sketch of this. 5. Adam and Eve. 6. Philip the Second; half-length. 7. King's Offering; also in the Escurial. 8. Diana and Calisto; in Lord Stafford's gallery also. 9. Philip

the Second; allegorical. 10. Venus and Adonis; also in the National Gallery. 11. Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second; whole-lengths. 12. Portrait of Titian, by himself in old age. These are by Titian. There are three by Paul Veronese; viz.—1. The Finding of Moses. 2. Virtue and Vice; the life size. 3. Christ among the Doctors; a large picture. There are three also by Raphael:—1. Christ bearing the Cross. 2. Head of a Cardinal. 3. Old Head; name doubtful. Gaspar Poussin has two pictures; viz.—1. Abraham and Isaac: at Dresden there is one much the same by Andrea del Sarto. 2. A Female Head. And Leonardo da Vinci, a Female Head, of which the dress is highly wrought.

A part of the Museum contains works such as can be seen no where save in Spain: they are of the Spanish school, the works of Joannes, Morales, Alonzo Cano, Claudio Cuello, and others in repute here; but wanting in power to make them known out of Spain. Ribera, Murillo, and Velasquez, however, are known every where; but in the two latter are comprised all the force and originality of the school. There are numerous specimens of both, but particularly of Velasquez; portraits of kings, queens, and infantas, and even dwarfs, of the court of Spain; with landscapes and battle-pieces,—painted so much in the spirit of our British school, that they may be regarded as an anticipation of our most popular works.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Madrid, 14th Jan. 1828.

I have read with extreme sorrow your account of the death of the earliest friend and relative of the family, David Lister. I have written to Isabella to express my condolence to her, and to her husband and brothers. As her husband (being of her father's profession) is qualified to take charge of my affairs in the north, I have desired him to do so. Mr. Lister has been fortunate in life; but his knowledge of the world, his prudence, and integrity of character have been in a great degree the cause of his good fortune. His only trouble has been the Cupar Bank, and I hope it will not now be the cause of any discomfort to his family.

We pass our time here very agreeably, though Spaniards we seldom see. The first lodging I had was with Donna Maria Puertis'y Reymat, in the Puerta del Sol; but she was too handsome, and too fine a lady, and besides had no chimney and a very bad stair, so that I left her after the first month. I am now in the Calle di Majaderitos, with a chimney and three good rooms, and two besides for Charles Stonhouse, when he arrives. The entrance is good enough to induce ladies of rank to call for me, which was before impossible.

To-day, 15th January, Mr. Charles Stonhouse arrived, after a journey of eighteen days, and is safely lodged with me, and apparently well satisfied with all that he has seen. He has brought colours and

canvas, as I requested, and in a day or two I hope will be at work. He came by Southampton and Havre, without going to Paris. I am interested in all you say about Lady Laurie, the Lady Mayoress, and her (adopted) daughters. Their brother I thought a good fellow. Give my best regards to Sir Peter and his lady. The ministry not yet settled! Poor old England has been full of trouble ever since I left her. My return alone can put matters to rights by bringing back friends into power.

D. W.

TO DAVID WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Russell Square, 10th Jan. 1828.

It may be part of the happiness of your present existence to have lost all remembrance of the misery of a London life to those engaged in the daily toil of their profession, and linked by it (with some duties) to the just or fancied claims of its society.

I want you to recall some part of this your past life, that you may the sooner forgive me for not immediately acquainting you with the result of my application to the council of the Royal Academy to become subscribers, on your recommendation, to the series of engravings now in progress from the finest pictures of the Spanish school. I have the pleasure to tell you that I am now furnished with their authority for requesting you to put down The Royal Academy of England as subscribers to that work.

You will doubtless have seen by the English papers the result of our late academical elections—the re-

signation of Mr. Thomson, and the appointment of Mr. Hilton to the office of keeper in his place. The former had been matter of much regret, and some surprise; but increased ill health, the solicitations of his friends in the country, and possibly a wearisome life of petty detail, contrasted with the former exercise of his talents in his professional exertions, combined, and gave a sufficient cause for his retirement from that office. It is still a doubt with some of his friends whether that retirement will be permanently in the country, and I confess I am one of those, for his attainments and social qualities (when not under the influence of nervous depression) peculiarly qualify him for the activity of London society; and you and others will think it strange than an artist so deeply imbued with the finest impressions and principles of his art, and a fair sharer in its award of fame, should be long content to abandon its enjoyments by living so entirely apart from its productions, its interests, and its friends. Mr. Hilton's success you would be prepared for on his being named as candidate. He came in by a great majority; not, however, unmixed with regret that Mr. Stothard was one of the losing candidates. We had *had* a Nestor! whose glorious genius, invested with the dread authority of satire, wit, and learning, would have continued to make us passive under more wants, neglects, and imperfections than the schools of the Academy were then enduring; but everywhere a more youthful spirit was necessary to restore to the establishment its tranquillity and order, and this Mr. Thomson's exertions had happily effected. The election of Mr. Stothard might again

have thrown it back, by the present and increasing infirmities of age, and by a simplicity of character which, however in unison with his genius, is utterly helpless in the correction of youthful mischief and turbulent ingenuity.

I read to our friend Mr. Rogers, at a small dinner party of some of his higher society, one or two passages of your letter (possibly more), and he was much gratified to have been remembered by you, and to have had the interest of his sketch increased by your eloquent description of its original, or I should rather say of the greater work created from it. How exceedingly interesting must that selection of pictures be by so great a master, over which neglect has thrown its protecting mantle, and thus fortunately saved them from the havoc of repair! In his later days Titian appears to have been singularly bold and fearless, dashing his colours on the canvas with little of systematic preparation: delighting in novel foreshortened views of the figures, in which (as seen from a *low* point of sight) he and Fuseli were the highest authorities; and in some instances losing sight (as perhaps in The Apotheosis of Charles) of that sterner dignity of sense which accompanies the grandeur of his St. Peter and The Family of the Pisanos.

You find nothing of Mengs to raise him in your opinion over what he appears in the ceilings of some of the smaller chambers of the Vatican? The mention of this hero of ephemeral reputation recalls the object of his adoration and study, and a difference of opinion between our friends Messrs. Callcott and

Jones respecting the San Georgio and the Notte at Dresden; Mr. Callcott, as I understood, preferring the former, and Mr. Jones as positively the latter.

Between pictures so different in some views it may be difficult to form a comparison; but, on the whole, which do you think the higher effort of his power? I was going to say the most intellectual; but the phrase has its two applications,—the one as expressing the highest effort of the reasoning faculties (and therefore strictly intellectual), the other as conveying that effusion, that emanation of genius, which the sacredness of the object so imperiously demands. But we know the entirely different frame of mind with which the artist prepared himself for each. He came to the latter with the same awe, though not in tones of sorrow, with which Milton invokes the sacred groves, when he has to lament his Lycidas, girding up his genius to the task; and it was then that he might have answered as the poet did to his friend. You ask me what I am about—what are my present thoughts? "My Diodati, let me whisper it in your ear, I think, so help me heaven, of immortality." This immortality, which, when the powers that claim it are genuine and *consistent*, is equally fame at the present moment, can be gained only by the addition of the original to the powerful and the true; and this your own brilliant but patient and firm career has already secured, beyond the reach of fortune to affect it. You have now fair right to your repose; nor can you employ your time more gratefully to your friends and to your country (so you soon return to it) than in visiting the various provinces and pro-

ductions of that mimic empire to which you have yourself contributed a new state.

I rejoice to see that, with the many acquaintance presenting themselves for your selection, you have the more secure comfort of an old friend in Mr. Washington Irving; whose "Columbus" we are anxiously expecting. The Quarterly (which inserts his admirable preface) promises it in a few days.

Although, from respect, regard, and justice, I am prompt to defend your present right of entire freedom from professional labour, I do not the less pray for that recovered tone of constitution that may make longer abstinence impossible to you; but as anxiously desire to witness the future triumphs of your pencil, as to take again the hand that so incomparably wields it.

Believe me, &c.

THOS. LAWRENCE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL.

My dear Sir, Madrid, 28th Jan. 1828.

From Rome Wilson has written me, 18th December, with some further accounts from Genoa, though he had not then received your order for the purchase of the two Vandykes. He says the Doge Spinola is not to be parted with; and of the Bishop in the Carega Palace, he doubts from its rubbed state whether it would do for you. The following I copy as new particulars:—

"I was taken to the Palace of Nicola Cataneo, Piazzo St. Georgia, the only palace I had never been

in during my former visits, although I had long known that it contained a treasure. I regret you did not see it: in one room there are nine Vandykes — all fine, and all well preserved. They are the only pictures in the house. Vandyke seems to have experienced kindness in this family, and to have exerted himself on each picture. Over the fireplace is the full-length of a Young Lady, with a Black Servant holding a curious Parasol over her Head. She is dressed in black, against a light evening sky, the light of which falls strongly on some Corinthian columns and portico, out of which she has just come. On the left of this picture is a full-length of a Girl about seven years old, in white satin, with yellow curling locks about her face: this picture is beautifully painted. The companion to this is the full-length of a Boy, equally good. The remaining six pictures head-size, but all with hands introduced. I have tried to get the Lady for Lord ——; but the family are unwilling to part with it. What a prize such a collection would be for a National Gallery!"

In Madrid I am in search, as you requested, for a Velasquez. Recollecting a most pleasing specimen, a head in a court dress of an Infanta, a daughter of Philip the Fourth, which Signor Lopez, painter to the king, showed me as a purchase he had made for twenty Louis, I sent to offer him an advance in price for his bargain; but his answer was, that he had bought it not for himself, but for the Infante Don Sebastian. On seeing Lopez, however, I have imparted to him my object, and he gives me reason to

hope he will find me some other good specimen of the master.

Signor Madrazo, another painter who deals—which Lopez does not—has in his house three fine specimens: a head of a Priest, a whole-length of an Alcalde in black, with a duplicate of the Velasquez at Earl Grosvenor's of the little Infante Don Balthazar on Horseback in the Court-yard of the Palace. This last would be a desirable specimen; but its fellow being already in London would be an objection. I wish, however, to see the best that can be found before any one is to be fixed upon; but the law prohibiting the exportation of old original pictures under penalty of confiscation, seems a serious matter. I have in the first instance had the best advice upon it; and Riara, the leading banker here, assures me, that for one or two pictures this may be managed with safety, and that he will find a company who will, at a premium, insure their delivery on board ship. This is a point on which it would be desirable that little risk should be run.

I know not how to thank you for your obliging kindness in obtaining for me the assistance of your distinguished friends in London to insure one of my chief objects here: your note with the letters I have received, and I have waited on the Duke del Infantada, and the secretary of state, both of whom have readily undertaken to urge my request, and the latter assures me from the steps he has taken, I shall have no further difficulty. I feel quite ashamed that such high interests should be called in to effect so unimportant an object; but till your letter arrived the

repeated exertions of my friends here failed, though the inconvenience to those who had to show me the pictures appeared the only objection.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Dear Wilson, Madrid, 24th Jan. 1828.

Yours of the 18th ult. has only now reached me: all you tell me is interesting, and of the new palazzo of Vandykes you have discovered, I shall make a report to my friend at Whitehall. Meantime, should my letter with the order for the Spinola Vandykes be lost, or tardy in coming to hand, I copy a note which he has just now sent me to repeat it.

What you say of the Battle of the Standard is worth consideration: perhaps the Sebastian del Piombo, as it seems to strike you too. These, however, as well as the Correggios, unlike the Vandykes, depend upon the authority of those who import them; and must be as it were warranted. I beg you to write me of all that is doing, and of what you think can be done.

Madrazo, the painter here, has a Duchess of Orleans, by Vandyke. It is a good picture; is fresh and bright, but wants tone: it is the size of your man in armour: he asks 1000 piastres, that is 200 guineas, for it.

D. W.

CHAPTER XII.

MADRID AND SEVILLE.—LETTERS TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE, MR. PHILLIPS, R.A., MR. WILSON, SIR ROBERT PEEL, PRINCE DOLGOROUKI, MR. NASMYTH, MR. COLLINS, R.A.—EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL, PARIS.

TO SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Dear Sir Thomas, Madrid, 11th Feb. 1828.

Many and best thanks for your most kind letters, both of which have been most gratefully received. It delights me, after so long an absence, to find that I retain, however undeservedly, such a place in your remembrance and esteem.

Your commands for the lithographic prints for yourself I have already put in force. The package is all ready to send off. The estimate I gave it has been found necessary to vary from, making about three francs difference each number. The impressions on plain paper were, on examination, so bad from over use, compared with those on India paper, that I was compelled to prefer the latter. This makes, for the eleven numbers paid for, twelve guineas, instead of eleven guineas, according to estimate. One thing to be observed is, in this undertaking, they charge one number more than they deliver, till all is completed; that is, eleven numbers are charged, while only ten are delivered to me.

I shall, agreeable to the order you convey to me

from the Council of the Royal Academy, give directions for ten numbers to be prepared in every respect as those for yourself, which, when ready, I shall lose no time in forwarding. The kind message of thanks which you have done me the honour to convey to me from my friends the gentlemen of the Council gratifies me extremely.

As there are no couriers from this, I have sent off four days ago your package to Bilboa, to be shipped for London, directed to you, Russell Square, London.

In regard to the Altimira collection, I cannot trace positively the Guido: those I have asked wish to know if it left that collection at the sale in 1823, or before; whether it be on board or canvas, what size, and what sort of composition.

Of drawings of the old masters I have heard of no collections of note here. They tell me there are some in the Escurial; but this I did not know when there, but hope to see it again.

Your description of the paintings of the latter days of Titian agrees perfectly with many of his works in the Escurial, rough canvas, drugged colour, and harsh blues prevail; but, though uncouth to the common eye, his hues and surface always tell to advantage beside other works. In the Museum here are pictures of the same period; one head of himself, very aged: but the Bacchanals is, like the Bacchus and Ariadne, of a much earlier period. The Pesaro Family, which you have remarked and admired at Venice, is, I suppose, also early: how much this, in the painting, looked like Sir J. Reynolds!

I go along with you fully in your inquiries about

Correggio, of whom every stray morsel is subject of curiosity. In the Museum is a small one, doubtful and painted on. The one in the Escurial attracted my attention; its subject Christ and the Magdalen—*Noli me tangere:*—made a small sketch of it. Being over a door should not be to its prejudice in the *Escurial;* but, if original, which I could not get near enough to be satisfied of, it is a superior picture of the master.

The Notte would disappoint you after the St. Jerome at Parma: the parts must at all times have been inferior; but, as a whole, its plan seems almost one of the wonders of the art of painting—a real event and an allegory at the same time:—the Infant, as the light of the world, dazzling the lookers-on, both men and angels, while the faint breaking of a new day is seen in the distant back-ground. The lights are decidedly rubbed to a chalky whiteness. James Irvine of Rome has seen the picture thirty years ago, as well as recently, and laments the change: it was then most rich and harmonious. It has still a striking breadth of light and shadow, the latter warm and brown; and the lights I think must at all times have been like those in his Christ in the Garden—cool; not like Rembrandt's night scenes, which are a warm lamp light, but more like the phosphorescent quality of the glow-worm.

I agree with Jones rather than my friend Callcott; prefer it greatly to the St. Georgio: this Woodburn asserted to be still more rubbed than the Notte. Except the Madonna's head, which is fine, the figures in this work are fantastic and disagreeable. The

composition is symmetrical; a style better suited to the imposing grandeur of Fra Bartolomeo than to the picturesque fantasies of Correggio.

Of Ribera there are none here, nor perhaps any where, so fine as that you mention at St. Elmo at Naples. There is a Martyrdom here, finely coloured; he paints capitally, but his works do not interest; they are here, with those of Luca Giordano, to be met with at every corner. There are several ceilings in the palace, by Mengs, in fresco. Correggio is doubtless his model, but a feeble imitation of the antique statues prevails still more, and when the "beau style" is aimed at, feeble drawing is intolerable. His oil pictures are inferior to his frescos: there are some heads, however, portraits, well, but heavily painted, that remind me of Sir Joshua, whose youthful mind perhaps, in spite of himself, has caught a something from Mengs.

Our friend Thomson's retirement I am surprised at, though I knew he was uncomfortable in the situation: to such a mind Italy would be an agreeable retreat. I sometimes regret being so late in seeing Italy; but you yourself, in your later practice, have shown what advantage the matured and experienced eye may derive from a visit to Italy. The very youthful student seems lost in Rome, studies more what he sees doing than what has been done, and by the time he has gained experience of his art, he is unfit for any other place.

Your remarks upon the Raphaels I cordially join in; the Pearl and the *Spasimo di Sicilia* are much talked of here, but the *Madonna del Pesce* is pre-

eminently beautiful. Your sketch of the style of Velasquez I have interpreted to the leading artists, Lopez, Madrazo, and others, who are delighted with its truth and your enthusiasm for their countryman; but the practice of Velasquez is here gone by, and another style reigns in its stead.

You will please to receive with this an account of the amount of your own prints, and same account for those preparing for the Council, which will be sent soon, and in the same way.

In four days I shall send through my bankers, Messrs. Coutts & Co., a bill of exchange for the amount, at ten days' sight, (agreeable to your request to let you know when and where you were to pay the sum,) and also one for Robert Smirke, treasurer, for those of the Council, to whom you will favour me by apprising and giving an explanation of this. Each of the bills is for 13*l.*

D. W.

You are right in supposing the satisfaction I should feel in being here with such a man, and such a friend, as Washington Irving. He has been much gratified by your mention of him: we have often talked about you.

TO THOMAS PHILLIPS, ESQ. R.A.

My dear Sir, Madrid, 14th Feb. 1828.

I have many apologies for not writing to you earlier from Spain, and, indeed, owe you some explanation, which I hope our friend, R. Cooke, has

made for me for the miscarriage of your commission to Padua. But, believe me, in viewing the wonders of art in this place, you are one of those at home whose presence has been often desired, if sometimes for collision of thought, yet more frequently for your sympathy and instruction in the admiration of works of unqualified or doubtful excellence.

The *game*, agreeable to a phrase in your last letter, has been discovered, in great abundance, in a manor, too, where it is well preserved, and where poaching is hardly allowed. Spain has of late been traversed by all descriptions of our people, but to the cognoscente and the artist it remains an unexplored territory, the very Timbuctoo of art, and, to me, every work I see has the interest of a new discovery.

The Escurial, above all, has been a source of satisfaction. This immense fabric, at once a palace, a cathedral, and a convent, stands in a desert on the acclivity of the Guadarama mountains, nearly thirty miles distant, yet clearly seen from Madrid. No one can approach it, or pass its threshold, but with awe and respect: besides its own proper splendour, it has many other objects of deep interest. Under its grand altar, in a gorgeous mausoleum, are deposited the ashes of the monastic Charles the Fifth, while hard by, in a neglected room, or rather passage, hangs, like a mouldy escutcheon, the famous apotheosis of that monarch, by Titian. Indeed, here, in this vast building, are numerous works of various merits and pretensions; you have domes, ceilings, and cloisters, painted by one of the Pellegrinis and Luca Giordano;

the latter of whom, with Ribera, the Spagnoletto of Italian art, you meet with at every turn.

There are Raphaels, Rubenses, Vandykes, Tintorettos, and Paul Veroneses; but, above all, the number of the Titians surprised me. It looks like the very workshop of this master;—one I sought for, with great expectation, which you well know from the sketch Mr. West had. The picture is alone at one end of the great hall of the refectory, and its merits for beauty of composition and arrangement of colours we would agree upon; but to inquire why it is without the usual tones of his other works would, were you present, be to throw down the apple of discord. It neither wants strength nor lustre, but it is without glazing and without transparency, and destitute of that rich external glow which distinguishes the labours of Titian.

On returning to Madrid, to the Museum of the Prado, Titian still continues supreme of the Italian school. The Bacchanals of his earlier style, a companion to Bacchus and Ariadne, is a delicious piece of colouring. But the Spanish school is, to a stranger, the great object of interest. The works of Juan Battista Juanes, Morales, and Alonzo Cano, are much admired here; but they would not, I think, detain you long from Velasquez and Murillo, who give originality to the school of Spain. Of the former there are from sixty to seventy pictures, portraits, histories, fancy subjects, and landscapes. An Infanta in a court dress, and a Dwarf, appear to me the finest works it is possible to conceive.

There is much resemblance between Velasquez and

the works of some of the chiefs of the English school; but, of all, Raeburn resembles him most, in whose square touch in heads, hands, and accessories, I see the very counterpart in the Spaniard. It is true this master is one that every true painter must in his heart admire: he is as fine in some instances in colour as Titian; but, to me, this is his weak point, being most frequently cold, black, and without transparency. For handling, no one surpasses him; but, in colour, Reynolds is much beyond him, and so is Murillo. Compared with Murillo, indeed, he has greater talent: more the founder of a school, more capable of giving a new direction to art; he has displayed the philosophy of art,—but Murillo has concealed it, and we are surprised that art and address can do so much. One wonders, too, that sheer simplicity should be so little behind them. In painting an intelligent portrait Velasquez is nearly unrivalled; but, where he attempts simple nature, or sacred subjects, he is far inferior to Murillo. These remarks I make with the best works of Velasquez before me, and without having seen the Moses striking the Rock, said to be the best work of Murillo.

In stating what has impressed me here, I wish much that I knew what is the information about Spanish painting which you most wish to have; particularly should it be in reference to your views as professor of painting. I have just seen, and that with difficulty, some of the works of Rubens, which he probably painted on his visit to this court in 1628, just two hundred years before me. It was a luxurious treat. I have also seen some of the

works of Mengs, the revivor of fresco. Let me know if there is any thing I can ascertain for you.

The epitome of your first course of lectures interested me greatly, as well as some knowing heads in Rome to whom I showed them. I heard besides, from other quarters, of the impression which you made — highly creditable to the Academy as well as to yourself. Respect for primitive simplicity and expression is perhaps the best advice for any school; but is Giotto an example likely to be understood or applicable to our system? We gather materials with greater readiness from more assimilated and recent instances, than by sucking the bare dry bones of antiquity. But for judgment and experience there are very few who have a right to advise you.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Madrid, 25th Feb. 1828.

This winter, though as severely interrupted as ever by my malady, yet pictures are growing up under my hands with even greater rapidity than they used to do in Kensington; and if less laboured, the effect to the eye and impression on the mind seem not at all to suffer by it.

The subjects are Spanish: illustrations of the war of independence. The first I began and completed in the space of ten weeks; and, for size (3 feet by 2½) and importance of its details, am yet surprised how it has been accomplished. It represents a council of war; and, motley as the personages are that form

it, they were at one time the only Continental allies of England; and if the recollection of them is not past, I am in hopes that this picture, if it reaches London in safety, will do as much for me as any picture I ever painted.

Here it is seen and judged of by an entirely new people, and by a limited society; but natives of different ranks seem to enjoy it, and I am still more flattered by what artists and judges of art appear to discover in it of principles of the old masters. Don Lopez, King's painter, has seen it in all its stages, and says many kind things about it. Irving, who encouraged me much to begin it, has seen it on almost every day of its progress; and two Italians, who have seen my pictures in London, assert their preference to this, as of a more bold and masterly style of art.

Of the Duncan Gray six hundred prints will be wanted to begin with, beside the proofs; the former should be one guinea each, and the latter two guineas and a half.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Madrid, 13th March, 1828.

By the end of this month C. Stonhouse and I set off for Seville; and, after spending a fortnight there, mean to be back here by the 24th of April. I pack up my pictures for Bilboa, to send off by the end of this month. I had just time to show Stonhouse the Escurial: we were there three days. The

copies he has made will also go to Bilboa. I hope Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Smirke have remitted the sums I drew for.

The prints I still wish *you* to undertake to dispose of to the trade. This is a temporary measure; but, if you do it just as Raimbach does it, it will not much interfere with you, and to me the two engravings will be too great a stake published by any one printseller. One hundred proofs should be kept in reserve, the rest may go to the trade. Of the prints, five or six hundred must be printed to supply the first demand: allowance to the trade must be just what Raimbach allows. The two engravings make, as you know, a speculation of a thousand guineas.

Might you not apply to General Phipps, to know whether the amounts against James can be seen and examined by an accountant, on behalf of the securities: I am still kept in doubt whether the sureties are liable for more than a thousand pounds. The last message from the Board made a claim for the whole debt.

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir, Madrid, 17th March, 1828.

Your news of Rome and Genoa, as usual, interest me greatly: I hope, most earnestly, you may secure at least the Senator for my friend in Whitehall. It is just the picture for such a person, and for such a place.

I have made a second visit to the Escurial: there

is the only supposed Correggio in Spain—subject, "Noli me tangere." In the convent it is asserted to be a Correggio: it is placed high up, and a ladder was necessary to examine it. Weighing it in the scale with our Altieri Correggio it is decidedly found wanting; it is laboured and poor in the painting, and in the composition without fore-shortening and relief, —qualities not often deficient in this master. You know how much is done by the touch of pencilling in ours; in this no touch is seen. Mengs is said to have doubted it, but Madrazo now asserts positively it is a Correggio. It is on canvas, and about three feet by five feet upright.

I have finished two Spanish subjects, and begun a third, connected with the War of Independence, all of considerable size, which I hope will do something for me in London; a pupil, who has joined me here, has made copies of various Velasquezes and Murillos to take home, and am not without hopes of inducing some friends to let me get home some of the few original pictures to be had here.

D. W.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT PEEL.

My dear Sir, Madrid, 24th March, 1828.

Your most kind recommendations have procured me much attention here. The Salle Reserve was at once thrown open, and the Rubenses, which from their subjects have been but rarely shown, were from their perfect state, and some from their high excellence, quite a treat. In a few days I proceed to Seville, to

see Murillo's great works; and by the 24th of April expect to be again in Madrid, on my way to France, when I shall be proud to receive your commands.

D. W.

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Madrid, 31st March, 1828.

I write this to send off on the eve of leaving Madrid. We proceed to the south for Andalusia and "famed Seville's city," from which we hope to return with no incomplete ideas of the arts of Spain and of her people. The five months I have passed here have, in point of society, been dull, but in point of pursuit and occupation far otherwise. For what I have seen I may almost be the envy of every British artist; and from what I have been doing, weak as I am, have again the happiness to say with the great Correggio, though on a far more humble occasion, "*Anch' io sono pittore.*"

The truth is, I am now proceeding with my *third* picture for the season; nor is it, more than the first, too small, but measures a good five feet. The figures are as much as two feet and a half; but, to have done justice to the subject, should have been the size of life, for it is The Defence of Saragossa. It represents a party of the patriots working a great gun, to which the celebrated heroine of the place is preparing to put the match. It is capable of a striking and uncommon effect both of composition and colour; but what has already given it a considerable interest is, the likeness I have got in one of the chief figures to

the General Palafox himself, the gallant defender of the place.

A friend procured me the acquaintance and the sittings of this distinguished personage, who looks like a hero, but who, for effect, I represent as a patriot volunteer rather than as a general, and have tried to restore to him some of the youthfulness of which twenty years, and the severities of a French prison, have deprived him. This picture all my kind friends wish I could have finished here; but the tour to the south, and my anxiety to have these pictures early in London, prevents me.

My labours, such as they are, have not, I assure you, been viewed here with indifference; for the last week I have done the honours of my little suite of rooms much as on such occasions at home, with this difference, that, instead of the grandees of Kensington, my visiters have been the grandees of Spain. The Duke del Infantado, the Duke of Ossuna, the Duke de Villa Hermosa, the Duke and Duchess de Berwick, and the Duchess de Benavente, have all been to see my Spanish pictures; with the Marquis and Marquesa de Santa Cruz, the Marquesa de Villanueva, and various other Spaniards of station and rank. Then there has been of the Foreign Corps Diplomatique, the Prince and Princess Partana, of the Neapolitan embassy, with every minister, secretary, or attaché of the other legations now at this court. I have also had almost every artist in Madrid, all expressing a degree of satisfaction at my labours to which I have scarcely before been accustomed.

One thing worthy of notice is, that, amidst the

variety of judges and amateurs, there is scarcely one, except two foreigners, who have ever seen my works in London. I am, therefore, before an entirely new people, who till now never saw or heard of either me or my works. The question is, will the London public, with my former style in recollection, judge of these new subjects, and new manner of treating them, with the same favour as those who see them now for the first time? This is what I mean to try. I have now, from the study of the old masters, adopted a bolder and I think a more effective style; and one result is *rapidity*. The quantity of work I have got through all seem surprised at; but if it excites the same interest in London that it does here, it will probably bring better times.

Our places are taken for Seville: we start to-morrow, April 2nd, and are now packing up. Direct to reach Madrid till the 4th of May; at Bourdeaux to the 12th: this leaves Madrid April 3rd.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Baylen, 4th April, 1828.

We left Madrid on the 2d, per diligence, have passed from New Castille through the celebrated La Mancha, which is a poor barren waste, however fertile it has been made to our imaginations by the genius of Cervantes. The wild ravines of the Sierra Morena recalled, while we passed them this morning, the penitence of the rueful knight, with the wanderings of Dorothea and Cardenio,—imaginary

all, but not less interesting than the rich valleys of Andalusia, which we have just entered, or even than the field of Baylen, perhaps the most real of all the victories of the Spanish patriots, where Castanos triumphed over Dupont.

To-day, April 5th, have passed Cordova, whose archbishop cuts a curious figure in Gil Blas. The country is rich and climate mild, and all is Spanish, as in Biscay and Castilla, but nothing now makes the lively impression which the first sight made. We have been accompanied almost from Madrid by an armed escort; two men on the top with loaded carbines, and two outriders with carbines and swords; all such, however, as might not inaptly be mistaken for the bandits they are meant to scare away.

6th. Have to-day reached Seville, where the aloes line the roads for hedges, and where the gardens of orange-trees hang with ripe and unripe fruit upon them. Though the weather is rainy, the air is mild as our finest summer, differing much even from the sharp high climate of Madrid. Of the famed beauties of Seville we have as yet seen none; but as the tawny complexion prevails in the people, the red cheek can scarcely form a part of their attractions. One of the first persons recommended to us at the Posada was the barber,—none was ever more necessary; but being Il Barbiere di Seviglia, gave him a poetical elevation as to usefulness.

D. W.

TO PRINCE DOLGOROÜKI.

Dear Prince Dolgorouki, Seville, 14th April, 1828.

In writing to one of your knowledge in matters of art, and from a scene at once the birth-place and the school of the greatest Spanish masters, I impose upon myself a task which, even with the full possession of health, it would be impossible for me to do justice to.

The school of Seville comprises a numerous class of painters of various excellence, but Velasquez and Murillo, were there no others, are alone enough for any city to treasure and to boast of. Of the former I am disappointed to find here scarce any example; the reputation of being the city of his nativity is all that remains of him at Seville. Murillo, on the contrary, more fortunate than the prophets of old, has enough left here to make him honoured and remembered in his own land.

The Capuchin convent contains about fifteen of his productions: it had more once. They are painted in a slighter manner than any of his pictures I had before seen. The St. Francis with the Infant Christ in his arms; the St. Tomaso giving charity, with two Doctors and two Female Saints, of the Church, are the finest. In colour they are all of a raw character, scarcely glazed at all; but a small picture over the altar, a Virgin and Child in his rudest *velature*, triumphs over every one.

These pictures were, during the late war, preserved to the convent less by a miracle than by human foresight. The Capuchins, who were uncharitable enough

to suspect the rapacity of the French Marshal, had them packed off to Cadiz, where they lay safe during the occupation of Seville, and were afterwards safely restored to their places without either the glory or the risk of a march to Paris.

Far different has been the fate of some of the fine pictures in the Hospital of la Caridad. Five of them are missing: one, the St. Isabella, is at Madrid, and four continue in the collection of Marshal Soult. Yet there are left his two great works,—Moses striking the Rock, and Jesus feeding the Multitude. Considering their great reputation, perhaps these pictures would at first disappoint you: they are far from the eye, badly lighted, and much sunk in their shadows, and have in consequence a grey negative effect. The choice of colours in the Moses is poor, and the chief figure wants relief: the great merit of the work lies in the appearance of nature and truth, which he has given to the wandering descendants of Israel. One other picture here of St. Juan de Dios with an Angel is in composition and colour one of the finest examples of Murillo.

Of other works I may remark that many are curious from the varieties of his style. The admired one of St. Antonio in the cathedral disappointed me, while I have been much pleased with the style of a colossal Assumption of the Virgin, which hangs neglected and damaged in the Franciscan chapel. In portraits, too, I have seen some striking instances, which, in this department, place him—had he chosen to apply himself to it—in a line not at all inferior to Velasquez.

In such a place every thing that relates to so great a master of his art is interesting. A picture, by Pedro Campana, a Fleming of Spanish parentage, now in the cathedral, was shown to me as the favourite of Murillo. This is a Taking down from the Cross, resembling a little that of Daniele da Volterra, but in grouping and expression more like Correggio. When asked what he saw in this work to attract him for hours before it, he said, "He waited till these people would actually descend with the body of Christ." By his own desire Murillo was buried under this picture. But the church it was then placed in was burnt by the French, and the picture no longer overshadows the dust of Murillo; yet it still derives a value from the remembrance of this mark of his unaffected homage.

You have, no doubt, been struck with that quality or power in Murillo that makes him admired by the unlearned as well as the learned in the art. Being a favourite in all countries, it is not surprising that he should be so in Seville. Here even among the lower classes he is venerated as if he were the patriot and benefactor of the city: his name is with them synonymous with all that is excellent,—a general term, which makes in their eyes every beautiful picture, painted by whom it may, "a Murillo." Far be it from us to envy the taste of those who despise in matters of art the sympathy of the untutored mind; this, when unoccasioned by trick or deception, is perhaps one of the most solid and most lasting evidences of the power of true excellence.

D. W.

"Prince Dolgorouki," says Washington Irving, in a note to Wilkie, "speaks with rapture of your picture of The Defence of Saragossa, and favourably of the state of your health; and, indeed, whatever you may think, I am persuaded you have gained in health since your residence in Spain: the quantity of work you have done, and the force and high merit of your productions are proofs of it. I wish you could prevail upon yourself to pass the summer in Spain. I am much gratified by accounts given by my friend, the Prince, because I felt a little anxious about this picture, the subject being so different from your usual walk of art: to succeed in it, is to achieve a new triumph."

TO MISS WILKIE.

My dear Sister, Seville, 23d April, 1828.

We have just had the pleasure of being joined here by Washington Irving, who left Madrid with two gentlemen of the Russian Embassy about four weeks before we did, to make a tour by Granada, Malaga, and Gibraltar, and meet us again at Seville. By the uncertainty of travelling on horseback they were delayed a week beyond our arrival, but have all made their appearance in time to see with me the chief works of this place. Irving has been a great addition to our society, and has amused us much by relating, in his agreeable way, the adventures of himself and his companions. We are much together: we can sympathise in each other's pursuits, and discourse in the same tongue about art and literature. As I

truly regret leaving him, I doubt not that he as sincerely regrets my leaving Spain, in which he tried to persuade me still to abide. He visited the same friends that we visited; and the company of such an observer on all we had to see, both of manners and of art, was no small addition. One day we dined in a Spanish family of English extraction, but thoroughly Spanish: they were opulent citizens, and had all their relations, with the priest and doctor, present: never was such a scene of hearty good will and enjoyment; yet, though the house, dinner, and language, were Spanish, the whole conduct of the repast was what one familiar with England has often seen. In Glasgow, Dundee, or in London, the same class would give the same entertainment. The same hurry and bustle in the lady of the house, and the servants that attend; the same overhelping and overpressing; and at the same time the greatest kindness and good humour in all the company with the entertainer and entertainment. Indeed, I find less difference in the essentials of foreign societies than I could have expected. One remarkable thing is, the old as well as young wear nothing on their heads: the lady of the house, grandmother though she was, sat uncovered. We leave this about the 8th or 9th of May.

D. W.

TO ALEX. NASMYTH, ESQ.

Seville, 23d April, 1828.

It is impossible to describe to you the impression Velasquez, here in the ascendant, makes upon the

eye of the artist by the boldness and dexterity of his pencil. To the British artist he is more captivating than to any other; for it is he we must try to follow. From Reynolds to the present time the principles of Velasquez have, unconsciously perhaps, been the leading star of our school. My friends in London have ever been proud of the sympathy which exists between their works and those of this truly philosophic Spanish painter. I have also remarked that our departed friend Raeburn is strongly possessed with this spirit, which, considering how rare the works of Velasquez are, looks like inspiration. There are some heads of his in Madrid, which, were they in Edinburgh, would be thought to be by Raeburn; and I have seen a portrait of Lord Glenlee I think, by Raeburn, which would in Madrid be thought a near approach to Velasquez.

Velasquez is the only Spanish painter who seems to have made an attempt in landscape: I have seen some of his most original and daring. Titian seems his model; and, although he lived before the time of Claude and Salvator Rosa, he appears to have combined the breadth and picturesque effect for which those two great painters are remarkable.

But Spain, much as we have heard of its wild heaths and savage mountains, does not seem the country for a landscape painter. From Bayonne to Seville the scenes of beauty, or even of grandeur, are very few; the Sierra Morena I passed a few days ago is the only exception. It resembles much the Trossachs, and has been celebrated by the fictions of Cervantes, as the entrance of Loch Katrine has been by

the fictions of Scott. To you whose taste has drawn so much from Italy, and whose genius has made Scotland the theme as well as the school of landscape painting, all that nature presents here would be uninteresting. The elegance and the beauty with which you have so often illustrated our Highlands and our Lowlands would be thrown away upon the arid wastes of Spain. Still the people are a noble race, and their costume, particularly of the men, for variety and beauty, is, as heretofore, the finest in Europe.

One object of my writing to you, and a chief one, still remains unmentioned. I have heard with extreme pleasure, by the way of Italy, that the Directors of the Edinburgh Royal Institution have complimented the fine arts of Scotland, and I am sure gratified every Scottish artist, by conferring an annuity upon you, to whom we all look up to as our head. Allow me, dear sir, as an old friend, to wish you all joy and happiness upon this, I may say, national mark of respect for your high talents and acquirements; and with best regards to all your family, both with you and in London, I have the honour to subscribe myself your faithful and devoted servant,

D. W.

TO ANDREW WILSON, ESQ.

Dear Wilson, Madrid, 6th May, 1828.

The only Spanish pictures which will do in England are those of Murillo and Velasquez. Madrazo, the painter here, has a good collection of pictures, but he hesitates to part with aught from the

hand of either of these masters, of whom indeed he has but few. I have just made a long journey to Seville, and am highly gratified with the effects of that provincial school, of whom Murillo and Zurbaran are the chief. Murillo is here in great force and variety; for female and infantine beauty, scarce any has surpassed him; his pictures in private hands are not to be had for love or money.

D. W.

TO THOMAS WILKIE, ESQ.

My dear Brother, Madrid, 7th May, 1828.

There is not much to tell you about here; nothing but the haste and bustle of leaving Madrid. I had a most kind letter from Collins. I observe your remarks about my change of style of working; but almost all painters have changed so, two, three, and four times in their day, and I should have seen the Continental schools in vain if some change had not been effected. How it may be regarded by the public, as you remark, is another thing; but the people like change, and I shall try. I expect to get to Paris about the 25th.

D. W.

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ. R. A.

Dear Collins, Madrid, 9th May, 1828.

This I write on the point of leaving the interesting capital of Spain, after a residence of six months;

and as I find by your most kind letter you are far more disposed to *over* rather than *under rate* such reflections as have occurred to me on my journey,—this at least encourages me to note down such at least as are immediately applicable to the subjects we are so often accustomed to discuss.

Bayonne, May 14th.

I need not detail to you what I have seen in the Escurial, in Madrid, or Seville: it is general ideas alone I wish to advert to. Being the only member of our Academy who has seen Spain, perhaps it is to be regretted that I see it with an acknowledged bias or prejudice, in which I fear scarcely any will participate. With some of my kindest friends, indeed, much of what I have seen and thought will cast between us an influence like the apple of discord; and if some of our youths with less matured minds—while I write this with one hand, fancy me covering my face with the other—should venture, now that an entrance to the mysterious land has been opened, across the Bidassoa, what a conflict in testimony there would be!

The spiritual Velasquez, whose principle and practice Sir Thomas Lawrence so justly calls the true philosophy of art, would be rendered with all the dash and splash that tongue, pen, or pencil is capable of; while the simple Murillo, perhaps despised, like Goldsmith, for his very excellence, would have his Correggio-like tones transformed into the flowery baudiness of a coloured print. Even the glorious Titian, in this last strong-hold, where his virgin surface will probably remain longest untouched, might have his

Apotheosis and his Last Supper dressed up according to the newest mien of blues, pinks, and yellows, adapted to the supposed taste of the picture-seeing public. But the system which we deprecate is, after all, now confined to our own school, or to our own time. Luca Giordano and Tiepolo have tried it with sufficient talent and eclat to prove that neither the one nor the other—the principle being wrong—could be warrant for its lasting success.

There is one test by which all artists returning from abroad should try themselves. You know the small hand which Sir Joshua Reynolds painted the first after his return from Rome: it is in something like this that is summed up, to me, all the law and the commandments. In viewing some of the finest works, I have been often reminded of Sir Joshua by their finest qualities. At Bayonne is a parcel of prints waiting my arrival: among them are three from Reynolds. These, coming as I do from Velasquez and Titian, seem the work of a kindred spirit. With these are also some prints from works of my own, which, as from my picture at Munich, I have learned an useful lesson. They strengthen me in what I felt most doubtful, and weaken my confidence in what I felt most assured of. I feel the wisdom of Sir George Beaumont's advice—to reflect that white is not light, and that detail is not finish.

A casual remark in one of your own letters, though I have before noticed it to you, has made a deep impression. Your observation on seeing the surface of my picture of The Penny Wedding in the Royal Cottage, Windsor, was unexpected; but has been hear

and useful to me, for I have since adopted it as a principle. With me no starved surface now—no dread of oil—no perplexity for fear of change. Your manner of painting a sky is the manner in which I try to paint a whole picture. Much as I might learn from Spain, and from her arts, you as a landscape painter could learn but little, excepting only from some works of Velasquez, who, in landscape, is a brilliant exception to the Spanish school. Of him I saw a large landscape at Madrid, that for breadth and richness I have seldom seen equalled. Titian seemed his model; and I could venture to fancy that in it Sir George Beaumont and Sir Joshua would have recognised their beau-ideal of landscape. It was too abstract to have much detail or imitation; but it had the very same sun we see, and the air we breathe—the very soul and spirit of nature.

I return highly satisfied with my journey: the seven months and ten days passed in Spain I may reckon as the best employed time of my professional life,—the only part of my residence abroad for which I may be fairly envied by my brethren in art. To be all eye, all ear, and all recollection, has been my object; yet after all I could note down or bring away, much must still be intrusted to the memory. Spain is the wild unpoached game-preserve of Europe, in which I have had six months' freedom to myself alone; and, in returning among you all again, must guard myself against attributing to the merit of the teller, that interest which belongs exclusively to the story itself.

I hope to be with you before the close of the Exhibition. I know already how it looks: you have got

00020233

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 06 February, 2016